

TABULA EXITII – VOX INTERDICTA

PROJECT ANGELBOOK – VOLUME XIV – PART 12



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Tabula Exitii – Vox
Interdicta – Project
AngelBook – Volume XIV –
Part 12
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Tabula Exitii

– The Last Bookmark Before the System Boots

This volume is a threshold.

Tabula Exitii is the final detonation of raw, unfiltered intake – the dumping ground of my last singular bookmarks, deep dives, and inner scrolls before the grid clears and the true system begins. Pulled primarily from the haunted tunnels of 4plebs and my personal link labyrinths, this book is not a guide... it's a purge. A necessary overload.

The final memory dump before formal structure.

Every fragment here was too alive, too weird, too encoded to discard – so I encoded them instead. Each page pulses with the residual charge of the awakening process, the chaos of curiosity, and the untraceable journey from clueless seeker to system-builder.

Why This Book Exists

This is not the beginning of a new path.

This is the end of the wandering phase.

Everything up to this point has been padding – the background radiation of a system being born. Tabula Exitii finishes that padding, closes the loop, and clears the space for what's next:

- The Book of Links
- The Siguar Book System
- The launch of MagickOS 3.33

For the first time, the chaos will be mapped.

What Comes Next

MagickOS 3.33 is the first structured magickal OS that begins with the raw initiate – lost, curious, confused – and transforms them into an advanced practitioner through layered, modular systematization.

It's the full stack.

The map, the method, the myth.

But it couldn't exist until this book existed. Until the excess was expelled. Until the last unsorted pieces were honored.

Tabula Exitii is that honor.

One last transmission from the edge.

One last look back at the glitch before the system initializes.

What comes next is not a scroll.

It's a boot sequence.

– Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Architect of the Exit, Builder of the Siguar Protocol

on waves that are very low frequency (from one cycle per second) to about 50 cycles per second. A cycle per second is called a Hertz (Hz). Due to the wide range of different amplitudes and frequencies it has been more practical to induce various measuring units. It would be nice if all the measuring units could be done in feet or meters or whatever, but the range in size from the very tiny to the very large means that they use different measuring units. Just like you use different measuring units to get a quart of milk and 3 gallons of gas. The milk could be called a quarter-gallon but it isn't. In measuring frequency they use the following measuring terms:

1,000,000 cycles per second = Megahertz (MHz)

1,000 cycles per second = Kiloherzt (KHz)

1 cycle per second = Hertz (Hz)

In measuring amplitude they measure the length of the waves with kilometers, meters, and centimeters. The very small waves are measured in angstroms, microns, and nanometers. What is an angstrom. A nanometer is one billionth of a meter. That is a very tiny fraction written as $1/1,000,000,000$ of a meter or for short an nanometer. A micron is one millionth ($1/1,000,000$) of a meter. Ten nanometers are said to make up an angstrom. (In other words an angstrom is 1 ten-billionth of a meter.)

After they measure radio frequencies, the waves of different lengths are given other names. They could just say 'waves from 30,000 to 300,000 MHz", but instead they shorten things by having a special name for these waves EHF (Extremely High Frequency waves.)

This names are as follows:

Extremely High Frequency	EHF:	30,000 to 300,000 MHz
Superhigh Frequency	SHF:	3,000 to 30,000 MHz
Ultrahigh Frequency	UHF:	300 to 3,000 MHz
High Frequency	VHF:	30 to 300 MHz
Medium Frequency	MF:	300 to 3,000 KI-lz
Low Frequency	LF:	30 to 300 KHz
Very Low Frequency	VLF:	3 to30KHz
Extremely Low Frequency	ELF:	Below 3 KHz to 1 Hz or less

BRAIN FREQUENCIES (FREKS) RELATE TO STATES OF ACTIVITY

The lower brain frequencies pertain to sleep and dream states. The middle brain frequencies pertain to normal wakeful activity. The higher brain frequencies pertain to aroused, or concerned or states of anxiety. No brain waves means a person is "brain dead", even though some body functions may continue. Naturally occurring phenomena, such as lightning in a thunderstorms, sunny days that soak a person with extra positive ions, can all affect the thinking of brain.

CHART GOING UP THE FREQUENCY SCALE

These frequency no's are in Hertz which is cycles per sec. (However the first part of the scale are non-linear, asymmetrical waves, which are mistakenly called Hertzian by many people.)

1 Approx. beginning of brain waves

6.66	Theta brain waves
7.85	Alpha brain waves
15.7	Beta brain waves
30-30.56	Government VLF stations
32-33	Government VLF stations
34-42	Government VLF stations
50	Approx. Upper limit of brain wave frequencies
60	Produces an audible sound

62-254.1 CTCSS (Continuous Tone Coded Squelch Systems). These tones CTCSS tones are broadcast continually interspersed on a frequency, which allows several different users to broadcast separately on the same frequency and only pick up the message that has their CTCSS tone.

Post Office Tones are 82.5, 91.5, 97.4. & 100.9. U.S.
Customs & border patrol is 100 Hz. U.S.
Secret service is 103.5 Hz. EPA is 114.8. IRS & BATF is 123.0.
Veterans Affairs, GSA, & Dept. of Energy is 127.3.
Fed. Aviation Admin. & U.S. Marshall service is 136.5.
Coast Guard Intell. is 141.3 Hz.
Dept. of State & Border Patrol is 151.4 Hz.
Drug Enforcement Agency, Fed. Aviation Admin., & Nat. Marine Fisheries is 156.7.
Justice Dept., FBI is 167.9.

10^2 (10 x 10) Ultrasonic

10^3 Lower range of true Hertzian waves, waves in cycles per sec lower than this such as the human heart beat or Brain alpha waves are not Hertzian.

10^4 (10,000)

16,000-32,000 Range of Frequencies used in European implants to signal the implant.

54,900,000 Hz (54.9 MHz) Cellular phones (Also 435 MHz, 750 MHz, & 1080 MHz have been discovered being targeted on victims of implant mind-control.)

10^{11} to 10^{12} Far infra-red

10^{13} "Raman" I.R.

10¹⁴ Near Infra-red

10¹⁴ to 10¹⁵ Visible light spectrum

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B3. GWEN Towers

The GWEN towers can be used for several purposes, including ELF waves used for direct mind control which will be covered toward the back of this chapter. Because they also are part of the implants system they are included before the chapter discusses implants. Unfortunately for us humans, ELF waves can penetrate almost anything. The U.S. Military has built a Ground-Wave Emergency Network (GWEN) all over the U.S. with several hundred 300-500' GWEN towers that broadcast a very-low-frequency wave (VLF) for mind-control of the American public. A single GWEN tower can broadcast up to 300 miles in a 3600 circle. Plus 8 secret powerful ELF transmitters have been established and 3 of them operate on the west coast. It also needs to be pointed out that many items that are receivers can also function in the role of transmitters. Televisions, cellular phones, even air conditioners can be used to bounce signals to somewhere. Many strange towers and transmitting devices have been installed all over the U.S. in recent years.

B4. Body suits

Victims of mind-control who receive implants often are given a body suit of implants. The location of these implant sites used on the human body have been mapped 10.00 out on the following charts. The mapped sites on these charts are verified by a. an insider, who learned from the inside what is going on, EM (H) & b. this author's experience in working with a sizable number of implant victims. Implants can be placed anywhere, but there are certain key sites that tend to be used. The location used also depends upon the type of implant. Implants over the body create the ability to trigger moods, pain, and other phenomena. Implants for auditory sounds are in the ear. Nasal implants are used for mind-control. Tracking implants are also placed into people.

Section C. Specific Implants

- C1. Audio implants (a. public. b. secret)
- C2. Body manipulation implants
- C3. Visual holographic implants
- C4. Memex/Brain Link implants
- C5. Torture/Nerve & Muscle Stimulation Implants
- C6. Tracking & I.D. Implants.

C1. AUDIO IMPLANTS

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

The concepts used in audio implants had been discovered in the first half of the 20th century, but the refinement of technology to take advantage of what had been discovered waited until the second half of the century. The development of audio implants ran on two tracks, one was the public medical research and the other was the secret Illuminati/Intelligence Agencies' research. Audio implants began to be publicly placed into people in the 1960s. The Illuminati was experimenting on some victims at this stage, and the military in the Vietnam war used auditory implant devices to aid communicating to their men who were sent into tunnels and who were placed into forest situations where audible noise would compromise their locations to the enemy. The Illuminati/Intelligence/& Military consortium was keeping the experimentation secret. It appears from looking at the worldwide research on audio implants that the Illuminati realized that the field was so ambiguous, and open to so many different approaches, that rather than straightjacket the research community by a specific strategy, they encouraged a wide variety of approaches in the research. Consequently, research by one group would overlap or duplicate research by another. Much to their credit, a few researchers rejected offers to get involved because they saw the sinister ramifications. By the 1970s, the intelligence agencies were willing to start using hundreds of people to experiment operationally with the implants. People in every state of the U.S. were selected as victims. Many of these implant victims had programmed multiple personalities already. The controllers were very heavy handed with the people they implanted, and they used the full force of the Illuminati/Intelligence agencies power to keep these people under their control at all times. These innocent victims have had their lives totally destroyed. Some tried to fight back, spending thousands of dollars to get out from underneath the incessant audio messages that the implants sent, but the system was too big and too powerful to fight. Police, congressmen, psychologists and many other people turned their backs on these victims. Some victims who initially fought back gave up resisting, some committed suicide, and some continued to fight. Meanwhile, on the public track during the 1970s & 1980s, medical researchers kept putting more and more audio implants into deaf and hard-to-hear persons. Hundreds of people in the U.S. and many hundreds in other nations such as the U.K., Germany, Austria, Israel, Australia, France and other countries began to receive the cochlear implants. Australia was so proud of their audio implant research/development they issued a postage stamp showing an implant device ("bionic ear") developed in Australia. The question begs asking, if thousands of people have publicly received audio implants, isn't obvious that the secret societies and secret intelligence agencies have done at least as much if not far more?

BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF AUDIO IMPLANTS

1790--first known attempt by Volta to electrically stimulate the ears. He shot approximately 50 volts of electricity into his auditory system, and experienced the sensation of a blow to the head followed by a sound like the boiling of viscous liquid.

1850--Electro-otiatrics was begun by otologists who hoped electricity could help ear diseases in various ways.

1925--Sounds were created in people by radio engineers by placing electrodes near the ear with a modulated alternating current.

1930--Weaver & Bray discovered the principles used later in the cochlear microphonic implants.

1937--By passing an alternating electrical current in the audible frequency range from an electrode to the skin, Steven, Jones, Lurie and Flottorp found they could have people hear sounds. For a number of years these men studied this phenomena.

1957--Djourno and Eyries in France woke the world up concerning the ability to electrical stimulate the auditory nerves and produce sound with their reports. A patient from France reportedly gets William F. House, MD interested in developing an implant device.

1961--William House implants two patients with short-term audio implants. One patient receives a multiple electrode implant.

1960s--intense research for audio implants is conducted in California in places like Sanford, the Univ. of Calif., in L.A. etc. The military uses audio implants operationally to be able to talk to soldiers in situations where external noise would compromise the location of the American soldiers, such as exploring tunnel system.

1970s--Various researchers around the world begin publicly implanting audio implants into people. The Illuminati and intelligence agencies begin to secretly implant people, this is known because many of the early victims can pin point at time in the 1970s when they got their audio implants.

1980--The FDA establishes Federal regulations regarding cochlear audio implants.

1984--By this year, 369 people have publicly received the House Cochlear Audio Implants, which have been implanted by 36 different clinics. The 3M Cochlear Implant System! House Design for use in adults, which is already in hundreds of adults, receives FDA approval in Nov.

1990s--Audio implants along with other implants begin to be used more aggressively by the mind-control programmers. Successful intelligence operations are carried out with the aid of audio implants.

BASICS OF HOW THE IMPLANTS CAN FUNCTION

Thousands have publicly received audio implants, and thousands have received audio

implants without their permission by the New World Order. The implants (whether secret or public) basically have to contain A. a receiver(s), B. a processor, C. a transmitter, D. electrodes or electrical stimulating device. When sound waves arrive to the human ear, the sound causes biological reactions all along the auditory pathway--from the cochlea, the auditory nerve, the brain stem nuclei and the primary cortical projection areas. Each of these areas are fair game for machinations of the mind-control researchers. There are brain stem potentials which originate in the auditory brain stem nuclei--primarily in the inferior colliculi. The public auditory implants produce a small electrical stimulus that bypasses damaged hair cells and directly stimulates the remaining auditory neural elements. This means that for the secret implants, the electrical impulse that is generated to stimulate the person to hear a sound or sentence is totally unnoticed by everyone but the victim. As mentioned before, psychologists are being used to shut victims up, by declaring that they are crazy for claiming to hear voices. How do these psychologists know that the person isn't hearing voices from an implant? Some psychologists are declaring the implant victims are "crazy", "delusional", & "insane", because audio implants supposedly don't exist--therefore it is useless to give any credence to the complaints of victims. In other words, psychologists are being used as the establishment's witch doctors to cover up the mind-control activities of the New World Order. What's new? Establishment shrinks helped cover up the programmed multiplicity for decades by labelling the programmed-multiple slaves "paranoid schizophrenics". During experiments, it was discovered that the skin of a person can pick up auditory vibrations, so tests were run to see if implants in other parts of the human body could be used for auditory implants. The vibrotactile system of the skin has an upper limit of sensitivity to 400 to 500 Hz. In contrast the auditory system had a frequency range between 20 to 20,000 Hz and an optimum range of 300 to 3,000 Hz. The auditory system had a dynamic range of 130 dB (decibels) which the vibrotactile had only a 30-35 dB range. In other words, using the skin like on the chest to send auditory vibrations to the brain was a very limited way to create sound. For most purposes it isn't a viable approach, even though some experimental auditory implants were placed in places like the chest. The ones that were tested only reconfirmed the suspicions that the best results are by using the inner cochlea and the auditory canal area. Dr. Begich's and later others showed that a nonlinear function will translate one frequency to another frequency, but although it does jump, this method is inadequate for the current mind control signals, and a linear function is used which operates simply on the energy that the implants have.

Originally single channel devices were used, but then multichannel devices were soon found superior. The processing units of a device, had to have an extraction method to determine the pitch of the signal and then would present a square wave at the rate of that frequency. Soon the miniature computers that made up part of the audio implant were made so that they were programmable. Some of the publicly implanted people (for instance some who got a 4 mm. cochlear auditory implant), who thought they were getting medical help, were later followed up a decade later by the intelligence agencies for their own agenda, and instead of just hearing the world, they got to hear mind-control drivel from some handler communicating via the implant. As sound waves come into the public implants, they are fast Fourier transformed into many channels

lying between say 100 and 4000 Hz. Each channel may be assigned to a specific electrode located on an array of electrodes. The electrodes are stimulated for instance at 300 pulses per minute. The transmissions go to receiver/stimulators that then stimulate the subject to hear something. (Fourier transforms have also been identified being used by human brains to encode memory.)

In order to keep their signals to their implanted victims secret, the Network employs a tactic called piggybacking where they piggyback their own audio transmission onto standard FM frequencies.

CANAL is the acronym for an system that is used simultaneously for transmission and reception via the use of a double-frequency shift keying (DFS). Radio transmitters that send quick signals are variously called BURST, SQUIRT, SQUASH, or high-speed transmitters.

USES OF THE IMPLANTS

a. by themselves, b. with other implants, and c. in conjunction with other mind-control devices.

TYPES OF AUDIO IMPLANTS--

Part A. Publicly admitted audio implants

Part. B. Secretly implanted audio implants.

Part A. Publicly admitted audio implants.

The entire world has gotten involved in audio implant research. The British Cochlear Implant Group has been setting up "implanting centres" for the UK. Not all the publicly known implants will be listed here, for instance, some of those I chose not to list include some developed in Spain by Bosch & Colomina, the ones created in Thailand by upgrading american made implants, and several made in East and West Germany before the wall went down, and the Swiss implant which was simply the Austrian audio implant used with their own processor.

3M COCHLEAR IMPLANT SYSTEM/HOUSE DESIGN--MODEL 7700 (AKA ALPHA)

BANFAI, EMG --Several models developed by Banfai in Cologne-Dueren, West Germany. It is digital, with a pulsatile signal and a programmable memory. The implant can be communicated with using an interface device hooked to a computer. The patient has a keyboard. It was first implanted in 1977 and has 8/14 and 16 channels. It has been implanted into hundreds of people.

BRITISH, for instance UCH-- Developed by Douek, Fourcin and Moore in London and implanted with a single electrode in 1978 and multiple electrodes in 1990. The implant has bioglass, and promontory grooves for the electrode, and neural network

programming in its computer memory.

CHEN AUDIO IMPLANT--developed in Guangzhou, mainland China and first implanted in 1984. It was said by the Chinese that 20 people received this implant.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN--Implants were created by Volvoda and Tichy in Prague and implanted in the 1980s into a few people.

FRASER--Developed in London, and first implanted in 1983. It was notable because it had a round window in the implant. In the first few years it was implanted into 56 people. The encapsulated the implant in a high-grade Silastic rather than an epoxy, as some other European researchers had done

FRAYASE--Developed in Toulouse, France, this audio implant was implanted with its receiver in the chest. It was first implanted in

1981, and 22 people were said to have received it.

GOA--developed in Shanghai, China by Lee and Lin.

INERAID- (fka Symbion) produced by the Richards Company, USA. In the Journal of the Acoustical Society of America, Mar. 1994, vol. 95, pp. 1677-1678, they have an article about a woman who had an implant in one ear and not the other. She was asked to compare the pitch signals from natural sources versus the right ear audio implant. The most apical implanted electrode was not as accurate as the more basal located electrodes using an Ineraid implant.

IMPLEX COM 12--Comes with an interfacing computer and a Syncom patient self-tester

LAURA--Developed at Antwerp, Belgium. These were first implanted in 1986, and had an internal canal antenna, a microphone entirely internal in the auditory canal, a pre-amp, an antenna, and a data control circuit. Only a few subjects got this implant. It comes with a computer, and an interface unit. It does have a programmable memory.

MED-EL --Developed in Austria at Vienna and Innsbruck by Hochmair, and first implanted in 1977. Hundreds of people were implanted with this audio implant. Some were implanted externally with it and some internally inside the ear canal. It has one channel and a multitude of electrodes stimulating the audio channel. It is analogue, and sends an analogue signal. It does not have a programmable memory.

MXM- -Developed by Chouard in Paris and first implanted in 1974. It had been implanted by 1990 into 179 people.

NUCLEUS 22, NUCLEUS MINISYSTEM 22, and other NUCLEUS AUDIO IMPLANTS (aka CLARK's Implants)--At least two models developed in Australia at Melbourne. This audio implant was first implanted in 1978. The implant is programmable from the

outside. It has been implanted into many hundreds of people. It has a multitude of electrodes that stimulate the audio system. It is digital, sends a pulsatile signal, and has a programmable memory. The implant comes with a diagnostic and programming interface computer. The Australian government heavily subsidized with millions of dollars research into audio implants and got the Cochlear Corporation (Nucleus) going. Nucleus uses what is called MULTIPLEAK which provides high-frequency information from 2000 to 7000 Hz. With this 4 electrodes are stimulated in rapid succession, and special algorithms are used which change the relationship between the pulse amplitude and the pulse duration in order to allow 4 pulses to occur within a single frame. The Nucleus Minisystem 22 was approved by the FDA for implantation in both adults and children.

Storz Instrument Co.'s Implant--developed at Univ. of Calif, San Francisco.

Part. B. Secretly implanted audio implants.

There were several profiles of people that were used in the World Order's selection of secret victims to implant. The following were criteria that they liked in the selection process, a. vulnerable, such as single women, b. people who were already programmed with trauma-based mind-control, c. psychics, who had already told people they heard or saw things ordinary people don't, d. people, not highly regarded by society such as minorities, criminals, street people, mentally insane, who would not be able to find a support system to help them fight the experimentation. They also did the audio implants into some of their own intelligence agents, apparently to some who were getting somewhat difficult to their superiors. Because of this type of profile, and some other things this author learned, it appears that the initial two decades were used more for experimentation and development than they were for actual operations. However, with more than 2 decades of experience, they are now fully operational. From watching their interaction (messages) with victims of audio implants, it is clear that they are not in the testing stage, but are fully operational, and have a full cadre of trained operatives (men & women) to staff the secret bases from which the monitor and broadcast signals to their slaves. The staff their bases with 3 shifts and the graveyard shift leaves approx. 6 a.m. In other words, from what we can tell they are using standard shift times for the audio implant control staffs.

COCHLEAR IMPLANTS--There are Cochlear implants for auditory control secretly implanted without permission. A rubber molding skin color covers the outer lining of the ear canal. There are tiny slits in this lining, which when pushed to the side would show the presence of coils and a plastic rod/wire embedded in the area. Sometimes burn marks occur on sides of face due to intense heat generated by implants, which is painful.

DENTAL AUDITORY IMPLANTS--At least a dozen victims have complained that after their teeth were capped they began hearing voices. Other sources indicate that during the filing process implants are being put into people. This is the type of implant placed into J. Z. Knight and left dormant for many years until they decided to activate her as

New Age guru.

RIDGE IMPLANTS-- These implants can produce Theta waves and even voices. They are designed to suppress a particular type of thinking. The body may be sent into paralysis or given various stimulus-response stimuli in order to suppress certain thought patterns. If the slave begins to have certain thought patterns that threaten the programming and programming structures, these implants kick in to divert the person's mental activity to something else.

C2. BODY MANIPULATING IMPLANTS

The subject of body manipulating implants could have been placed in chapter 8, however the desire was to keep all the information on implants together. Mankind has placed objects into the human body for thousands of years in the hope that it would produce some type of change. So the history of this type of implants is volumous. Reader's Digest had an article about how to give to paraplegics the use of their arms and legs with implants. Implants are being placed into the human body to effect growth changes, to change hormone levels (such as to stop estrogen), to change DNA growth, to carry out behavior modification, etc. Several papers have recommended that sex offenders get implants. The Rambo chips that have been put into many men have been linked to some big crimes. In recent times, the following body manipulating implants have been written about:

CRYSTALLINE CORTICOSTERONE IMPLANTS-- These implants affect the hypothalamic-pituitary-adrenal (HPA) activity when there is stress or basal activity. It was placed into the medial prefrontal cortex (MpfC) to regulate the response to certain types of stress. Journal of Neuroscience, Sept. 1993, Vol. 13, pp. 3839-3847.

NORPLANT--a contraceptive implant placed into hispanic and black teenagers using the Mantel-Haenszel procedure. Written about in Journal of Adolescent Health, May 1995, Vol. 16(5), pp 389-395 by Nancy Campbell-Heider, John Glantz, Sandra Glantz, Eric Schaff, et al.

POLYMERIC BRAIN IMPLANT--These implants are ethylene-vinyl acetate copolymer matrix disks and are used to release into the brain dopamine for a period of a number of weeks. The testing of this has been done at Yale Univ. School of Medicine. Written about in the Annals of Neurology, Apr. 1989, Vol. 25, pp. 351-356. Written by Matthew During, Andrew Freese, and Bernhard Sabel, and Mark Saltzman, et. al.

PROTO-32 IMPLANT--Designed by Dr. McDaniels and a Dr. Paul Hod. This implant with a 32-bit microchip memory affects DNA growth within a person. The two doctors who developed the device are claimed to have died after they created the chip. The FDA has approved the use of the implant in the brain. It's believed that there is a patent on the chip.

SILASTICMELATONIN-FILLED IMPLANT- Used to alter the speed of resynchronization

of the circadian rhythm in birds, and implanted by the Max-Plank Institute fur Verhaltensphysiologie, Andechs, Germany. Although this was for birds, mention of it is done here to point out the type of research done at the Max-Plank Institute. It was written about in the Physiology and Behavior magazine, July 1995, Vol. 58, p. 89-90 by Michaela Hau and Eberhard Gwinner.

TESTOSTERONE IMPLANT--used to release testosterone into the subject.

C3. VISUAL/HOLOGRAPHIC IMPLANTS

BACKGROUND.

Hollywood has given us movies where visual and holographic implants are shown, but what about the real world? Yes, it does happen in more than the movies. Publicly, the establishment has only experimentally placed visual implants into a few volunteers. On the real life side of the NWO, there have been a number of victims who have been subjected to visual implants without their consent. One victim in Massachusetts labels her visual implants "visual prosthetics", but mentions "I use this term loosely because they are more so attachments than replacements of my own vision."

Every now and then the public is made aware of where the World Order wants people to think research is at. In the Jan. 13, 1997 issue of U.S. News & World Report (p. 52), the unveiling by researchers of the retinal chip that could potentially give sight to the blind was reported. It was interesting the article's choice of words "retinal chip unveiled" (bold added).

After it was realized that sounds could be artificially made via electromagnetic waves in deaf people, researchers naturally thought of giving sight to the blind. In the 1960's and 1970's researchers struggled to produce implants that could restore sight to the blind. This research was hijacked by the NWO types and has been developed into another component for their mind-control.

In the 60's Giles Brindley and others at Cambridge Univ. and in the 70's William Dobelle and others at the Univ. of Utah, both were able to show that individual phosphenes could be evoked by electrical currents, thus showing the feasibility of visual implants. (See GS Brindley's paper "The sensations produced by electrical stimulation of the visual cortex" in J. Physiology, Vol. 196, 1968, pp. 479-493. and W.H. Dobelle's article in 1974 "Phosphenes produced by electrical stimulation of human occipital cortex, and their application to the development of a prosthesis for the blind." in J. Physiol, 243: 553-576.) The public development went forward with the blind. Since most blind people still have the neurons (which are like a natural computer) in the higher visual regions of the brain fully intact, the implants are designed to take advantage of this unused potential.

The body has sensory pathways, that were discovered to be maps. In creating a visual image, the brain actually takes an image through several maps before getting the final

image. There is a map for motion, along with at least 5 others maps such as one for form. The photoreceptors of the retina react to the three primary colors and have 3 primary color maps created by the electrical image made from the photoreceptors of the retina. (One's genetics contribute to how each person perceives a primary color, we don't all see colors uniformly.) The retina's output (called optic nerves or retinal output) map the electrical image again onto the retinal ganglion cells. Then the optic nerves project the electrical image to a relay image (the lateral geniculate nucleus) where the brain begins combining the maps of the two eyes. Another network of neurons (called the optic radiations) then transfers the image back to the rear of the brain to the primary visual cortex. Then the brain takes the image through several higher level maps to its final finished product--the viewer's perceived picture. The microelectrode array that creates a map for the blind person may be hooked up to the primary visual cortex, or other points in the process. The microelectrode arrays that were initially tested were much cruder than the human eye. They pixelized (turned into pixels, that is points) what the video camera saw. The implant compared to the human eye's natural abilities something like what the old dot matrix printers created in comparison to a computer laser printer. The blind person's perception via the implants is somewhat cruder than actual sight. Experiments have found that the brain has a great deal of power in choosing how it interprets images, so that it is hoped that the plasticity of the visual system will allow blind people's brain to adapt to what they are being shown over a period of time to get the maximum visual advantage. This also implies that victims of visual implants--which are of a more sophisticated technology will also have a natural tendency to rewire their brains to accommodate the new sensory inputs.

One of several groups of public researchers into Visual Neuroprosthetics (visual implants) is Richard A. Normann, with the Dept. of Bioengineering, John Moran Lab for Applied Vision and Neural Sciences, at the Univ. of Utah. In 1990, he spoke to people at the IEEE International Conference on Systems, Man, and Cybernetics about visual implants. At that conference on cybernetics, there were already well thought out methods for creating silicon based electrode arrays. The John Hopkins University in Massachusetts is another research center into visual implants. MIT and Harvard have also been researching in the subject of visual implants. Advances in material available and micro-fabrication techniques has permitted the semiconductor manufacturer to create electrode arrays with 3-D architectures, which can then be implanted into the visual parts of a person.

HOW THEY WORK

In a true visual prosthetic, a video encoder (camera) transforms the visual world in front of a blind individual into electrical signals that are used to excite neurons at some point of the visual pathway. The video camera encoder will be a silicon retina that replaces some of the functions that the human retina performs, and then it makes what it sees into signal compatible with the neurons the encoder must stimulate. The signals from the encoder excite neurons either via a hard-wired percutaneous connection, or a telemetry link. "The stimulating electrodes must be implanted into visual pathway such that each electrode is able to excite only a small population of neurons in the vicinity of

the electrode." (Normann, Richard. "Visual Neuroprosthetics Functional Vision for the Blind", in IEEE Engineering in Medicine and Biology, Jan-Feb. '95, pg. 77) To improve the picture sent by the implants to the brain, electrodes the size of the neurons they intend to stimulate in the eye were developed. Kensall Wise at the University of Michigan created small high density electrode arrays out of silicon. In one model, the electrodes are .08 mm at their base, and taper to a sharpened tip. An array of hundreds of such electrodes can be implanted into cortical tissue about 1.5-2.0 mm below the cortical surface. This is not all of the design considerations involved, but it gives an idea of the direction that public research has gone in. A special pneumatic inserter that can shoot the arrays at high velocities to insert them into the cortical tissue was created by Patrick Rousche. This method provided limited cortical-based-map images. To further improve the picture, implants are being created that create a retinal map, rather than a cortical map. This can take advantage of the image forming properties of the human eye, and may give satisfactory images. At the current pace of public development, visual implants that restore sight are only a few years away from mass production. Meanwhile, the Network continues to create and use visual implants that are more sophisticated than what the public sector has been allowed to create. Bear in mind that these researchers use either foundation grant money or government grant money to operate. The Network is very careful about what technology is developed. Some excessively ambitious implant researchers (not visual, but other) have seen their work have a national security gag order thrown over them, and the research ends up muzzled from getting out to the public.

TYPES

FIBER OPTICS-- Fiber optics permits the Network to use a fiber optic that looks like a hair as a television camera. In a body suit, several fiber optic cameras that look like hairs will be installed in key places to provide the handlers remote viewing. Fiber optics can also be mounted in the victim, to provide a means to receive remote pictures. Fiber optic implants can be placed by needle into any site on the body. One victim of electronic mind-control, who has repeatedly pulled out Fiber Optic hairs, had a tiny fiber optic hair shot into her chest above her tank top while she was in a restaurant. Some other implants that carry out the same function look like warts, moles, or blisters.

ARTIFICIAL LENSES -- One victim describes his eye implants: "They are oblong objects with a square opening in the middle of them. They appear to be located on my corneas or rapped around them to be more accurate. They are connected to rods or wires that are spread out over my facial area and under the skin like a mask. The implants also appear to be connected to cochlear implants which are the cause of the repeated voice transmissions that I hear." Via a camera, she was able to pick up the presence of a reddish orange smear or stain covering my eye lens. The color blends with her own eye coloring so it is extremely difficult to see anything in her eyes. The lenses of the implants are not lined up evenly with her cornea. The victim with the visual implants states, "Whenever I close my eyes, I see the presence of constant red orange haze centered with a tint of whitish blue. I also see a small area of fluorescent green color. When I sleep, I am subjected to virtual reality type pictures like programs being

run through a computer with a 3-D effect. There is a constant whirring and clicking effect that comes from other implants such as the ears." In review. Visual implants are at time called visual prosthesis, but are actually attachments rather than replacements. They are oblong with a square opening in the middle of them. They are located on the cornea (rapped around them) and are connected to rods/wires that are spread out over the facial area and under the skin like a mask. The coloring of the implant is blended with natural eye colors to camouflage it. When the victim closes his or her eyes there is a constant presence of a red-orange haze centered around a small screen. There are also two orbs with a tint of whitish blue, and a small area of fluorescent green. Visual reality pictures are run like programs from a computer, that have a three-D effect. The left forehead scalp area has a whirring noise.

BIO-CHIPS that "talk" to nerve cells. Some of the readers will have already heard of the bio-chips that talk to nerve cells. Stanford Research Inst. has been working on such bio-chips. Bear in mind, public research is generally a cover for what has already been discovered.

HOLOGRAPHIC OR H-INSERT-- There is one type which has been called a Holographic Insert or H-Implant. A holographic memory is created by this implant. This may or may not be the Nanobots which are capable of creating holographic images in the mind. Let's discuss the nanobots.

HOLOGRAPHIC IMPLANTS VIA NANOTECHNOLOGY & NANOBOTS

Nanotechnology is technology pertaining to very tiny robots and tiny computers that are in the range of nanometer-size (10 to 1,000 billionth of a meter). Nano means "one-billionth". In other words, extremely microscopic, we are talking about robots & machines one-billionth of a meter large. The Scanning Tunneling Microscope (STM) makes it possible to see something the size of a single atom. The STM will also pick up atoms and move them. People who are interested in nano-technology have regular meetings in the Silicon Valley. A Johannesburg, South African company Nanotek (recently taken over by the Amer. company Microchip Technology) was the company that created nanotechnology encoders (based on a non-linear logarithm that mixes transmission lines and changes codes frequently). Microchip Technology is putting these encoders into their series of microcontrollers which are EEPROM-based.

The encoders are called Keeloq hopping-code technology. They are good in protecting micro-wave, ELF, infrared and radio-wave transmissions. Microchip Corp. is creating a sub-company group called Secure Data Products to work with this type of technology. In other words, the ALEX system reported on in Vol. 2 is being miniaturized. Another Nanotechnology company is Nanosystems, which is working with the Jansen Pharmaceutica N.y. unit of Illuminati-controlled Johnson and Johnson. We know numerous companies like the two mentioned above, who are working on Nanotechnology. We also know that they are not going to tell us their trade secrets and what they have really developed. For instance, this author had a hearty laugh when he read The New York Times (11/19/96 pg. C1) article "Feat of the minuscule: scientists

make abacus with carbon molecules: invention at Swiss research laboratory may be a step toward building faster computers", because the article is patently disinformation! According to the article a Dr. James M. Gimzewski and colleagues discovered how to make tiny balls of 60 carbon-atoms each. They call these balls "Buckyballs". They can move these balls via what they call a "scanning tunneling device". A picture of the teeny-tiny 60-atom balls was shown in the article. So what did they do with this ability? They built an abacus (yeah sure! Come on guys!). If the reader understands computers--a computer at the most basic level is simply a base 2 number system. Anything that can consistently move or switch can be the basis for a computer. A computer is simply an enormous amount of on-off switches, where 0 can stand for off and 1 for on, etc. The article states, "Scientists at Switzerland have invented an ultraminiature abacus in which spherical carbon molecules sliding along the microscopic copper grooves act as the counting beads for performing arithmetic calculations." (So they are using it for arithmetic, yeah sure!) IBM reported that its scientists used the STM to move individual atoms so that they spelled "I-B-M" in atoms. If you believe that the ability to arrange individual atoms and tailor-build molecules was so that IBM scientists could spell IBM, then this book isn't for you. A more recent NY Times article (2/2/97, p. E6) discusses how Xerox Corporation has created sensors the thickness of peach fuzz. These are called MEMS (micro-electromechanical systems). The article states, "MEMS are all about doing more with less, about being lean, mean, and next to invisible." The article is lean on facts. It does give a hint of the incredible power these little gadgets have when the writer launches into his propaganda tirade at the end of the article, "Paradoxically the fear that accompanies the fantasy of nanotechnology is not that the culture will be as stratified and fragmented as Victorian England, but that the new culture will be one that is unrecognizable to everyone alive today." That is true, this nano technology is taking us to the place that society will not be recognizable. The age of the future is planned to be the age of robots--humans if they are to survive are to be robotic slaves for the illuminated elite. However, this is not paranoid fear as the NY Times writer implies, but it is the unfortunate reality humanity faces. Some people apparently are already experiencing it. One victim of mind-control, whose father is Military Intelligence and whose family is part of the Illuminati, claims that he has been subjected to tiny robots called nanobots. These nanobots have been featured on TV, where they have been billed as an asset for surgeons. Reportedly, these tiny robots can work off of 10-100 kilohertz of beamed power. They have coil-shaped antennas, 2 little six-pointed "wings" to attach and move themselves with. These tiny boron-carbon nanobots have all kinds of purposes. One use is for multitudes of these Nanobots to be placed into a single victim's head, where they are programmed to migrate to certain programmed positions where they can suppress the optical signals to the brain and replace these signals with their own holographic images that can be externally transmitted to the nanobots or preprogrammed in. They are trying or have succeeded, depending upon who is talking about nanobots, in making self-replicating assemblers. In other words, they have built miniature robots that build other robots. (Sounds like something the Japanese would do.)

Nanobot researchers talk about how great it will be to have tiny robots that are smaller than a red blood cell circulating in our blood removing fat, bacteria, and viruses.

SOME SOURCES. Recent articles on nanotechnology include: Electronic Times (12/7/95), Electronics Weekly (11/29/95), Electronic Engineering Times (11/27/95), the L.A. Times (11/11/94, 12/21/94, 2/7/96, 2/20/96), the NY Times (4/30/94, 11/19/96, 2/2/97), the Wall St. Journal (5/12/94, 1/9/96, 2/26/96). Eric Drexler wrote Engines of Creation (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1986), a book about nanotechnology.

Books that will provide more information on nanotechnology:

Drexler, K. Eric and Peterson, Chris and Pergamit, Gayle. Unbounding the Future: The Nanotechnology Revolution. Morrow, 1991.

Hameroff, Stuart R. Ultimate Computing: Biomolecular Consciousness and Nanotechnology. Elsevier Science Pub., 1987.

Whitehouse, D.J. and Kawata, K., eds. Nanotechnology: Proceedings of the Joint Forum/ERATO Symposium held at Warwick Univ., 21-22 August 1990. Adam Hilger, 1991.

C4. MEMEX/BRAIN LINK IMPLANTS

The public doesn't understand that programs showing research are typically rmination to hide what's already in use. On "Cyberlife," 12/17/96, a TV story was done on Dr. Ted Berger, a biological engineer, at U.S.CA, who is working on a microchip that will be a substitute for the hippocampus' memory. The story stated that in two years a brain chip can be made that mimics the pattern of brain neurons so that it can be plugged in. The New World Order's computer-satellite system allows a. communication devices to be embedded within a victim, as well as b. memex devices that are linked to the natural brain to boast the brain's memory. In the Vol. 2 book, the ALEX (Amalgamated Logrythmic Encrypted Transmissions) system was described which allows the NWO to pulse codes on different frequencies in an erratic fashion that makes the transmissions hard to even spot. The ALEX system is one component of their ability to secretly transmit orders and information to their slaves. When a slave receives a body-suit of implants, one implant will be a central control implant that controls the body suit of implants and receives information from an external transmitting source. Some of the slaves have had their central controlling implant at the base of their skull. The concepts that Hollywood portrayed in the sci-fi movie "Johnny Mnemonic" where an oligarchy (in league with big business and the crime syndicates) controls the world, and uses a human who has an implant that stores tremendous amounts of information is-- sad to say-- not so far removed from what is already happening in secret.

INTERFACE DEVICES

The biocybernetic researchers for the New World Order have working on a number of interface devices to interface (link) the human brain with computers. A number of devices have been created. There is even a biochip the size of a large organic molecule

that works as a memex implant. The idea of implants is difficult for some people to accept. I am in the possession of x-rays showing implants, of anechoic chamber readings showing that victims were receiving constant synthetic telemetry signals from outside transmitting sites, and a variety of other items showing evidence that this activity is going on. For instance, Professor Ingmar Wickbom, M.D. of the University Hospital, University of Calif. Medical Ctr., San Diego on 10/6/'83 wrote a letter "To Whom It May Concern" that skull x-rays of Robert Naslund indicated implants at the base of the skull that are "possibly some form of brain transmitters". Some of the victims I personally know have managed to extract fiber optic fibers from their bodies.

ORGANIC BIOPROCESSORS LINKED TO VIRUSES-- One direction that the New World Order took was to develop biochips and bioprocessors, that is three-dimensional organic circuitry that functions as computers. The conductive velocities of these miniature organic computers (protein lattices) are at least one million times faster than nerve cells. The circuit power of a given size of miniature organic computers is at least a million times greater than the same size of brain matter. Molecular computers made of living matter can be grown from DNA templates of genetically engineered bacteria. Synthetic proteins have been developed which match what they want to make into mini-computers. The end product is a bioprocessor (tiny computer) within a cell. These mini-computers are specifically linked with viruses which migrate to specific parts of the body. Viruses are primarily nucleoproteins, some of the small ones are not even alive, and they don't even have metabolism. They do not have a metabolism to kill with an antibiotic. The Neurotropic viruses migrate to the central nervous system (nerves), the Dermotropic viruses migrate to the skin, the Pneumotropic viruses go to the lungs, the Viscerotropic go to the abdomen, and other viruses go to other sites in the body. Because many viruses will select what area of the body they will reside in, the New World Order can tailor (in tissue-culture) their bio-implants (which consist of a virus plus a bioprocessor) so they can target where they will end up in the mind-controlled slave. Such a virus implant is also called a symbiote, because it lives off of the host, the mind-controlled slave's own body. These virus implants have life-expectancies that are a number of years long. A number of these implants within the victim serve as spies-in-the-camp, reporting detailed records of what the host's body is doing. Research into how to splice and dice genetic material and then recombine it has been going on for a number of decades, and is very sophisticated. There are a number of very technical books on how to do it, but only a reader familiar with the language of genetic research could decipher their techniques & abilities with miniature RNA and DNA pieces. Several genetic books/papers describe how viruses can get host genetic material or other genetic material, thus giving us a window on how they transfer the miniature computers made from DNA templates to the viruses. In the book *Mechanics of DNA Replication & Recombination*, Proceedings of a UCLA Symposium held in Keystone, CO April 3-9, 1983, (edited by Nicholas R. Cozzarelli, of the Dept. of Molecular Biology Univ. of CA, Berkeley, published in NY by Alan K. Liss, Inc.) one of the leaders in this field said on page 12, "I remain faithful to the conviction that anything a cell can do, a biochemist should be able to do." And yes they have been replicating strands of RNA & DNA, creating whatever they want. The Illuminati have been using these computers-in-viruses implants at least since the 1990s. The implants are easy to insert into the victim's body,

and the specific virus transport themselves and attach themselves where they are to go. The Illuminati then build body suits of these implants. The size of these tiny implants vary from tens of millicrons to hundreds of millimicrons. Just their tiny size makes them difficult to destroy. From research on victims, it appears that a central computer is implanted to control or interact with the body suit of implants.

PSYCHICS-- One of the Illuminati's research projects was to discover the psi gene--the genetic gene that would permit them to breed a master race with psychic abilities. One of the groups that the Illuminati has controlled which did research in this area was Nazi Germany. Mengele, in fact, was interested in the co-relation of blood types to psychic abilities. Blood type B apparently has more psychics than other blood types. People who have true psychic abilities have a more complex molecular lattice structure than those who don't. They also have energy fields of 500 cps or higher. This is in contrast with most brain activity which lies in the 0 cps to 100 cps range. The heart operates at up to about 250 cps, and the resonant frequency for a nerve is 360 cps. In other words, the high cps. energy field is a tip off that the person is psychic. A secret program has been carried out by the Illuminati to identify every person on the planet who is capable of being psychic. They are identified and then assigned to people (a male and female) to monitor the person. Psychics are often recruited into intelligence agencies to bring them under the power of the Illuminati's establishment. In other cases, they are simply watched and monitored, some who are threats to them are killed, and others receive mind-control. They have been identifying people with psychic abilities and then trying to track and/or control them. They also will try to recruit or place these people under mind-control or both.

C5. TORTURE/NERVE & MUSCLE STIMULATION IMPLANTS

When a body suit is placed into a slave, implants are strategically placed in their body so that if they do not comply or if the Network wants to make the person dissociative they can direct the control implant to trigger these implants to activate. For instance two implants will be placed on opposite side near the uterus and one in the lower back in order to give the handlers the ability to cause lots of lower back pain. Prior to electronically putting someone into an altered & controlled dissociative state, they will wear a person down with pain to make them dissociative. For instance, if an implant in the middle (square in the heel) of the foot goes off, a ball of electricity like a sparkler is activated causing pain, anxiety and discomfort. Some describe it as a hot pin prick in the foot. One victim and her mother both received these torture implants, and she was able to locate and remove some of them from her mother. I would like to paraphrase her description of finding these torture implants, "I discovered fiberoptic type implants on the lower back and also on the line where the leg and buttock join. The fiberoptic sites on the lower back was 1" to the left of the spine, and consisted of two holes where the implants had been inserted which were one above the other, and at a distance of 5/8' from each other. I was able to partially remove both of these fiber implants, but knots remained under the holes where tiny parts of the implants tenaciously remained. These two back implants seemed to connect signal-wise to the implant at the junction of the buttock and leg. This latter implant could create pain in the left leg and foot." Sometimes

a crackling sound like crickets accompanies the signal to create pain. A vibrating electrical field is often used on victims of electronic control. (Unconfirmed but possible:) One victim described a device that could have a dial rotated to allow the sender to chose different types of signals to be sent. This would be pointed at a victim. As this sounds like a good possibility, it has been included here, although there is nothing to confirm such a piece of equipment which is probably if it exists

BELLDAME TORTURE IMPLANT--Nothing available to report.

SUICIDE IMPLANT--Some claim that an implanted chip has been created that will release a poison upon a signal which will kill its host. This author has seen absolutely no evidence that such an implant exists. It's use is likely disinformation.

C6. TRACKING & I.D. IMPLANTS

This type of implant has gotten most of the public's attention. For several years now the public has been aware that animals, military personnel as well as civilians have been given tracking implants. Objects also have received tracking implants. DCI of the CIA Bob Gates is reported to have said, "If you can't identify people, you can't control them." The Wall St. Journal, 3/30/1992 reported that the FDA proposed that tracking devices onto 35 classes of medical devices such as heart valves and breast implants. The excuse was that they needed to track life-sustaining medical devices better. The list of devices to be tracked includes cardiovascular filters, defibrillators, pacemaker electrodes, heart valves, tracheal prostheses, breathing monitors, portable oxygen generators, ventilators, infusion oxygen generators, ventilators, infusion pumps and various silicone gel-filled devices such as testicular implants and breast implants, and spinal implants. The Hughs Identification Device has been placed onto such objects as breast implants. These tracking implants are reported to have a life of 250 years. Their tracking I.D. number consists of #, letter, #, letter, # etc. The U.S. Navy has employed RF/ID "waterproof bracelets" for tracking individuals underwater. The U.S. military has required its personnel to take tracking implants under the pretense of being able to find them if they get lost, and millions of men and women in the military have already gotten these tracking implants. A book published by the U.S. Army War College in 1994 (entitled *The Revolution in Military Affairs and Conflict Short of War*) shows the Army's interest in tracking implants. Many tracking implants were placed into military personnel during Desert Shield/Desert Storm operations. Some tracking implants are programmable and can record vital data about a person. They could also be used as a debit card for financial transactions, which is why they have gotten so much attention as the much feared Mark of the Beast. Texe Marr's popular book *Project L.U.C.I.D.* exposed the L.U.C.I.D. System which will be a central clearing house for keeping track of everyone. He reproduced a diagram from an issue of *Narc Officer* magazine showing how the system would connect an individual's universal biometrics card with the justice, data communications, and telecommunications systems of the World Order. Texe Marrs and others are fascinated at the choice of words & acronyms that the establishment keeps picking. Dr. Creusat, a medical doctor with Interpol is the official designer of L.U.C.I.D. He and his co-designer initially refused to reveal what the acronym L.U.C.I.D.

stands for. Some speculate that it stands for the obvious: "Lucifer's I.D." system. It's also strange that AT&T called their new company derived from Bell Labs (which has been involved in mind-control for the Illuminati) "Lucent Technologies". Again some people speculate that Lucent means Lucifer's Enterprises. And what did Lucent come out with? They came out with a new computer network called "Inferno" (another name for Hell), written in a language called "Limbo" (a place in Hell) with computer protocols called "Styx" (a river in Hell). And then on the other side of the Atlantic, a world-wide net called Demon Internet is being offered to people in Europe. (To have Demon Internet installed for you by Demon Internet, Ltd. at 322 Regents Park Rd., Finchley, London N3 2QQ costs initially £1,762.50 for the first month according to recent company literature.) Again the obvious question, why are these companies using occult--even satanic terms for their products? Illuminati member and chairman of IBM Thomas Watson, Jr. set up a cryptology research group at IBM's research lab in Yorktown Heights in NY. This group was led by Horst Feistel, and it developed a cipher code called "Lucifer". Lucifer was then sold to Lloyd's of London. Lucifer was created under the auspices of the NSA. Lucifer worked off of an algorithm. The NSA had set things up via IBM so that it has had a back door to anything encrypted with Lucifer. (By the way NSA's partner in the U.K. is the Brit's GCHQ.) The paper trail indicates that L.U.C.I.D. intends to keep track of people by using biometrics (iris scan, fingerprint, voiceprint, photos, and other bio identification features) that will be encoded on cards (or implants.) DNA databanks are already giving computers an enormous ability to identify millions of Americans via their DNA. Texe Marrs also calls our attention in his book about L.U.C.I.D. to the important mandatory ISO 9000 program, which makes it mandatory for all products to have an ISO 9000 I.D. number and their approval and certification. Over 100 countries have adopted the ISO 9000 standards. In 1999, use of the system, which was voluntary, will become mandatory. The government is also setting up TPN (Trading Partner Numbers). While obtaining all these numbers to do business is not directly mind-control; if a person can't buy or sell without the approved numbers, it does tend to place a person or company under the World Order's control. The NACCB in England and the ASQC and the ANSI have been given power to accredit people with the ISO 9000 numbers. IOS is also in some type of overseeing role in the accreditation process. Here we go, more acronym monsters to control our lives! But while attention has been focused on this, many other implants have been implanted for mind-control. It all works together. The tracking implants certainly are an external means of controlling people that will work along side of the mind-control to lock people into their Established System. The tracking implants have broader application than just to keep track of an individual's location, or his financial records. Tracking implants can be used to send bio information on the heart beat, the BEG, EKG and other bio tracking methods. Researchers who are following the field of tracking implants will remember the article "An Eight Channel Micropowered PAM/FM Biomedical Telemetry System" in the NTC '71 Record, p. 309. The Air Force Office of Scientific Research, NASA financed that study which involved an 8-channel micropowered telemetry system designed to sense and transmit physiological data. The system was actually successfully used. They will also remember an earlier article in the IEEE Transactions on Bio-medical Engineering, Vol. BME-14, Oct. 1967 entitled, "The Design and Use of an FM/AM Radiotelemetry System for Multichannel Recording of Biological Data." And then they will remember an even earlier report from the

Biophysics Lab, of the Aerospace Medical Labs of the Aerospace Medical Div. at Wright Patterson AFB, Ohio dated 1965 entitled, "Personal telemetry transmitter system." The point is that tracking implant research has been with us for several decades, and is being utilized to control slaves who have body suits of implants. They have been publicly monitoring animals with bio-telemetry for several decades, it doesn't take any stretch of the imagination to comprehend that they are also doing it with their slaves. While these articles were from the '60s, soon afterwards a book appeared Mackay, R.S.

Biomedical Telemetry, Sensing and Transmitting Biological Information from Animals and Man. John Wiley & Sons, Inc.: NY, 1970. Faceprints are a new method which uses a math algorithm that establishes distances between eye pupils, nasal base, lip center and other facial points. The algorithm produces a 50-bit number that is person-specific. The plans are to code this along with other unique I.D. features onto the magnetic strips of I.D. cards. The American CIA developed in conjunction with the Thai police a smart identity card for use in Thailand. The Computerworld Smithsonian Award was given to the Thai Ministry of Interior for this "innovative technology" in 1990. In other words, one part of Big Brother patted another on the back. Was the CIA protecting us, Mr. & Mrs. Citizens by doing this so-called "intelligence" work, or was it working on another agenda by developing this high tech ID card? Later the military adopted the MARC ID card based on similar ideas.

Bell Communications (in NJ) developed voice activated credit cards. Reports are that colds can throw one's voice off so that it's rejected by the flat microchip in the voice card. When this author calls the World Order's mind-control "total", he means just that--it is designed to control the body, mind and spirit of a person. By taking bio information via implants, DNA codes, blood types, retina scans, hand geometry and face prints, without our real consent the World Order has effectively stolen our Fifth Amendment rights. John Adams wrote, "Property must be secured or liberty cannot exist." (The Works of John Adams, Vol. 6:9, p. 280.) The purpose of the American government was to protect property. But they have stolen our privacy. They have put into law (contrary to the Constitution & Bill of -Rights) several laws that will force us to provide information to computer data banks that will be used to determine if we can buy or sell, if we can get employment or not, & if we are deemed politically correct or not. And those on the wrong side of the NWO may be incarcerated and programmed. While tracking implants are not mind-control per se, they will work hand in glove with actual mind-control to make sure no one under mind-control can effectively get away. Therefore all tracking devices must be seen in the broader context as being devices to assist in the implementation of total mind-control. One genius scientist who worked on the bio-chip and who still works as a civilian for the government personally told this author that he is excused for his help on the project because technology is neutral. Technology is neither good nor bad, so he claims. I disagree, and so did another scientist who did repent of helping with this infernal project, and apologized to this author. These bio-chips are going to be used for the enslavement of mankind, and for total mind-control. There is no justification, no excuse great enough to allow people to side-step their responsibility in the creation of such technology intended for evil. We have a responsibility to know how our inventions will be used before we create them. It

doesn't take a rocket scientist to know what these inventions are going to be used for. Unfortunately, this man who assisted with the bio-chip is a rocket scientist.

Section D. Direct monitoring & manipulation of the brain/mind

D1. Direct monitoring of thought waves.

For many years, the basic waves have told us basic things about the mind. Rapid Beta waves come from normal mental activity like you are doing now, alpha waves indicate relaxation, theta waves mean meditation & memories, & ultraslow deltas mean deep sleep. Cognitive demands cause the gamma waves to synchronize. Alpha (as well as Theta) oscillations both encode and access cortical codes--what we describe as K-lines in this Deeper Insights book. The thalamus & the cortex are involved in memory. People with good memories have higher alpha freks than persons with poor memories. EEGs are used to watch these waves & their oscillations. PET scans are even more revealing. Thoughts can be analyzed in terms of the various parts of the mind that they require to produce them. In word-reading the mind activates specific posterior visual areas, and when the mind must identify a noun specific frontal & temporo-parietal areas are active. (See Posner, "Seeing the Mind", Science magazine, 10/29/93, p. 673). PET scans & BEGs are interesting, but evoked potentials tell it all. The National Security Agency has a monopoly on monitoring the evoked potentials emitted by people's brain's electrical flux which are electromagnetic emissions in the 30-50 Hz, 5 milliwatt range. When a person thinks, or moves their body, or sees something, the brain creates an evoked potential or set of evoked potentials. These emissions can be decoded to see what the person is thinking or doing. This is called RNM (Remote Neural Monitoring). It is reported that the Kinnecome group at the NSA is involved with this type of monitoring round-the-clock of victims of electronic mind-control using EMF equipment that is scattered across the nation. A Signals Intelligence EMF scanning network allows the NSA's computers to pinpoint and track any individual in the United States by watching for their specific bioelectrical field. In many ways, the tracking implants and the national I.D. cards are redundant, but the World Order wants to increase their control, while keeping their best technology secret. The NSA information is not randomly passed on to any individual, but they do have their ways to filter down information to mind-control handlers if they need to. They have exhibited an amazing ability to track the two co-authors, but that doesn't mean that they are all powerful, just because their computers can remotely detect and keep track of people. This book is evidence that there is still some elbow room for independent thought in this world. What's more frightening is the apathy in the world to stand up to the control. But the question may arise, how can they get any good reading on the brain's evoked potentials from a distance? The equipment is a combined use of ELF-modulated masers along with Doppler-shifted interrogative RMCT masers. This technique allows them to send syntel directly through walls. A Maser is a microwave equivalent to a laser.

TESLA WAVES USED TO READ MINDS & IMPLANT VOICES

According to reports, the Soviets were the first to discover in the 1960's that the human

brain had 23 BEG band wave lengths, of which 11 of these were totally independent. By knowing those 11 band wave lengths, and then sending signals based upon those wave lengths, the human mind could be manipulated. The person's PRIME FREK, that is their biological frequency needs to be identified, and then it is possible to remotely implant thoughts and voices into their minds.

In the early 1970's, the U.S. Documentation Center as well as the White House's spokesman had both reported that electromagnetic waves could be used to communicate with "a target biosystem." (This was brought out in the U.S. District Court of the State of Utah where inmates who had been subjected to mind-control in prison tried unsuccessfully to fight back in court.)

The University of Utah was just one of several dirty research facilities which researched on human guinea pigs how Tesla waves could be used to manipulate the mind into hearing voices. They discovered how simple it is to use these waves to override and implant thoughts into the mind, and to read the thoughts of the mind. Then they subjected hundreds of inmates at the Gunnison Facility of the Utah State Prison, the State Hospital and perhaps other Utah State Prison facilities to this brand of mind-control in order to test it.

It certainly works. Numerous inmates tried to fight the system, and the obvious mind-control that so many of them were being subjected to. Hundreds of the inmates were subjected to heavy drugs and other severe punishment when they protested. Still they continued to protest. This was in the 1970's, now the technology is being used over the entire United States.

The Tesla waves are sent to a victim in the following sequence of events.

Computers programmed with artificial intelligence handle most electronic controlled slaves. When the slave does something the computer can't handle then human handlers step in to help. Men and women staff consoles attached to CRAY computers where they monitor the victims that need special attention. The full fledged electronic monitoring involves an entire body suit of various implant devices in the victim's body. From the body suit, the controllers are able to track the victim, hear what the victim hears, and see via tiny fiberoptics some of what is going on around and with the victim. The staff have pre-recorded sound bites that they usually like to select, as well as occasion actual live messages. They transmit these messages, which are picked up by satellite and relayed to whatever large TV broadcasting antenna or GWEN tower or other antenna is near the victim. The signal is then relayed to some object near the victim, which serves as a relay antenna to pass the signal on to the victim. It's believed that some type of implant picks up the signal and broadcasts the correct Tesla wave pattern to create voices within the victim. Meanwhile, the tracking implant keeps the staff and the satellite system informed every few minutes as to exactly where to send the voice signals. The Master computer and central HQ for electronic mind control is reported to be Boulder, CO. Several places have been identified by this author as key points. One report came in that transponders are being made in Boulder, CO. The

central cellular computer is in the Boulder, CO National Bureau of Standards building. AT & T is cooperating with electronic mind-control also. NORAD tracks both space and earthbound objects. They have a Cheyenne Mtn. Air Station. Although it is clear from reports from mind-control victims that NORAD is actively involved in mind-control, exactly how the different tracking responsibilities are delegated is not known to this author at this time. It appears that there is duplication of efforts, and several NWO branches maintain the same capability.

D2. VOICES / OR THOUGHTS SENT ELECTRONICALLY DIRECTLY INTO THE MIND

Brain waves are connected to thought. When thought occurs there is a great deal of brain wave activity. The brain carries out what some people call "parallel processors"--that is it breaks a thinking process down into components and works on all simultaneously. When the World Order's researchers have attempted to tamper with the mind they can place thoughts into the mind by tampering with the processes that create thoughts, without actually having to replicate the thought they want. In other words, they are deflecting the natural process into the synthetic process they want to get their desired result.

For group mind control, or isolated individuals, ELF waves can be sent that interact with the brain's natural waves. The human brain synchronizes with the incoming waves and the end result can be panic, sleep, or a hypnotic trance. The wrong kinds of ELF waves can even damage the brain. In 1961, Allen Frey, a free-lance biophysicist and engineering psychologist reported that humans can hear microwaves. This had been known by the military since W.W.II. To form complex words and sentences, Frey realized he'd have to approach the level of $10^{-4} \text{ mW}/(\text{cm})^2$, but the bottom line is microwave-created movement of cochlear hair cells can be done. In the late 1950's, Dr. Patrick Flanagan developed an electronic telepathy machine which was called the Neurophone. He writes about the Neurophone and its capabilities to transmit acoustic (sounds, voices) directly into the brain of an individual using the electromagnetic fields in his forward to the book *Angels Don't Play This HAARP* by Jeane Manning and Dr. Nick Begich. The patent office held up his patent on the machine for 12 years. Dr. Flanagan writes, "Certain types of electromagnetic signals can induce visual and auditory effects when the field around the head or body is at the right frequency, intensity and modulation levels. We are not accusing the developers of HAARP of amoral intentions for the use of this technology but the potential for abuse is there." (*Angels Don't Play This HAARP*, p. 6) First, this author highly recommends the book *Angels Don't Play This HAARP*; and second, this author is going to flat outright say that the developers of HAARP do not deserve the benefit of the doubt anymore--because some of them have a clear track record of developing and using mind-control techniques. HAARP is nothing less than a mind-control project. One of the persons that people trying to investigate HAARP kept running into was Col. John Alexander. Col. John Alexander was involved with the development of HAARP. (*Angels Don't Play This HAARP*, p. 19) Trauma-based mind-control victims have identified Col. John Alexander as being one of the primary mind-control programmers. He has been a key player in a number of mind-control projects for the government. Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, OH

also played a role in research for HAARP. A number of trauma-based mind-control victims have identified Wright-Patterson as a mind-control programming center. Apparently, the Air Force used some of the brain-stem scarred whiz kids at the base to try and develop Tesla technology. ARCO (via their ARCO Power Technologies, Inc. subsidiary) was the Air Force's prime contractor on the first phase of HAARP's development. ARCO has company doctors who are helping program mind-control victims. One of ARCO's board members was Dr. Simon Ramo, who is a big player with the military and the secret government. The awarding of ARCO's subsidiary APTI for the contract smelled like a rat, because other companies were obviously better suited than this tiny subsidiary with a staff of 25 in Washington, D.C. Besides the mind-control aspect of things, the World Order set things up so that APTI has the patent (#4,686,605, Method & Apparatus for Altering a Region in the -Earth's Atmosphere, Ionosphere, and/or Magnetosphere) for the HAARP project, so they are a natural shoe-in for the project. There were other patents involved too, and about dozen of these patents assigned to APTI have now ended up with the large Raytheon Corp. (APTI was bought by B-Systems, and B-Systems was bought by Raytheon. All 3 are working fast and furiously developing technology for the NWO.) The NWO's Stanford Research Institute developed many of HAARP's high-frequency transmitting programs with money from the Defense Nuclear Agency. (This was from Angels Don't Play This HAARP, p.47, which cites an NTIA memo, "NTIA Preliminary Assessment of Air Force Ionospheric Research Instrument", 10/1/1993.) Mitre Corp. was also involved with HAARP. This author has exposed the Mitre Corp. in the past as being both Illuminati-run, & a co-partner with the NSA.

When a HAARP researcher pestered the Air Force for info, he was referred to Kirkland AFB, NM another site deeply involved in mind-control and black projects. (Angels Don't Play This HAARP, p.63) Los Alamos Nat. Labs also is involved with both mind-control & I-HAARP. Their Blackbeard Team is connected to the Alexis Satellite, which may or may not be connected to the ALEX system which this author has been warning about. Supposedly this is a gamma ray re-search satellite, but this author doesn't know if this is the truth or a cover story. The Air Command & Staff College's Airpower Journal lets the "cat out of the bag" so to speak when they reveal that weapons like HAARP will be used against civilians. The military wants to use weapons like HAARP to disorient people's mental facilities. Newt Gingrich wrote the forward to an official US Air Force book entitled Low-Intensity Conflict and Modern Technology which described how electromagnetic weapons could be used to subjugate U.S. citizens who opposed their government. Cpt. Paul Tyler wrote the chapter on electromagnetic and psychotronic weapons. A paper trail does exist of the intentions to use HAARP for mind-control by our government. For the sake of completeness, and to provide the readers with a paper trail, I'll quote directly from this official Air Force book from the part written by Cpt. Tyler, 'The potential applications of artificial electromagnetic fields are wide-ranging and can be used in many military or quasi-military situations... Some of these potential uses include dealing with terrorist groups...crowd control,...and anti-personnel techniques in tactical warfare. In all cases, the electro-magnetic systems would be used to produce mild to severe physiological disruption or perceptual distortion or disorientation. In addition, the ability of individuals to function could be degraded to such a point that they

would be combat ineffective. Another advantage of electromagnetic systems is that they provide coverage over large areas with a single system [this is an obvious reference to HAARP] Recently, pulsed electromagnetic fields have been reported to induce cellular transcription related to reproduction of DNA.... Knowledge of mechanisms of actions of Radio-Frequency Radiation (RFR) with living systems and the assessment of pulsed RFR effects, will demonstrate the vulnerability of humans to complex pulsed electromagnetic radiation fields... Experiments with elec-troshock, RFR experiments and the increasing understanding of the brain as an electrically-mediated-organ, suggest the serious probability that impressed electromagnetic fields can be disruptive of purposeful behavior and may be capable of directing and/or interrogating such behavior." THERE YOU HAVE IT, a PAPER TRAIL that the MILITARY WANTS HAARP'S MIND-CONTROL capabilities. Dr. Abraham Liboff of Oakland Univ. has demonstrated how low-energy circularly polarized electromagnetic waves can change the brain's ability to keep out certain ions, minerals, and chemicals. HAARP can also be used with genetic manipulating ionized radiation and chemicals to specifically control the mind. (See Chapter 8, section 2 for a complete discussion of this.)

SUMMARY OF ELF WAVE MIND CONTROL CAPABILITIES

Naval Intelligence and other groups have conducted research into ELF waves upon the human body and mind. Some of the many things that can be done to the human body and mind with ELF waves include:

- a. put a person to sleep
- b. make a person tired or depressed
- c. create a feeling of fear in a person
- d. create a zombie state
- e. create a violent state
- f. create a state of being sexually aggressive
- g. change cellular chemistry
- h. change hormone levels
- i. inhibit or enhance M(RNA) synthe-sis/processes
- j. control the DNA transaction process
- k. control biological spin and proton coupling constants in DNA, RNA & RNA transferases.

But electronic control of the brain comes in many forms. Perhaps the controllers only want to carry out mood shifts. ELF waves which will penetrate walls, and even go through the earth will create mood shifts according to how many cycles per minute they are sent at. Studies have proven that the time for ELF waves to cause a shift in mood is between 6 to 10 seconds (not a long time).

ELF waves below 6 cycles per second cause subjects to become emotionally upset and this rate may also disrupt bodily functions. At 8.2 cycles/sec. the person gets an elevated high such as would be accomplished by a master of meditation. 11 to 11.3 cycles per second cause the brain to become agitated and to begin riotous behavior. ELF waves could be directed at a population to help incite riots. Research has been carried out to determine how the brain's sensory inputs are coded. It has been

determined that visual input is relayed and built into a series of changing maps. The olfactory sense has thousands of specific codes to determine smells, and combinations of these are triggered by an object. One clue that gave researchers initially the idea that different individual human brains have a common internal electronic type coding for specific thoughts is that drugs will have such common effects on the human race--even though one obtains individuals from widely different genetic pools. The best research is of course kept secret. We primarily have to report on what is released. E.R. John in *Mechanisms of Memory* (NY: Academic Press, 1967, pp. 348-349) announced his discovery that central neuro-electrical codes are indeed used by the human brain. Information transfers in the brain have been shown to be related to neuro-electrical frequency codes, and that a brain can be manipulated by beaming those codes from an external sources. For instance, Hippocampal neurons will have burst-firing frequencies between 100-200 Hz. Here are some of the resonance frequencies for manipulating these senses:

Visual centers of mind--25 Hz
Sense of touch center--9 Hz
Auditory (hearing) ctr-- 15 Hz
Motor control-- 10 Hz
Subconscious thoughts--20 Hz.

If the World Order wants to cause a person to make a gesture, they use ELF-modulated microwaves that are "KEYED" to distinctive brainwave patterns that are called "PREPARATION SETS." If the controllers want to create an emotion they use specific "EXCITATION POTENTIALS" by creating the correct resonance frequency which in turn creates a specific emotional state. Victims of electronic mind-control often complain of electronic fields placed around their bodies. Recently, when an electrical storm blew a major metro power grid, one victim of electronic mind-control lost the force field that had been encircling her body. The brain is also attenuated to the earth magnetic field. By manipulating the magnetic field around a person, the magnitude of the beamed codes needed to elicit a change in the brain can be reduced. For example J.I. Jacobson changed melatonin levels in subjects by manipulating the magnetic field in conjunction with beamed "signals". See Jacobson, J.I. "Pineal-hypothalamic tract meditation of pico Tesla magnetic fields in the treatment of neurological disorders." *FASEB Journal*, 1994, 8, p. A656. Sandyk also successfully used manipulation of the magnetic fields and reported this in Sandyk, R. Successful treatment of multiple sclerosis with magnetic fields. *International Journal of Neuroscience*, 1992, pp. 237-250. It was discovered that if an alternating magnetic field at a distance (resonance) frequency is superimposed upon a steady-state magnetic field, calcium and other ions within the brain can be moved with little energy. When this was discovered, researchers began to watch to see if variations in the earth's magnetic field during geomagnetic storms and in other situations, would affect the thinking of masses of people. They discovered that there were indeed changes to the human brain as a result of magnetic fluctuations. Cognitive thinking and conscious thought occurs between the temperatures of 308° - 312° K (or 35° - 39° C) and the fundamental wave length associated with these thoughts are approximately 10 micrometers (which is an infrared wavelength.) Signals that blend with

Background Radiation can be manipulated to control the brain. The temperature of the brain directly relates to how certain signals will affect it. It is believed that structures within the thalamus are involved with modulating the temperature sensitivity of biochemical oscillators. Heterodyne Principle Used. This principle is that multiple frequencies when applied to a nonlinear device produce new frequencies which are the sums and differences of the applied frequencies and their harmonics. In other words a local oscillator (also called a strong sinusoidal carrier wave) can multiply a weak signal. A microwave signal at a frequency A is mixed with a microwave local oscillator at frequency B in a nonlinear mixer. The mixer output signal which is A minus B is a faithful amplitude and phase reproduction of the original microwave signal but at a low, fixed frequency so that it can be measured simply with low-frek measuring devices. Heterodyne signals cost more to produce but cost is no problem for the government. Multiport network analysers, which use several simple power detectors and a computer analysis approach provide a less expensive way to measure both the relative voltage amplitude & the phase. Cell phone freks used. The controllers use the UHF cellular telephone frequencies, which are installed everywhere because the human cranium operates on the same frequencies that cellular phones operate on. This was not by accident.

PULSED AUDIOGRAMS--Pulsed audiograms use extremely low average power densities of electromagnetic energy acoustic amplifier driven by the rf transmitter's modulator, the peak power density is a critical factor which is approx. 275 mw/rf for carrier frequencies 125 mc and 1,310 mc. Acoustic noise is approx. 80 decibels. Another source, the electrical sine wave analogs of each word is processed so that each time a sine wave crosses zero reference in the negative direction, & a brief pulse of microwave energy is triggered. These voice modulated microwaves transmit words to the brain. Sounds are generated when pulsed microwaves are aimed at absorbers made of carbon-impregnated polyurethane. An Acoustical Energy Wavefront (AEW) is created by modified transduction of sound waves, which are in the ultrasound spec-trum (USS). In other words scalar energy is being employed. When people are asleep they are the most vulnerable. TV antenna can serve both as transmitters and well as receivers. It can be made to oscillate a suitable resonant frequency. By transmitting signals in the TV/FM range and then modulating them in the ELF/ULF range, they can send signals. The Nexus magazine of Oct.-Nov. '96 p. 16 reported on Dr. Ross Adley's research. Dr. Adley did some work for the CIA on their Pandora project (an electronic mind-control project). He recently worked at the Loma Linda Univ. Med. School, CA. His research showed that the brain will react to EM radiation. To get a reaction the frequency, amplitude, and dose of the microwave radiation has to meet certain criteria. In the 1980's, his experiments showed that microwave carrier-waves modulated with ELF waves will modify brain tissue. Weak EM fields will affect the binding of calcium ions to neuronal sites. This type of information is the type of information that pertains to the genetic mind-control covered in Chapter 8. Dr. Adley was able to prove that a 147 MHz (megahertz) field, which at a tissue level had an intensity of 0.8 milliwatts per square centimeters, caused an efflux or release of calcium ions from the irradiated brain tissue. "This response only occurred when the ELF modulation of the microwave carrier-wave had an amplitude modulated at 6-20 hertz

(Hz). The maximum stimulation of the neurones took place at 16 Hz, but to either side of this frequency-range parameter there was no effect." (Nexus, 10-11/'96, p. 16 citing Adey, Ross W. "Neurophysiologic Effects of Radiofrequency and Microwave Radiation" Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine, vol. 55, no. 11, Dec., '79) Also microwaves as they enter the brain tissue, cause thermal expansion as -things heat up at the microscopic level, which produces strains in tissue. The strains produce acoustic stress waves that are conducted through the bone to the cochlea, and the cochlea's stimulation by the wave gives the brain its perception of hearing a sound just as the cochlea's stimulation produces the normal sensation of hearing. For microwaves to do this they must be at 1310 MHz and 2982 MHz at the average power densities of .4 to 2 mW/cm². The peak power densities can be 200 to 300 mW/cm² and the pulse repetition frequency was from 200 to 400 Hz. This makes an RF auditory sound. The sound appears to the victim as coming from within or near the back of the head. 2 criteria needed to hear microwaves are the ability to hear above 5 kHz, and good bone conduction.

Section E. Auxiliary uses of electronics & electromagnetic waves.

E1. hypnotic induction

E2. polygraphs

E3. attacks against people & objects

LIQUID CRYSTALS

"ALIEN" implants

BED COILS STANDARDIZED FOR MIND-CONTROL POTENTIAL

E4. virtual reality

EI. ELECTRONICS TO AID HYPNOSIS

In a normal resting state the alpha waves of a person are between 6 -12 per second, and their breathing rate is about 20-40 breaths per mm. and their heart beat about 70 to 90 per minute. External stimuli will affect these rates. If a person fixes their attention on flashes and tones, such as what happens at some concerts, the body functions will tend to synchronize around the external tones and pulsing lights. It takes about ten minutes for the human mind/body to reconfigure itself in line with the external stimuli, then that rate of the flashing lights and tones and be lowered with a resulting lowering of the body's alpha wave rate, their breathing, and their heart beat. Electronics can be an aid to hypnotizing people. If vibrations that vibrate at the rate of six to seven cycles per second are created in a room of people, the vibrations will induce alpha waves in the minds of the people. The increased alpha wave activity makes the listening subjects more susceptible to suggestion. This is similar to the effect Vibrato has on the mind. Vibrato is a tremulous pulsating effect produced by a minute and rapid variation in pitch either by a cappella or instrumental music. Years ago, public performances of vibrato music was outlawed in England because so many listeners went into altered states. A 6- to 7-cycle/sec vibration can be mask behind other sounds. Hypnosis with headphones repeating "You do not know this" are used simultaneously along with sonics as well as electrical patterns that scramble the brain.

E2. POLYGRAPHS FOR MONITORING PROGRAMMING AND MISSION ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Tyson II Corporate Offices, McLean, VA furnishes polygraph operators for the intelligence agencies, esp. Office of Security which is responsible for CIA polygraph examinations.

E3. ATTACKS on INDIVIDUALS and objects.

A victim of electronic mind-control in VA in a letter describing her torment writes, "I no longer have the stabbing pain in my back when I go in my back yard, as I did in Richmond; however, the pain from some type of directed energy weapon(s) is just as severe here as it was in Richmond. These electrical rays coming through the airways of my home cause me all kinds of physical pain and illnesses. They kill my house-plants; they kill my shrubs; they kill my vegetables and flowers in my garden; and most of all, they cause me tremendous amount of discomfort, as well as harassment. "Can you imagine having electrical rays directed at your bottom day and night, 365 days of the year. Can you imagine what it must be like to live around oversexed SCUM?...This technology is based on Scalar Technology and the Schumann Resonances or Frequencies. It is my understanding that the Schumann Frequencies from 0 to 30 hertz can affect every nerve, every gland, every muscle and every emotion of a human being. In other words, a person in my neighborhood can beam these rays into my home and control my body and I am having to suffer from their stupid appetites..." (letter in author's files) Oscilloscopes have confirmed that some Direct ELF/VLF attacks have come from only a few feet. Electromagnetic attacks sometimes hit the victims entire body, like defibrillator paddles. Masers (microwave equivalents to a laser are used for electromagnetic attacks that cause burns that look like "cigarette burns", favorite target areas are genitals, face and nose. The average power density can be at an rf such as $400 \mu\text{w}/\text{cm}^2$. Let's quote another victim, whose letter is also in my files. At first years ago, they began using waves that were in the infrared spectrum that were barely discernable. The waves would target her and then latch on. Over the years they have gotten more sophisticated and more sadistic. She writes, "From time to time the field broadcast from my own head was in a 'field' about me, but, with the added feature of 'harassment' voices also being broad-cast. These 'harassment' voices had taken a downright filthy tone, being blasphemous words, and venally oriented.... Before I was hit with the full-blown sadistic torture program I was awakened one night by a feeling of my head being raped. A light went on in my brain and I heard voices discussing me and cruelly laughing saying, "There, got her.".. The first added torture (accompanied by filthy language, the language is all filth, obscenities, threats and intimidation) was a genital-urinary prod, pulsing about twice per second, and causing nearly incessant urination..., new added features ... are body bangs and head bangs.. The arrogance with which they announce what torture will be next is unbelievable... Other sleep deprivation techniques are loud noises, and the interposing of visual phenomena. They seem to have devised a computer imaging which taps the visual nerves--these are like bad dreams. I have had almost no normal dreaming since this system was locked onto

me. Over the years she got to understand her harassers better. They have called themselves "social workers" and referred to her as "the package." They have enjoyed talking about her in front of her, and harassing her by talking to each other in public about the things she thought about the previous night. Finally, one more account of a victim who is constantly harassed. "I am being tortured with synthetic telepathy of emotive and voice bytes played over and over again in my brain to positively or negatively reinforce and ultimately control my behavior. I get the sound on my left temporal lobe and in the right and left ear canals. I also get microwaved when I sleep and have vibratory pulsating fields on my lower spine, genitals, stomach, brain, feet or wherever. It is always in combination with the lower spine and something else. This seems to create an amnesiacal deep sleep with no feeling of pain. If I wake up suddenly (and this is the only chance I have of finding out what they are doing to me) I sometimes feel pain when the vibrations stop."

Other attacks/problems:

- Infra-sound attack
- magnets repelled from the cranium
- They use a "Gun" which sends an electromagnetic field which stops a car.

The Russians have been noted to have created a "wood-pecker" signal, the American version of this is the American Buzzsaw. These signals are designed to interface with the mind. And systems are designed to be carried in helicopters, or to be placed on the ground. These signals are broadcast by multiple carriers which hop from frequency to frequency anywhere from 4 MHz to 30 MHz. With the switching of these frequencies, they are creating what is known as a Levinson Transform, named after Norman Levinson. VLF (Very low frequency waves) will cause bizarre behavior in people. (They use 0 to 400 KHz for mind-control operations. The signals are apparently broken up into pieces and triangulated upon a target. Morse codes are used on some slaves to trigger them, which is sent via a number of methods. Victims often have the myelin sheathing of the brain disappearing, which is diagnosed as Multiple Sclerosis. MS has increased 100 fold over the past few years. Pre-conditioning is done by chemicals to the neuro-receptors in the brain and spine. When moving in a car or inside a store it is harder for a victim to be targeted. Also, as readers can imagine, signals being beamed from some tower or satellite will be blocked by large thicknesses of concrete, lead and -steel. In other words, there are some situations that provide limited shelter to the victims of implant body suits and syntel.

UNWANTED CHANGES

There is a complex symbiosis between mankind and the attributes of this planet. We are a life-form whose life is attuned to our environment. The human body at the cellular level has its physiological rhythms which are very attuned to the earth's electric and magnetic fields. When cosmic radiation cycles undergo unusual modifications, including

cycle inversions, the metabolism in crabs and the oxygen consumption cycles in carrots, potatoes -shellfish and rats changes. The geomagnetic field helps protect us from cosmic rays. It has been shown that solar flares influence human behavior, and psych wards have an increase in problem behavior during solar flares. The human body is a complex set of rhythms. Permit me to recall some of these rhythms for the reader: Alpha rhythms, Blood Hormone rhythms, Body temperature rhythms (which fluctuate 3° on 24 hour cycle), Cell mitosis rhythms, Cellular DNA & RNA synthesizing rhythms, Cerebral-spinal fluid rhythms, Circadian rhythms, Enzyme rhythms, Food utilization rhythms, Menstrual & Sexual -rhythms, Pulse rates, Seasonal rhythms, and Urine Electrolyte Disposal rhythms. The 60-pulse-per-second power grids (of AC) that are spread over the earth, as well as numerous other man-made activities are disrupting the 7-8 hertz frequency of the earth. There are some side-effects to our tampering with the magnetic and electrical fields of this planet, and some of these side effects may be the disruption or change of the circadian -rhythms (as well as some of the other rhythms of the human body and mind.) In fact, two researchers have research that shows how human nerve cells are affected by ELF fields. (See Becker, Dr. Robert O. Cross-Currents: The Perils of Electropollution, The Promise of Electromedicene. LA: Jeremy Tarcher, 1990, p. 233.) It was discovered by CIT researchers that the human brain has magnetite. Salmon, homing pigeons, whales, and honeybees also have magnetite, a type crystalline iron, which allows them to sense the earth's magnetic field for finding their way around. The CIT researchers published their finding about mag-netite in human brains in the journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences.

LIQUID CRYSTALS

For about 6 years this author has heard about liquid crystal implants. One military magazine should its use, and one person who was in military intelligence claims liquid crystals are used. Others claim that liquid crystals were tried and failed. It has also been reported that radio transmitting crystals, that fasten themselves to the brain have been the object of research.

Some ODDS & ENDS

• SERPENTINE SKIN

Another topic that for sure was tried by the NWO was serpentine skin. This is a type of specialized fungus that coats the skin and is used for some of its specialized features. Whether this concept actually flies outside of the lab, this author doesn't know.

• "ALIEN" implants

This author's take on the alien phenomena is that it is the Illuminati's Grand Deception for introducing the AntiChrist. The aliens are materialized demons, and manufactured "soul less" bodies. It's not the purpose here to put forth evidence concerning this Grand Deception, that would take another book, if not several books. (In fact, this author

started to write it in 1993, but never got finished.) But no book discussing implants & mind-control could be complete without -touching on alien implants. There is a great overlap between "alien abductions" and mind-control. Whitley Strieber (UFO abductee and famous author) gave two workshops at the UFO Expo West LA. He was very interested in finding out about the implants that Dr. Lear and Derrell Sims had extracted and turned over to traditional medical institutions for study. While Whitley was talking about implants and our government's connection to them, his own implant in his ear turned on and the side of his face turned red like a bad sunburn. Other UFO buffs in attendance also had their implants burn them at this point, causing great excitement at the Wyndham Hotel that day. (This information came from the internet madsongroup@earthlink.net)

There are an increasing number of "alien abductees" who are remembering seeing U.S. military personnel during their so-called alien abductions. The abductees are being taken to U.S. Military bases. (An unusual place for aliens to work, but within the realm of possibility.) The reason that the number of people who are connecting the government with the aliens is increasing is a. more people are receiving mind-control programming, therefore there are more people for which the cover stories and electroshock fail to totally hide what has happened, b. better therapeutic methods are helping mind-control victims recover their memories better, c. there have been a rising number of people like this author exposing it. Karla Turner, who was a victim of mind-control and abductions, began catching on that the abductions were being done by our government. Vol. 2 quoted her on page 184. When she began to publicly expose what the government was doing, the government murdered her. (She joins a growing number of people this author has seen die pre-maturely because they were publicly exposing the truth.) Alien abduction victims have been reporting human black-or dark helicopter activity and black-or dark helicopter harassment since the 1970's. (Perhaps as the Vietnam War wound down & ended, the U.S. government had a surplus of helicopters and delegated some to task forces that picked up mind-control victims in remote sites.) An example from this time period of an alien abduction also involving helicopters is the Betty Andreasson/Luca abduction. A number of victims have remembered the helicopters coming -around the time of their abduction. When bright lights are shined into their houses or into their cars these victims of trauma-based mind-control are programmed to see the helicopter's spotlight as a UFO. (Helicopters also carry spoofer transmitters.) Beth Collins of Oregon reports in her book Connections - Solving our Alien Abduction Mystery. Newberg, OR: Wild Flower Press, 1966, about how helicopters were involved with her abduction experiences. She lives in an area that is a hot-bed for covert CIA activities. In her book, she provides a transcript of memories of military personnel being the guilty party in an abduction. Some victims of these abduction experiences are implanted during their abduction. Researcher Helmut Lammer reports that "alien" abductees Debby Jordan and Leah Haley had implants removed from their ears. What is significant about this, is that the bio-chip implant designed for humans which is credited to Dr. Man, best works behind the ears. (Sources: The Kansas City Star, 7/19/87 carried an article about how Dr. Man's implants work best behind the ear. On Oct., '87, an article by Kathy Hart was run in several papers promoting Dr. Man's implants for protecting children. H. Lammer reported on implants & military involvement

in abductions in his article "Preliminary Findings of Project MILAB: Evidence for military kidnappings of alleged UFO abductees." The Unopened Files, No. 2, '97, pp 64-67.) From this author's interviews with "alien abductees" it was clear that 100% of them were victims of U.S. government trauma-based mind-control and that many of them had been taken to underground pro-gramming facilities and made to believe they were at another planet. This is happening in foreign countries too. However, this doesn't mean that flying saucers craft do not exist, they do. And according to eye-witnesses some of the underground facilities in NM, AZ, and CO have personnel from all over the -world, Germans, Russians, British & Americans as well as aliens working side by side. (The American government denies this. Supposedly NORAD only has Canadians.) Some of these witnesses come across as credible. If their reports are true, then some implants may also have a true alien connection. Alien abductees are actually extracting implants from their noses and their feet. It is strange that -"alien" implants have gotten more technologically sophisticated over the years.

BED COILS STANDARDIZED FOR MIND-CONTROL POTENTIAL

Metal coil springs were standardized in size, are made of steel and are placed in a grid pattern in a common mattress. Standards were introduced that specify how many coils, and what tension were to be used in their manufacture. Their shape is an open ended hyperbolic which is the best suited to create a similar induced magnetic field. When one lays down the springs are compressed and have between 5 to 7 coils compressed. This makes a field of influence around the human body which is enfolded within the field of coils, which are natural antennas to incoming electromagnetic waves. Evidence suggests that the standardizing of bed springs was a carefully planned event designed to assist electronic mind-control.

E4. VIRTUAL REALITY.

Since 1989, Virtual Reality conferences-exhibitions have been held. On May 11-13, 1994, the largest conference-exhibition to date on virtual reality was held at the San Jose Civic Center and the Fairmont Hotel, San Jose, CA. Note some of the mind-control aspects of the different sessions:

Session C7--"Tactile Feedback" given by Paul Cutt. Xtensory Session C8--"The Immersion Probe" given by Louis Rosenberg, Pres. of Immersion Corporation.

Session D2--"Biomedical Technology and Biomedical Education" given by John Flynn

Session D9--"Biocybernetics and VR" given by Dave Warner, Medical Scientist at Loma Linda Univ. Med. Center During lunch Kenny Meyer discussed how simulated being in a virtual world are called various names incl. synthetic actors, situated agents, creatures and denizens. At another meal break Lt. Col. Martin Stytz, USAF, spoke on how the military was developing Virtual Reality to train men.

Session C17--AFIT Projects, that is Alr Force Institute of Technology at Wright

Patterson AFB given by Elizabeth Block. (Wright Patterson happens to be a major hub for the mind-control and criminal activities of the secret government.)

Session C19--"ARPA/ASTO" given by Lt. Col. David Neyland.

The military is not the only group interested in virtual reality. A plethora of virtual reality companies has -sprung up, for instance Sense8 (which selling ready-to-use virtual reality systems), the Vivid Group which creates Mandala (which are virtual reality authoring systems), and Xtensory Inc., which creates virtual reality tactile feedback systems. The government also works through labs located on American universities working with government grant money, such as the state of the art Virtual Reality lab at the Univer. of Illinois Circle campus, which calls its virtual reality machine "the Cave." Virtual touch has been created. This means that with a special machine for the person's hand (for shape perception) & special glove (for texture sensing) the computer users can feel the shape and texture of an object on the screen.

Hollywood has given us movies showing the mind-control potential of virtual reality in Lawnmower man & Brainstorm. For more information on virtual reality the reader might try consulting:

- Aukastakalnis, Steve and Blatner, David. Silicon Mirage: The Art and Science of Virtual Reality. Peachpit Press, 1992.
- Laurel, Brenda. The Art of Human-Computer Interface Design. Addison-Wesley, 1990.

This author has a catalog advertizing the EMCS-X-3000-Plus Electronic Mind Con-trol System, which was invented by Cabalistic Hermetic magician Karl Welz. The ad states, "If your intentions are to take control of others and to increase your own mental powers of direct action, then the EMCS-X-3000-Plus is your system of choice!" The article has an endorsement for the BMCS system on page 19 by a charismatic minister, "...I am a preacher of a charismatic church. for reasons you may understand, I was extremely skeptical initially [of the EMCS system]. However, I gave the new tech-nology a chance to help me serve the Lord better, and I do not regret that decision! The membership of my church has more than doubled within one year ... Thank you very much." ---We live in some perilous times! Maranatha!

- List of other Books on this chpt's Subject

Bamford's The Puzzle Palace

Becker's The Body Electric

Becker's Cross Currents

Brodeur's Currents of Death

Brodeur's The Zapping of America

Burdock, Dorothy's Such Things Are Known (victim)

Calder's The Mind of Man

Chokroverty's Magnetic Stimulation in Clinical Neurophysiology

Clark's July 20, 2019

Dawes' Advances in...Quantum Neurodynamics

Eccles, Sir John C.'s Evolution of the Complexity of the Brain with Emergence of Consciousness

Galton's MedTech

Green's Beyond Biofeedback

Halacy's Cyborg

Halperin's Crimes of the Intell. Community

Heller's Of Mice, Men & Molecules

Hooper's The Three-Pound Universe

Hougan's Secret Agenda

Hutchison's Megabrain

Johnsons's In the Palaces of Memory

McKinnell's Cloning: A Biologist Reports

Mark's The Search for the Manchurian Candidate

McRae's Mind Wars

Pine's The Brain Changers

Stanford Research Inst., Journal of Scientific Exploration, vol. 10, no. 1, PP. 1-111

Regan's Evoked Potentials

Rein, Glen's Modulation of Neurotransmitter Function by Quantum Fields

Restak's The Mind

Rucker's Mind Tools

Valenstein's Brain Control

Weinstein's Psychiatry & the CIA: Victims of Mind Cntl The American military establishment lumped syntel and a number of other outrageous "weapons of torture and control" under the official heading of "non-lethal". Then the establishment media (TV & newspapers) such as the Wall St. Journal, Aug. 2, '94, had an article about non-lethal weapons where they wrote about the sticky-goo gun", which uses goo to stop people. Do you see how they create a cover? When the public hears of non-lethal weapons they think sticky-goo guns, not implants that are torturing and controlling people.

Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute stated that total mind-control would be in place by 2000 and could be "imposed under the rubic of mental hygiene."

CHAPTER 7: THE SCIENCE OF STRUCTURING

A. STRUCTURING OF MPD WORLDS

WORKING WITH PARTS OF THE MIND

CONTROL ALTERS called PROCESSORS

BASIC DESIGNS of an ALTER SYSTEM

RINGS The Ferris-wheel subsystem MULTIPLEX

DATA ENTRY POINTS

TESTING ALTERS TO SEE IF THEY CAN BE USED.

THE SCRIPTS.

Assassination Models (Delta Models).

AUTHORITY FACTORS ARE MAXIMIZED

ACCOUNTABILITY & ANONYMITY

Monkey Alters.

Plant alters.

Presidential Models

Prostitute Models.

Psychic models.

Reporting Alters.

Repunzel alter.

Transformation alters.

Internal Wall alters

Structuring Internal Programmer Alters.

STRUCTURING WITH THE GRAND DRUID COUNCIL.

STRUCTURING THE SHADOW ALTERS

STRUCTURING IN THE MIRRORS

STRUCTURING THE TAPESTRY

STRUCTURING THE ALTER FAMILIES BY SPINNING

The programmers are experts in knowing how to mold the "clay" of blank dissociated parts of the mind into whatever piece they need. The following is a true account. The Chinese arrested a foreigner skilled in martial arts. They abused the man, but instead of becoming apathetic, he kept himself mentally & physically fit in spite of the horrible conditions of his solitary cell. The superstitious guards believed he was a magician. When the identity of the man was discovered, and the Chinese realized that he was one of the world's greatest martial arts experts, they decided to try everything possible to destroy him. He was tortured, starved, and humiliated. The man simply went into dissociative states of trance and endured the tortures without sign of pain or emotion. The hardened guards were awed. The Chinese decided to kill the man. They figured that they could place him in a cage with a starved tiger, he'd go into trance and the starved tiger would eat him, and then they could claim that the man had been a coward. They not only wanted the man's life but his reputation. When they threw the much-tortured prisoner into the hungry tiger's cage, the martial arts expert took on the appearance of a demonized man. With a demonic roar, he attacked the tiger, and instantly kicked the tiger's nose. The animal was stunned and disoriented. The man leaped upon the animal from behind, let out a terrifying scream and strangled the animal. In 20 seconds the whole affair was over.

The man looked like an incarnation of a tiger himself. In fact, the tiger had instantly feared the man the split second the master had landed in the cage. When the programmers ARE SUCCESSFUL with their STRUCTURING--they are able to create alters that match what you have just read about. Our Chinese prison story illustrates the type of end results the Illuminati want from hours of torture & training given to slaves, but HOW do they achieve such fantastic results? That is what this chapter is about.

Some of the programmed skills of the ninjitsu people (the ninja) are now being structured into Illuminati mind-controlled slaves. A disciple of the above prisoner in China wrote, [the Ninja]..."were the original practitioners of the 'art of [mind-control]

programming'. They were taught from the cradle that nothing was impossible. Not knowing that a thing could not be done, they proceeded to do it." (The Karate Dojo, p. 101)

A. STRUCTURING OF MPD WORLDS

The purpose of the mind-control is to build a System within the mind that is a human robot. It would do no good to torture the slave and get thousands of pieces (fragments of the mind, alter personalities) if these were not structured. Very few Multiples have ever really gotten to see the deeper parts of their Systems.

WORKING WITH PARTS OF THE MIND

For many people who are unfamiliar with MPD, it can be expected that they would find it strange to watch how the programmers or the therapists work with parts of the mind. Most people mis-perceive the mind as a monolithic entity. In reality the normal mind is made up of hundreds of independent parts working in cooperation and competition with each other.

The top brain researchers (at least many of them) have come to realize that the brain is composed of many independent parts that at times work against each other. For the normal person, some of these parts can be called ego states and some small processes are called by Minsky "agents" of the mind. For the multiple personality they are called alters, splits, and purpose fragments. A normal person has a society of agents and ego states which are entities or parts of the mind which combine to make the whole thinking mind. A multiple personality does not have a society, but rather a system of parts. Whether a person has a society of agents or a system of alters, everyone experiences his or her mind as a combination of processes, conflicting motives, and internal tensions.

In order to bring some cohesion and unity to one's actions, so that a person didn't spend their life going in fifty different directions at once, the mind creates the illusion of self, the self image. The self-image by necessity must not change rapidly. One of the main reasons the mind creates a self-image is so it can have a single purpose to its actions. One of the functions of a self-image (of anyone) IS TO PREVENT RAPID CHANGES. Long range plans could not be pulled off if my personality were like Jane today and Tarzan tomorrow and Cheetah the next day. The mind refuses to change its self-image, even in the face of conflicting data, because self-preservation of a directed life demands continuity from day to day in our personality. Our self-image is a mental construct that stabilizes the mind's numerous processes. It is a global attitude registered in the mind that globally affects thinking in many of the mind's spheres. This is just one reason why the self-images constructed by the programmer for alters are so tenacious, and so difficult to change. Self-images do not want change, they are the restraints (the ball and chain) we subconsciously create so that we can't wreck all of our plans by skipping from one idealistic goal to another without continuity. (How convenient it is to be able to construct a single brain with many different alter personalities each having its

own unchanging self-image!)

Pain and Pleasure are two agents which cause the mind to simplify its focus upon either the pleasure or the pain. The brain does not want to focus on anything that is not an immediate issue. This focus on the immediate pain or pleasure by the victim of mind-control diminishes the victim from focusing on more complex mental issues.

An example of one of world's top experts who realizes how the mind is naturally made up of parts is Marvin Minsky, co-founder of the Artificial Intelligence Lab at MIT, author of *The Society of Mind*, and who has been an advisor to NASA & the L-5 Society. Minsky's research was financed by the government (the Office of the Advanced Research Projects Agency). And he and other researchers in his field got their contracts by the Office of Naval Research. (See *Society of the Mind*, p. 324.) His incredible book *The Society of Mind* has an interesting format where the numerous parts (agents) of the mind are each given their own page in the book. Minsky shows in the book that the mind is a "society" that arises out of ever-smaller agents that are themselves mindless. He does an incredibly good job of explaining how the mind works. Minsky states, "In general, we're least aware of what our minds do best."

The Illuminati structuring of the MPD's fragmented mind is to create flawlessly working systems that can function without the conscious mind getting involved. In fact, Minsky describes how our conscious minds only get involved in simple mental processes that don't work well, the complex ones that work well usually work without the conscious mind being aware of them. "Some readers may be horrified at picturing a baby's mind as made up of nearly separate agencies. But we'll never understand how human natures grow without some theories of how they start.

One evidence for separateness is how suddenly infants switch from smiles of contentment to shrieks of hunger-rage. In contrast to the complex mixtures of expressions that adults show, young children seem usually to be in one or another well-defined state of activity..." (*Society of the Mind*, p. 171)

The Illuminati has long realized that they need to split the mind of the child before its various agencies connect and the ego-states form and develop their sense of self-hood and personal identity. Although adults can be programmed, the real Illuminati multiple systems are developed from the womb up.

How does the mind make decisions? The various parts of the mind compete with each other. All the parts are in a sense equal, none sits at the top of some hierarchy. The mind does not allow any natural part, such as ANGER, or SLOTH to be permanently enthroned and to direct the other parts. Too many chiefs and no Indians wouldn't work out. Natural parts can not order another part around. They must influence that part indirectly. That is why the following examples happen.

A young married man decides that he and his wife can not successfully work out their problems, because she is a programmed multiple in denial, who wants to manipulate his

life and destroy it, while he on the other hand wants to be successful in life. One part of him is the LOYAL TO VOWS part, which refuses to quit the marriage because of the marriage vows. Another part is the GOAL SETTING part, which sees the marriage as an abusive dead end. How does the GOAL SETTING part convince the LOYAL TO VOWS part to give up (throw in the towel) and move on with life? It must indirectly trick LOYAL TO VOWS into feeling that its job has been done as well as possible, and that further concern over the vows are excused.

Another young man, a student, has his STUDY part of the mind really wanting to focus on some problems, but the BORED and SLEEPY part of him want to go to sleep. His STUDY part of the mind tricks his BORED part into allowing STUDY to go to work. He mentally creates a fictitious scare that another student will do better than he, and BORED and SLEEPY are tricked into thinking the problem is much more weighty than it really is.

A young woman bribes her eating processes of her mind, that if she follows through with her diet, she'll reward herself with a nice meal, and that other parts of her will be rewarded with other benefits. Rather than simply diet, she must bribe different parts of herself. Of course if parts of us, lie to other parts when they try to bribe ourselves into doing something, if we are not honest with ourselves in giving the reward, then it is harder next time to bribe the part that was lied to.

In order for the non-multiple's parts to trust each other, they subscribe to a single agreed upon character-an imaginary ideal self-image. Other wise we couldn't trust ourselves to carry out plans. If an ordinary person has amnesia, they could create a different self-image, which again would be an enduring character. By introducing MPD, the programmers create a hidden element of distrust within a person's mind. They no longer can trust themselves, now they must depend upon the stability of the programmer or owner. Now imagine that each of the "agents" or parts has been manipulated to think that it is a person with a personality and a history in its own little world. Because the mind is such a tremendous computer it can easily handle such mental processes.

The programmer and the de-programmer/therapist must work at "tricking" these parts into allowing the mind to do constructive things. I use the word tricking, because what is actually happening is that the therapist or programmer is using language that relates to the language of that part, but it is not language that has much external reality beyond that part. Structuring is the art of using special "languages" combined with other programming sciences to manipulate these internal worlds of the various parts. Our minds are instruments to solve practical problems. If an alter sees no practical use for a particular knowledge they will not want to learn it. This natural selecting process by the mind, helps isolate an MPD's system of alters, because many alters do not see a need to learn anything outside of their programming.

CONTROL ALTERS called PROCESSORS

Within the system of alters, certain alters are selected to be PROCESSORS. As a system is used certain alters are destroyed, disconnected, or regulated. Certain codes are used or changed. A SYSTEM PARAGUARD is what is used to decipher codes and to distinguish what is currently happening in a system.

BASIC DESIGNS of an ALTER SYSTEM

Most Illuminati systems are configured with a Universe or Star base system. In other words, the model for all that is put in uses clusters of stars, galaxies, etc. This is used in conjunction with grids that are shaped in various configurations. The ultimate master of the slave, some Illuminati kingpin who is a programmer or working closely with programmers, will design the system so that the entire structure of the system points to himself and Satan. The alters will be geographically set up in their internal world to worship the master to whom they must give their body, soul and spirit.

A cube or double-cube system is a closed system. The programmers who use cubes love to build boxes within boxes. The smallest middle box of the system may contain the Life force of the system. Those who love paper trails, will see the occult basis for the standard Illuminati cube shape of a system portrayed on page 83 of Clausen Commentaries on Morals & Dogma, which was put out by the Supreme Council of the World of 33° of Freemasonry in 1974. This Masonic book explains that the cube represent man and the pyramid is divinity. Divinity within a man would be constructed by placing a pyramid within a cube, which is shown in a picture on page 83. You will also notice in this Masonic book that the 2 Grand Masters on page 83 are wearing crowns that have 13 jewels. The crowns serve the same purpose that rings patterned on a similar pattern represent. Crowns and rings represent authority, and it is common within the mystery religions to place 12 or 13 gems within crowns and rings. The reason that this is important, is that some important Masonic/Illuminati secrets are here, and these secrets also pertain to how the Mystery Religions (the Illum. & Freemasonry) construct an alter system.

RINGS

Within the Illuminati (which is the continuation of the mystery religions of Babylon) the ring has for many centuries represented divinity. The mystery religions' higher understanding was that God had a ring with his name on it that showed His authority and exercised power over the earth, and that Satan imitated this many-fold in all the mystery religions that he created. For thousands of years, within the various mystery religions, hierophants have been wearing rings with particular secret symbols. The zodiac signs were assigned different stones, gems. For instance, the 12 gems of Rev. 21:18-20, which are the usual gems placed within an Illuminati alter system would correspond to the astrological signs as follows:

Jasper «» Pisces Sapphire «» Aquarius Chalcedony «» Cancer Emerald «» Taurus
Sardonyx «» Scorpio Chrysolyte Saggittarius Beryl «» Leo Topaz «» Gemini
Chrysoprasus «» Capricorn Jacinth «» Amethyst «» Aries

The creation of a Monarch system's gems is in imitation of the rings of Lucifer and God (as the Illuminati understand it). This ring of gems is able to control the fruit of the trees (programs) and change the internal weather. It is based upon the story that is told the alter system that is being made about how God had a ring. Until His hand swept the heaven of air (1st heaven) fruit could not fall and die, because nothing could die.

Satan and his followers like rings because they want to be godlike. (That doesn't mean all Satanists understand their own history.) When an alter is concerned about "Don't lose the ring", the alter may be referring to the ring of the gems that surrounds the pyramid at the base of the mind. This ring of gem alters may be referred to as the ETERNAL RING, and the RING OF FIRE. The achievement of divinity by a human was what constituted the hermetic marriage of the mysteries. This was the ultimate achievement by mankind. This was symbolized by a gold ring.

Within the Illuminati (which is a continuation of the Mystery Religions) rings are used for bonding (marriage commitments) and a sign of majesty or rank (such as your Masonic rings, and the ring Pharaoh gave Joseph, & King Saul's ring, & special papal rings allowed cardinals & abbots.) The Pope has 3 significant rings, one of which is for ceremonies, and another the important Fisherman's Ring, which is still used as the Pope's seal.

Within the Illuminati alter systems the 7 seals of Babylon are placed into a system. The cube with a pyramid was portrayed at the 14th Masonic Degree (the Perfect Elu degree). The 4 horsemen & the seals of Babylon are talked about at the 17th Masonic degree (Knight of the East & West). Also deep within a system may be the Ring of Fire.

Within the pyramid, which is within the ring of those 12 gems mentioned in Rev. 21, is the ETERNAL LIFE FORCE, a green light coming from Lucifer. In other words, the secret heart of the system is based upon the original lie, that man could become an eternal god. The Illuminati alter structure has at its heart the original lie. An example of how rings and demonology and authority intersect, can be seen in the Grimoire of the Testament of Solomon where a ring is said to have been given to Solomon which enabled him to learn the names of demons.

Rings and chains around the neck are also worn for the extremely secret reason that the wearer is identifying himself with Lucifer who was bound by God by a ring of fire and was chained in the abyss. This is what is really behind high ranking Illuminati Freemason & clergyman Robert Schuler's chain around his neck. The highest levels of the Illuminati have the understanding that Lucifer lost his power when Christ bound him, and that in identification with him, they wear gold chains around their neck, etc. Don't expect to read this in the material that occult world is permitted to read, these are high level secrets. Remember, there are many different levels of occultism, and Satanism. (In the early middle ages, Christians borrowed the idea of having marriage rings from the pagan Germans & Romans. The determination of what finger to wear it on (what has become known as the ring finger), was chosen by the ancient witches because that

was considered the only healing finger. Christians of course, by and large, know nothing of the pagan origins and symbology of the rings they wear.) This author has noted that many of the handlers, programmers, & Illuminati adepts wear rings. Some of the rings are quite big.

The Ferris-wheel subsystem. A ferris-wheel configuration which creates compartments shaped like a piece of pie is often a small part of a larger system, and is used to house alters, or it may have some other internal purpose with its rotation. As was brought out in Vol. 2, the Illuminati like to use configurations that appear endless such as circles within circles, boxes within boxes, triangles within triangles. Star configurations are popular Illuminati power sources within their alter systems. The position of a star, the number of points it has, and the relationship it has to other objects in the sky such as a rainbow will be significant. Some stars are placed into the system to represent a point in time when the system is programmed to do something.

When a slave is programmed with multiple functioning sub-systems (aka "systems"), the Illuminati call it MULTIPLEX. In such a case, types and names of alters may be duplicated in systems that are mirror images of each other or of a similar design. Traver reports that one MULTIPLEX system had 55 Daves per sub-system with 7 subsystems, making a total of 385 Dave alters for the 7 subsystems in just one particular slave. (see Traver, Dan. Dissociative Disorders & Mind Control, p. 84)

The construction of an Illuminati system can not be divorced from the demonology and rituals that are performed throughout the life of the system. The Illuminati use mystical terms when programming, which reframes psychological processes in the language of magic. Programming and hypnosis are referred to during programming as "SPELLS". The programmers will use fictional magical names for items, for instance, the subconscious mind may be referred to as the "HYPNOGOURD, A VINE THAT GROWS GOURDS." Creativity and imagination will be termed "MAGIC", and the programmer "A MAGICIAN". The programmer would instruct his assistant in language like this, "WOULD YOU PUT THIS GAP FORGET SPELL IN?"

The Generational Spirit (or Spirits from each occult bloodline) is laid into the child in the womb. It stays hidden deeply in the system, and plays a fundamental role in the system's creation empowering other demonic forces. In order to construct the trees that provide the structure for the internal worlds-programming, the Illuminati programmer will tell the victim the following hypnotic ritual:

"AS YOU BREATHE, REMEMBER TO SIT ERECT, AND AS YOUR SPINE STRAIGHTENS, FEEL THE ENERGY RISING [PAUSE] NOW IMAGINE YOUR SPINE IS THE TRUNK OF A TREE, AND FROM ITS BASE ROOTS REACH DOWN DEEP INTO THE EARTH. [PAUSE] INTO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH HERSELF [PAUSE] AND YOU CAN DRAW UP POWER FROM THE EARTH, WITH EACH BREATH [SHORT PAUSE] FEEL THE ENERGY RISING, LIKE SAP RISING THROUGH A TREE TRUNK, AND FEEL THE POWER RISE UP YOUR SPINE, FEEL YOURSELF BECOMING MORE ALIVE, WITH EACH BREATH, AND FROM THE CROWN OF

YOUR HEAD, YOU HAVE BRANCHES, THAT SWEEP UP AND BACK DOWN TO TOUCH THE EARTH [PAUSE] AND FEEL THE POWER BURST FROM THE CROWN OF YOUR HEAD, AND FEEL IT SWEEP THROUGH THE BRANCHES UNTIL IT TOUCHES THE EARTH AGAIN, MAKING A CIRCLE, MAKING A CIRCUIT, RETURNING TO ITS SOURCE."

The part of the system that will function within the Illuminati hierarchy will all be intimately part of either the SPIRIT TREE (that is the Caballistic Tree of Life) or the TREE OF EVIL (which is the evil mirror image of the Tree of Life). Both trees were discussed in the Vol. 2 Formula book. These trees are both totally connected to the Spirit of the AntiChrist and rooted in Lilith and Tubal-cain. The Moon child ritual is not only performed when the child is still a foetus, but also at age 3, 4, 5, 6, and 16.

When the Illuminati child is in their teens they do the Caballistic Tree of Life pathworking. The pathworking rituals are severe, and many splits of the mind will occur due to these rituals. All the alters created during this work will be arranged at the GATEWAYS that pertain to that particular ritual. Therapists who do not realize how the pathworking of the 22 paths develops entire sections of deeper alters, may incorrectly think they can simply toss out the caballistic Tree of Life from the victim. Countless deeper alters are part of this tree. It has been said in the Illuminati that in general an Illuminati system consists of "the father (core), the son (the programming), the holy spirit (the spirit Tree also called the Tree of Life)."

DATA ENTRY POINTS

The programmers have designed their systems so that one can only get into the Systems via a SEQUENCE. However, sometimes they themselves want to quickly download information into the computer-like mind of their slaves, and they don't want to have to go through a sequencing procedure. For quick and sloppy downloading of information to their slave or quick deletions to the programming (there is only limited access to quick deletions), programmers put DATA ENTRY POINTS into most systems. This allows for an emergency entry and/or downloading. General codes most often open these points, rather than long specific codes. The trick is being able to know where those DATA ENTRY POINTS are on the person's alter grid or as the programmers say the slave's SCREEN. (With the advent of lap-top computers, what the master of the slave sees if he has to refer to his own reference notes is just that a screen with the system's layout. (Vol.2 pg. 88 gave a sample of how a page on the lap top computer or in a master's black or grey 3-ring binder would look like.) An example of a data-entry point would be a gatekeeper which has learned the entire system via trained LSD trips and then has been programmed to keep this understanding on a subconscious level.

TESTING ALTERS TO SEE IF THEY CAN BE USED.

When a trauma is carried out upon a child, the child is then debriefed and all the splits from the trauma identified. Generally only the first 10 splits will be used to create alters,

and the rest of the splits will become special purpose fragments. The programmers begin with the first split and identify how strong the split is. The programmers test for four things:

- a. how well can this split take a hypnotic suggestion?
- b. how creative is this split?
- c. Can this split hold memory?
- d. Can this split hold the structuring that will given it?

If the split passes positive on these four criteria, then it will be used to make a full blown alter. The programmers move down the line, testing the splits in the sequence that they were created. If no. 4 split is unable to pass the 4 criteria, then they know that the rest of the top splits will also have to be "thrown away" and used as special purpose fragments. If they need 12 splits from an alter, and they only get 5 usable splits from the first torture, they will retorture the alter to get more first splits. They will continue the process until they get the splits they need. Usually they can use the first 10 splits. Seldom do they use anything beyond the first 10 splits for alters, they are just too weak mentally. If an alter shows extra promise the programmer may say, "This part was going to be a bit part, but we'll make her into a real character." If a special purpose fragment leans in a needed direction mentally, they may take what was to be a minor part, and develop it into an interesting alter. Alters that are waiting to be used are stored as gems that the dwarfs mine, and then the programmers program them. An Illuminati system has thousands of these clean slates. Diamonds are pre-programmed alters that are stored to be used in the end-times during the reign of the Anti-Christ.

THE SCRIPTS.

Each master programmer is responsible for the scripts that he uses. He will invoke the leading geographic spirits, and even Lucifer to gain up-to-date wisdom on what is best for that time at that location. A master programmer will get assistance from his Mother of Darkness or Grande Dame. The master programmer may use a written script of his own such as Michael Aquino uses his own version of Star Wars, or he may borrow from established sources, for instance, Dr. Star of Corpus Christi, TX, who uses the The Goetia The Lesser Key of Solomon the King (Clavicula Salomonis Regis). Dr. Star especially uses the Shemhamphorash, which is the first part of that ancient magical book.

Recently Avon books (which has been owned by Hearst Illuminati family, and which has published over 30 editions of the Satanic Bible) published a book by Piers Anthony entitled Visual Guide to Xanth. This amazing book Visual Guide to Xanth is based on Anthony's Xanth series. It contains so many programming scripts, that it is hard to imagine that Anthony is not a programmer. The scripts are too intact for it to be coincidence. The title page has a hoofed tailed Satan on his throne. It is popular among

satanists to use X words, like Michael Aquino signs off his personal letters "Xeper", rather than "sincerely".

Anthony was born in Britian but now lives in Florida. He has had over 60 fiction books published, many of the early ones were very well promoted by the Illuminati, and became top best sellers. The back cover advertises this Visual Guide to Xanth this way, "Learn about the astonishing hierarchy--and lowerarchy--of sorcerers and shape-changers, of goblins, harpies and half-humans who inhabit this extraordinary universe! [internal worlds] Explore the perilous Ogre-fen-ogre-Fen and the inner chambers of the mysterious Castle Roogna! Revel in the history and culture of the most remarkable civilization this side of Ozz!"

The co-authors would have to agree that Piers Anthony's story telling ability rivals, if not surpasses Baum's Oz series. In fact Anthony has put out numerous series of books, not just one series like Baum. The Xanth series is the one that contains more of the programming scripts. For instance, a script would be used to get suicide alters to want to take drugs & champagne on an empty stomach, or to get into a bathtub of water & throw in an electric blow drier which is on.

Assassination Models (Delta Models).

A great deal was explained in the Vol. 2 book about Delta alters, Delta models, Delta teams, and Delta Forces. All of these are involved with killing humans. It is not the purpose of this section to cover what has already been written in the Vol. 2 Formula book on these various Deltas. Mind-controlled Amphibious men, (genetically altered Navy Seals--see Vol. 2 p. 26 1-262, the latter no. is a significant no. for these programmed men) are the Navy's attempt to get something similar to what is depicted on the film Universal Solders. These Navy Seals are not allowed to be touched by other sailors when they are on a ship.

There is still a number of deeper insights that can be provided to understand how assassin personalities are conditioned to be able to kill. Researchers in how the brain functions have found that our forebrains (the thinking part that makes us humans) shut down when we are angry or frightened and the midbrain (which resembles the brain of animals) takes over. The only programming that works for the midbrain is the same type of training that works for dogs, which is classical and operant conditioning. This type of conditioning is simply stimulus-response, such as IF fire bell--THEN walk the fire escape exit plan.

When it comes to killing, the forebrain will listen to many suggestions such as orders from a gang leaders, an officer, or the pressures of life when they demand that a person kill, but the midbrain has the instinct that is born into 98% of the population NOT to kill another human. This innate human resistance to killing is far stronger than has popularly been realized, and has historically stopped most people from killing. This may surprise most readers, because Hollywood movies would lead us to think otherwise. A number of top researchers, including Lt. Col. Dave Grossman, author of the excellent

book *On Killing*, have uncovered irrefutable (albeit still controversial) proof that historically most soldiers have secretly refused to kill in battle.

Grossman was a Military Psychology professor at West Point, as well as having a long list of other military credentials. His superb book *On Killing* gives numerous reasons (proofs and evidences) that numerous soldiers have typically only pretended to try to kill the enemy. Many fired over the heads or only pretended to fire their weapons, if even that. During W.W. II, Brig. Gen. S.L.A. Marshall discovered that only 15 to 20 % of men on the front line would actually use their weapons against the Germans even during action over several days. 75% of the American soldiers would not even fire at the enemy to save their own lives. He made some suggestions on how to improve this dismal firing rate. By operant conditioning the U.S. military took those dismal firing rates to 55% in the Korean War and to a 95% firing rate in the Vietnam War.

What are behaviour modification techniques that turn teenagers into reliable killing machines? These conditioning and psychological tricks are the same methods that are used on the Delta alters and the Delta systems of Total Mind-controlled slaves, and we will discuss those next. The factors that are weighed as an equation in the human mind to determine whether a human will kill another human are as follows:

- What is the benefit of the kill?
- How do recent experiences relate to the victim?
- How much physical, cultural, moral, social and mechanical DISTANCE is between the killer and the target.? The more distance the easier it gets.
- How intense is the demand from some authority to kill, and legitimate is this authority? If the killer respects the authority that is asking for him to kill, and is in close proximity of that authority he will likely obey that authority.
- Are there a group dynamic working, and if so what is the power and legitimacy of this group to absolve the killer from guilt?
- Are there any stumbling blocks from unresolved guilt from previous killings?
- What is the temperament of the potential killer?

AUTHORITY FACTORS ARE MAXIMIZED

In the programming, the programmer can set himself up as God, or a god. The programmer may also be a satanic cult leader which further increases the victim's regard for his power and authority. The programmers of total mind-controlled slaves have tremendous potential to cause their assassin alters to overcome any resistance to kill.

ACCOUNTABILITY & ANONYMITY

A Delta Model with many multiple alters incorporates a built in ability to remove personal accountability. If need be, the person can split off a new personality to perform a particularly odious job. The alters form a peer group which works just like a military unit to inhibit the natural reluctance to kill. This is because the closer a group of persons is, and the closer bonded, the more powerful the enabling. When military units lose 50% or more, the men often lose the will to continue killing, because the group dynamic fizzles out.

The programmers who program in the programming, and then later the programmers who program in specific killing missions, have worked long hours insuring that the assassin alters feel morally distant (superior), and socially distant. The victim is made out to be an inferior being who deserves to be punished and killed. The killer will be doing a great service to his fellow man and country to kill the "target". It may be refrained as if it is a holy mission, almost a crusade. Often times the "target" is not even spoken about in human terms. Perhaps the target is hypnotically portrayed as an ant, a bug, or some wild beast, or simply a target.

Hitler helped his military to kill by labelling non-Germans as Untermensch (subhumans). The Americans called the communist Vietnamese "gooks", and they in turn called Americans "monkeys". Because the mind-controlled assassin will not see the face of their victim due to hypnotic programming, they are also limited in seeing the humanness of their victims. Most of the missions for Delta slaves allow them to kill without the threat of being killed. But the Programmer may put the fear of being killed into the slave. They may hypnotically see some object of victim as a threat. One killer (due to programming) saw the men she killed as having a big penis that would hurt her, so her instinct to survive would kick in to help her assassinate these men.

Practice is given to assassins with situations similar to actual hand-to-hand killings to desensitize them to close range killing. With mind-controlled slaves usually actual live victims are used to get the slaves totally desensitized to killing. Because assassin parts are stripped of conscious thinking and empathy they are handicapped to really think about what they are doing to another human when they kill.

Still the intelligence agencies and the Illuminati know that somehow the brain still can latch onto guilt--somehow the brain still can perceive in some dim way that it is guilty of killing another human, so they cover their tracks by warrior cleansing rituals. Warriors and soldiers have traditionally done cleansing rituals when they finish a war. An example of a cleansing ritual would be a parade at the end of the war, where the country turns out to tell the soldiers what a great job they did. A programmed assassin in many cases can not receive a parade, but he can be given lots of praise for having done a great job for humanity, or his country, or whatever ideal the Programmer uses as a rationale.

Clock-Time Programming. The victim may see their head as a clock and may be

tortured in such a fashion. Twelve o'clock is straight up between the eyes. Six o'clock is straight below the chin.

Monkey Alters.

The creation of animal alters has been covered in previous locations in this book and Vol. 2. However, I felt Lynne Moss-Sharmon's description of Monkey programming was worth including here. Lynne is a victim of mind control living at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In her description of the memory that goes to her drawing no. 29 she quotes what was said during the cages, "You stupid monkey. Into your cage. Hit her and put her back in her cage. Lights on. Monkey time. Monkey business."

Plant alters.

In the older models, they used plants and fruit, but in some of the newer models it appears that they are using samphires (combination beast-plant creatures) and hamadryads (man-plant creatures). Magic from underground springs is the cover story for how these plant-animal hybrids are made.

Presidential Models.

Include both children and adults. They carry NWO messages to world leaders. They often have passports with accordion additions stapled in, because they do so much travelling overseas. Presidential models are kept in numerous locations. If high level individuals need to slip away for nefarious use of slaves, they employ look-alikes to stand in for them, while they do their dirty activities. This is why Presidents such as Clinton and Bush got away with sexually using far more slaves than their schedule seems to indicate. Bush was a pedophile, while his double (who has recently lived in France) was a womanizer.

Prostitute Models.

Slaves designed to function as prostitutes must receive training to protect themselves. One possible problem might be a female prostitute who is accosted by an aggressive male, when she is not to allow herself to be used by him. She can be trained to jump up slap the man on the face, warn him that she kick his testicles next time, and then kiss the man in a submissive makeup fashion to smooth his bruised ego. A prostitute slave will also receive code words to let people, say people in a casino, know who she is. Deeper prostitute parts which need to perform sex for long periods of time accomplish this for their masters by switching alters and by ingesting speed. The mechanical nature that sexual alters have is illustrated by the "I CAN WALK, I CAN TALK" phrases of alters with doll programming.

Psychic models.

Both men and women slaves were created to carry out various psychic functions. For

instance, the AntiChrist needs to be able to look at people and totally understand them psychologically and their systems of mind-control (alter systems, programming etc.). The abilities to successfully perform psychic functions have been tested for years before they were created within the AntiChrist.

Reporting Alters.

The construction of reporting alters is very straightforward behavior modification. For programming reporting alters, they use purpose fragment splits. In other words, these reporting alters are not given the full range and exposure to life, but they experience life from the vantage of their single purpose. Some therapists are reporting that they are converting reporting alters over by giving them ice cream. They are most likely only dealing with fronts. Since most therapists only deal with front alters, and front systems, these front reporting alters may even be set up so that these therapists think they have converted the reporting alters. The truth is that most of these reporting alters are fragments that don't know what hunger is. All the ice cream in the world is going to mean anything to them. (Cisco will deal with these issues in her part of this book.) The point is simply, these are special purpose fragments who only see life from the vantage point of their little job.

Now we will explain what first and second stage reporting alters are, and then how they are created. Some of the first stage reporting alters are trained to respond to 3-taps, some to telephone calls, lights, and some to codes. The first stage alters are children from 6 to 10. In an Illuminati system there will be families of reporting alters. Every level ("section") will have at least one group (family) of reporting alters. The second stage reporting alters are also children from 6 to 10, and they are taught to want Daddy's or Mommy's love. Girl systems seek "Daddy" (the Master) and boy systems often seek "Mommy" (the Master). They are taught to talk about therapy issues, programming issues, and movements by the system. They are linked to the computers, and the eye of the computer. Just to hear "Daddy's voice" is gratification to them.

At stage 1 of the creation of reporting alters, they are the result of the sensory deprivation tank, and are taken from the dissociated part of the mind that feels like it doesn't have a body, or that it is nothing. Stage 1 Reporting-special-purpose fragments of the mind are painfully shocked in some sensory deprivation environment when they hear 3 taps. The pain ceases when they open the door. They continue to be locked in place in the mind and painfully shocked until they learn the lesson, which is that the pain stops when the door is opened. Over and over they are taught, THE PAIN STOPS WHEN THE DOOR IS OPENED. When they hear tapping they want the pain to stop (probably they abreact their previous tortures) and they open the door to stop the pain. They have only one job, stop the pain by opening the door when three taps (or whatever other trigger/code/signal they are programmed for.)

Stage 2 Reporting-special-purpose alters are given a fuller view of life. They are the watchers in the system. They were created under such horrible torture that they left the body and hover over the body. These are Out-of-Body alters. They are also placed in a

fogged room, where they are taught to become one with the fog. They are also told ghost stories like Casper the Ghost. Through the combination of all these programming tactics and techniques, they learn to be invisible. They hover over their assigned position in the system, invisible to all the other alters of that section. These alters have excellent rapid recall. They have none of the Straw Man programming that Gatekeeper receive to make them think they are stupid.

To reinforce the programming, the reporting alters are always treated kindly when they obey. (If you get one that hasn't been, suspect a plant, a setup.) Internal protector alters are given the job to insure that reporting alters never miss a call, or never miss responding to a cue. They will go to work and punish lax Stage 1 alters. Again, several therapists claim to have gotten reporting alters to defect from their jobs, but haven't dealt with their protector alters who are taskmasters. If the taskmasters haven't been dealt with, then suspect a ruse to get the therapist to think all is well. The reason this subject is dealt with here, is that some of the top well known therapists have spread information contrary to what is actually happening. That doesn't mean that there may not be an exception to the rule, but the Illuminati is not so stupid as to make reporting alters that defect because someone offered them an ice-cream cone.

Reporting alters are very hard to convert, because during their lifetime they are treated nicely. They experience a nice life if they behave (its the other alters that suffer.) The Stage 1 reporting alter merely says HELLO and waits for the response HELLO PRINCESS. This is a standard format. If the HELLO PRINCESS occurs, the mind automatically in a flash switches to the Stage 2 reporting alter.

To reinforce the original programming, which would lose its effect over time, the programmer hypnotically command the reporting alters to think of their programming when they see certain objects, for instance, certain types of men's clothing, animals, certain cigarettes or lighters, certain trees etc. Everyday life is used then to reinforce their programming. The Stage 1 alters are also trained to have back-up amnesia, where they forget what they have done after they have responded to the cue. Once the job is done, the job is forgotten. Like the Vol. 2 book reported, reporting alters can perceive themselves in various shapes and figures, and they can be locked up in eggs or other containers also. The Stage 2 alters look forward to Daddy or Mommy coming.

Cisco's system, which helped at the programming level, verifies that during the 50's, 60's, 70's and 80's none of the slaves got free. The Illuminati was not the least bit concerned about losing a slave. They had not lost a mind-controlled slave in centuries, so the recent victories in a few slaves getting their freedom in recent years are a historical first. Many therapist who make great therapeutic claims are not freeing their slaves at all, but these slaves continue to be used by their masters. The masters just laugh at the deceptions they have pulled over legitimate but naive therapists. Their reporting alters are a key to their control and they have numerous reporting alters in families spread throughout a standard reporting system. If one realizes that the same mentality that created Stalin's USSR, or that created Big Brother is at work here, you will realize that they need a spy-in-the-camp on every block so to speak. Everybody

watches everyone. They make many spies within a system of alters. The reporting alters are given some script such as "You can diffuse from supersolidity to insubstance, you can grow big or small, and can change shape to any for you wish." This makes it easier for them to go through the internal system.

Repunzel alter.

In the internal Mother's of Darkness castle there is often a Repunzel alter created by the Repunzel story, who has magical hair and can change her size at will. She is not an Illuminati alter, even though she resides at their castle.

Transformation alters.

In Chapter 5, in the section on how Fantasia was used as a programming script, the fairy alters (creative parts of the child's mind) were discussed. The Illuminati also create magical alters that can transform other alters into objects. The script for this is Alice In Wonderland, although some newer scripts are also being used (like Xanth's sorceress Vadne). When an alter is changed into an object, it does so without losing its character. This is where cartoons have been helpful to lay the foundation for visualizing this. When one enters particular internal rooms one needs to pick up certain objects in the room to get through portals to the next world. What makes the internal world difficult is that it is set up to change its appearance. An alter may think they see one thing internally and then the scene totally shifts. An alter may look into a mirror and turn into a leaf.

Internal Wall alters.

Some alters will be made into walls. This is why it can be difficult to go around internal walls. These alters shift so that no one can get around them.

Structuring Internal Programmer Alters.

The procedure for the creation of Internal Programmer Alters is several steps. After the child victim has been traumatized they are sorely in need of love. Using a drug that gives a sense of peace and ecstasy, along with hypnosis, certain parts of the system are bonded to the programmer. The child alters are told to forget the trauma and merge with the programmer. It's instinct to want to be loved, touched and comforted. This is repeated so that they feel the "peace of God" with their three primary abusers. Scriptures about the peace of God are used to reinforce this programming. These alters who feel one with the master programmer will form a cover group which will pacify any front alters who think negatively about the external programmer. These alters are in turn used to build the actual programmers. The actual programmers will be programmed to take on the characteristics of the master programmers and the Grand Dame working with them. These alters will be formed via split brain programming so they have only logic, no emotion. They can interact for years with the rest of the system and will feel no emotion for the hell and abuse that they put hundreds of other alters through. These controllers will stand behind the Grand Druid Council to insure that they carry out their

function correctly.

STRUCTURING WITH THE GRAND DRUID COUNCIL.

In Illuminati mind-controlled slaves it is typical to place at the bottom of the system a pyramid shaped table with a crystal prism life force within the pyramid's center. Around this pyramid table are the Grand Druid Council and Satan hovers over the entire thing. Mirrors on both sides surround the pyramid. The Grand Druid Council can astrally project and attend rituals. There are cover Councils to throw the unapproved seeker off. In fact, every section within the slave may have a Grand Druid Council. These are not the computers, but function closely with the computers. When the life force dies it becomes black. The slave will be told that the life force of the system is within the pyramid which is inside the Grand Druid Council's table. The pyramid will spin constantly from the energy of Lucifer, and the Grand Druid Council may well spin on their table in the opposite direction. Each position on the Grand Druid Council (GDC) is significant, because it determines what that Council person is allowed to do. (This is a mirror of real life.)

The type of programming and commands that a particular council person can carry out are determined by their position around the table. The no. 3 position has access to the center pyramid. Within the spinning pyramid are 3 programmer positions, one for each corner of the triangle. If only one programmer occupies all three positions you are dealing with a master programmer. Very often a system is programmed by lesser programmers, and the inner pyramid has more than one programmer inside the pyramid. If a group/ series of cult programmers is used, one may see them represented somewhere in the system by their cult names.

Growing through the Grand Druid Council's table will be the generational demonic roots of a tree. Tied up at the base of the tree entwined in the roots is the life force of a fetus that has been sacrificed to empower the slave's mind-control system, as well as connect the slave to people that he or she is teamed with. During occult ritual the fetus is eaten as a seed. The dead child is connected to the roots. Another child, the child who is connected to the memory of these rituals will also be connected to the root of the tree. This child alter will not be able to talk or scream because it is locked in the horrible memories of some humiliating ritual. This child alter may have things in its penis or rectum, it may be covered with filth, its skin is bruised and tender. This may be the "core"--the birth child.

In male slaves, sometimes the birth child or a first core split called "the core" is placed in the tree roots rather than the carousel. Egg shaped demonic power bases will also be set in at the root of the tree. The core of some slaves will be removed to the astral plane. The Grand Druid Council will astral project to different spheres and different ceremonies. This gets into black magic such as the 777 book of Aleister Crowley touches on, where there are colors for each planet for astral projection.

While we are discussing the deeper parts to a system, let's discuss the compass. Each

system has a compass built into it, that is incredibly important. The 4-demons (goddesses) which control the 4 directions are called Quarter-Regents. The Eastern one controls Wind & Air. The Northern one controls the elemental Earth. The Western one controls water realms. And the Southern one controls fire.

STRUCTURING THE SHADOW ALTERS

Alters which are created in the sensory deprivation tanks which have no sense of being attached to a body are used in clusters on each level (section or world) of an Illuminati system of alters. These alters are the ones who no one else can see because they have no body, and yet they are the shadows that know what's going on in the outside world. Every level has access to what is going on in the outside world through the eyes of these shadow alters, but many alters do not care. Nor will the shadow alters tell everyone on the level. These clusters of shadows are also chained together, so that a link exists between them. They have no sense of self. They sometimes serve as directors to guide the child slave. They may protect the child by telling it to get home, to call home, or to not be frightened it will be OK. They are also willing to mislead therapists.

STRUCTURING IN THE MIRRORS

One of the movies which was developed to help program in the internal mirrors was the movie "The Hungry Glass" made in the early '50s. Let's review The Hungry Glass movie so that those who aren't familiar with it, can see the programming elements of the movie. The movie is about a fictitious haunted mansion that was built near the sea by a rich man named Bellman. The mansion lays dormant for decades until a couple buy the mansion. The mansion and its window is described as "a jewel box to pull the silver off the sea."

When they move in they experience many strange things connected with mirrors and glass. In the Monarch programming, glass and mirrors are similar. Many of the mirrors in a system are really one-way windows. The following are some quotes from the movie:

- "mirrors bring a house to life"
- "I'm great at turning nightmares into daydreams."
- "don't know if I saw it.. it's imagination playing tricks...never get it out of your system."
- "we're both suggestible to suggestion..."
- "...saw something and imagined the rest.. just plain fear. ..did I see something supernatural?"
- "If you want anything just scream."

- "Miracles can be done with concentration."
- I got the house in order with "spell, book and candle" which is a phrase referring to witchcraft.
- you "never grow old in the mirrors". When alters of a slave look in a mirror it happens just like in the movie, they see themselves as young, which is a strong hypnotic image they have been programmed to see.

What the movie shows is that it is lethal to break mirrors. And if you go through mirrors you fall to your death. The one woman as well as a little girl are curious about the mirrors and they are pulled into the mirrors and die. In other words, the programming message is don't be curious about the mirrors nor go into the mirrors. There are demons in the mirrors.

In the movie they use the word "bogeyman". The room of mirrors is locked, and the message of the movie is, don't open locked doors in your internal system. In the movie, when Gil looks in the mirror, he sees a protector of the mirrors. This in the programming is called the KEEPER OF THE MIRROR, and is a demonic entity or demons placed to protect the mirror. Things are layered and hidden in a system behind mirrors. It also gives the idea that if you look into a mirror, even if you are physically old, the mirror can lie and give you a youthful appearance.

Young actor William Shatner, of later Star Trek fame plays the leading role in the movie. He tries to rationally explain things but gives up, when explanations fail. This is encouraging the small slave who would see the movie to think, if an adult can't figure these things out rationally, then the explanations for what I am seeing during programming are supernatural. William Shatner was raised in Catholic Montreal, Quebec and went to McGill Univ. when Dr. White (Ewen Cameron) was carrying out programming there. He graduated in 1952 and married Gloria Rand. He has acted in a number of strange movies designed for programming, and it appears they have used him repeatedly over the years as a tie in to familiarize the slave to him. He also acted in The World of Suzie Wong (1958), The Brothers Karamazov (1958), The Devil's Rain (1978), Teklords (1991). The Hungry Glass was produced by William Freye, who also did some other movies for the Network. In some areas of a system, the script is that only the "dead"--alters who are so disconnected to their bodies they see themselves as spirits are allowed to cross between different internal worlds by using passwords such as "ELIADE". At other times, alters are given words to return to their "own time period" such as NICRO NECTRUM NECTO.

STRUCTURING THE TAPESTRY

A script is given for all standard Illuminati systems for an internal Sorceress to be assigned the making of tapestries. The tapestries enable alters to go into other worlds, in other words they are mirror gateways. For instance the sorceress may weave a door into the tapestry. Going into the mirror, going over the rainbow, going through walls or

picture tapestries are ways that alters go from one world into another state.

STRUCTURING THE ALTER FAMILIES BY SPINNING

Spinning is used in a variety of programming purposes. We will review these together, so that a comparison can be made of the different purposes. Spinning tortures (which the victim endures while in drugged hypnotic states) are used extensively by the programmers as they construct alter systems. Programmed multiples will frequently complain of "spinning". All at once, whole sections of alters will begin spinning and getting dizzy. During such an abreaction, you will notice that the eyes change, the victim will appear disoriented and stare, or even grimace as if being rotated at a high speed. The head and/or body will rotate slightly during the abreaction.

During the programming of such a spin program, the programmer will lay in the experience for an entire section of alters, and attach the visual image of falling into an abyss, a cyclone, a tornado, a vortex, or a whirlwind to the memory of being spun. When a system goes into spinning the power of numerous memories, and the power of the dizzy spinning makes it difficult for much of anything. Certain alters trigger the spinning and certain alters maintain the spinning. In fact some spinning alters take pride in their spinning abilities. Obviously, their programmers commended them when they did their job correctly.

Another use of spin tortures is to create spin families. The spin torture creates spin alters which have been spun off a "parent" alter. The parent alter may later be age progressed hypnotically and given care over her children alters who she or he spun off during the torture. Spinning is a way of creating dissociation, and the spin memory dissociates the spin children alters from their original source alter. This creates alters which are close together internally, but dissociated. The spin training and memories are then used to teach these alters to spin away the pain. Spin alters are used for some of the worst abuse and the spinning sensation is used internally by these alters to dissociate the severe abuse they receive.

The actual mechanisms to do the spinning torture vary. Some are rotating tables, some are more upright like a Wheel of Fortune type wheel, or "Space trainer" type machine where the victim is inside the rotating mechanism. Flashing lights are used along with the spinning, so that flashing lights can be used in the future to cause the alter(s) to abreact the spinning sensation. Verbal triggers are also placed in. The spin kittens will actually physically go around when commanded. Certain alters will be trained to re-create mentally the sensations of spinning via enhance imagery and memory training. This is so that the system will be self-governing and self-propelled. The spin traumas may be used to help create the ring within ring, circle within a circle effect that is structured into so many systems.

Programs that are put in via Spin-based traumas or attached to spin-based traumas often affect wide areas of a system, rather than individual alters. For instance, if an area of the system is mis-behaving, a tornado program, or a tumbleweed program may be

set off by the internal governing mechanisms and an entire world of alters will feel the program. Victims of mind-control often speak about walls full of different faces. The walls of faces are people who are in need of help. They are shown repeatedly to the victim, to solicit the emotion of wanting to run & rescue. This then is used as the cover program for alters for them to want to run back to the cult to "rescue" their "friends". Generally, all that will be experienced is the memory of walls of faces and the urge to run. Another element of programming, often seen in military programming, is where the victim is left in a totally dark room, and then for men, a hypnotic motherly voice is played repeatedly to them in the dark. For women, they may get their primary handler's hypnotic voice.

More structures used to build a system

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Submit

CHAPTER 8: THE SCIENCE OF BODY MANIPULATION & PROGRAMMING

Implants that manipulate the body and its functions have been discussed in Chapter 6. The body manipulating implants were placed there to keep all of the implant information intact in one chapter, even though some body manipulating implants are not electrically activated. When our previous book *The Illuminati Formula Used to Create an Undetectable Total Mind Controlled Slave* (1996) covered the 12 Sciences of mind-control, its chapter 8 on the manipulation of the human body did not cover the ancient secrets of cranial manipulation, nor the modern secrets of genetic mind manipulation via applications of radiation with chemicals.

A. CRANIAL MANIPULATION--Important Top Secrets of Illuminati Mind-control disguised as Muggings & other events.

INTRODUCTION

The information in this section exposes a previously unknown type of mind-control.

- The woman ran tripping through the woods, slipping on the wet leaves attacked by an unknown assailant for an unknown reason. The report of her mugging the next day never gets beyond the policeman who hears her story.
- A wife cries softly to herself as her husband beats her. The crime goes unnoticed in a busy world.

What do these acts of violence have in common with orthodontics, orthopedics, rolfig and other structural treatments? The shocking fact is that some of these kind of events happen for purposes of mind control. Any trauma to the head, be it an accidental fall, a fight, a bullet wound, or a motorcycle or car accident can cause permanent structural

brain injury. But what passes for accidents are at times carefully designed & brilliantly executed cranial manipulations designed by the Illuminati to create specific mental and personality changes.

In order to get closer to the bottom of this type of mind-control, the author, Fritz, obtained the same books that cranial osteopaths study, and the same books that disclose the modern scientific studies of head shape/facial features in relation to personality, and then studied them. This author has tried to get as close as an outsider can get to understanding what a cranial-manipulating programmer has going on in his head. Until this chapter was published, the Illuminati's ability to perpetrate this mind control has been a complete secret. This is the first time that this secret has ever reached the public light of day. It is a secret known only to a handful of people in the world. It is a secret that various parts of Satan's realm have carefully guarded for centuries. How I got this secret is a long story. It is the confluence of many streams of research coming together. The people, who carry out this type of programming hate the God of the Holy Bible.

This art's academy's own literature speaks about "the Force". "The Mysterious Vital Force is a Universal Power of Intelligence present in all things." (Direct quote from the Cranial Academy's official newsletter). This is a Force similar to Jung's "Collective unconsciousness" and Star War's The Force. The God of the Universe, who loves each and every person in spite of their hatefulness & rejection, has also warned that all things will be revealed.

If I didn't write this, God would simply seek some other avenue to expose these hideous secrets. Who would have imagined that the Illuminati and a particular aspect of their mind control would end up to be connected to Transcendental Meditation, Kung Fu, modern Osteopathy, Theosophy and the Rosicrucians? None of us who research these groups are surprised that they are all tied together in the occult via the SPIN principle. However, you may be surprised by how they are also all affiliated to this form of mind control, which can be disguised as a typical mugging!

Even the Mafia are able to produce heartless criminal alters using cranial manipulation, and they don't have the best skills at doing it either. How do victims of cranial mind-control respond? Most victims follow the subtle guidance of their mind, completely ignorant of why their mind wants to go a particular direction. Some even attribute their mental drives to the metaphysical world. This author's hope is that the truth of this chapter will help restore free will to numerous victims of this secret mind-control technique. In spite of the extreme lack of information on this type of mind-control, it appears to have been more widely used than one might have guessed.

The benefit of this type of mind-control to the programmers is that a change in the body and head structure of a victim is permanent and undetectable, in contrast to hypnotic or drug induced states. A further benefit, is that a skilled person could be tampered with without their realization. Some of the procedures reduce the alertness of the subject, separate him from his memories and make the person more receptive to other forms of

mind-control even if the subject has had no prior programming.

One example of a technique that causes a rapid adaption of the cranial bones with an accompanying neurological effect would be to flick the occiput posteriorly and inferiorly on exhalation (extension), then lift the vault (parietal) bones up from the temporal area on inhalation (flexion), then rapidly draw the vault posteriorly and inferiorly, then dislocate the sphenoid into a vertical or lateral strain position. These procedures will also speed up the appearance of aging. This is just one example of a quick procedure to control the mind of another. And as Cisco's section will bring out, power (including power over other humans) is the goal of the occult underworld.

A lot of research has gone into producing this finished report. At first glance, the polished nature of this chapter's report, which is replete with so many sources, may tend to mislead some people into thinking that this type of mind-control hasn't been secret. Quite to the contrary, the pieces of the puzzle were well hidden. This type of mind-control has been very secret and it is only the result of long hard research that the many divergent pieces of the puzzle have been assembled and placed into a coherent picture for the reader. Although the possibility exists that some may misapply the intent of this chapter and use this for evil, like so much of this book's material the really bad guys already have it. On the flip side, the potential for good, if medical science will use this secret knowledge for good is tremendous.

For instance, compare the improved appearance of Ivana Trump after her cranial work was done. This chapter has the potential positive by-product that others will be inspired to explore how cranial manipulation can be used to benefit humankind. God is in the business of turning evil into good. But perhaps in our fallen corrupted world, this secret knowledge which is being exposed in this chapter will no longer find good men worthy of this information who are also capable enough to put it to good practice. If so, then so be it. At the very least, some people will gain strength of heart to realize once again that when one knows how God's creation operates--it is easy to see how a paradise without problems could be created. Man's worst enemy is man. The Illuminati are sitting on technology and knowledge that could bring about almost a virtual paradise, but they are hoarding this technology and knowledge, and suppressing it. Further, rather than helping mankind, they are using this cranial knowledge to reward those who are friendly to their Luciferian hierarchy, and to abuse those who dare to seriously impede their agenda. After you read this chapter and are aware that the secrets of cranial manipulation could rescue children with cerebral palsy, and some of the children with Down syndrome, you too will cry with this author at the needless suffering that the Illuminati have perpetrated upon mankind in their quest for total domination of this globe.

CRANIAL BLOOD PRESSURE has been kept a SECRET

Recently, a Dr. Yoshiaki Omura in New York, discovered that the blood pressure in the brain is vastly different than the rest of the body. The blood pressure in the brain has major consequences on one's thinking (such as irritability, & insomnia) and also affects

other things in the body, such as muscle tightness in the neck. High brain blood pressure is called cephalic hypotension syndrome. Yet, when this doctor went to see what the medical books/research institutions said about brain blood pressure, he found nothing. He has been making his discoveries known in speaking engagements. He recently addressed a large audience of Chinese doctors. When this author met Yoshiaki Omura, I unsuccessfully attempted to tell Yoshiaki the reason that this knowledge was suppressed was in the interest of mind-control; Dr. Omura has been treating various illnesses by working with patients' brain blood-pressure. The diagnosis of other problems, such as the early stages of cancer, has been done earlier by Omura by monitoring brain blood pressure levels than MRI tests results.

CEREBRAL SPINAL FLUID kept SECRET

Another important fluid in the brain, discovered by others is Cerebral spinal fluid. There are many technical details about this CS fluid that are extremely important to the way the mind-body functions. In this chapter, we will discuss a number of areas of medical science, acupuncture, personology etc. concerning the brain, which when known and used by skilled practitioners can give the practitioner control over another person.

The Mystery Schools and particular bloodlines have kept much of this knowledge to themselves and continue to keep the best secrets. Daniel Whiteside, a pioneer in behavior genetics and understanding the relationship of the shape of the skull to personality, provides some important confirmations of how the Mystery Schools transmitted this secret cranial knowledge.

In his important work "The Background of Structure/Function" (pp.2-3) he outlines that Structure/Function was studied and taught by the Greek Mystery Schools, and was the basis of the Roman Empire's psychology. The Catholic church suppressed this knowledge. This knowledge was kept alive by the Cabalistic philosophers and the Arabs, until the Knights Templars brought it back. If we build upon the information that Daniel has provided we discover that from the Knights Templars, this knowledge went to the leadership of the Priore de Sion, who in turn disseminated low forms of it to the occult groups that they controlled. For instance, the Rosicrucian Order for North & South America in their Vol. 8 of their Rosicrucian Manual (San Jose, CA: Supreme Grand Lodge AMORC) pp. 91-108 deals with the spinal column, nerves, & the influence of color & music on the nervous system, etc. Grand Master Lewis writes on pg. 103, "The Rosicrucians were the first to have a complete outline of this system [nervous system] and to know exactly what part of the human body was connected with every other part."

One witness reported to this author that he watched an acupuncture specialist repeatedly work on clients' brains by inserting 3 long skinny needles through the skull. The acupuncture specialist bragged to this man that he could completely control a human via his skill with the needles. He showed this witness how he could kill pain, and how he could kill self-will by touching minute areas within the brain. He was also skilled in manipulating the mind of the client in other ways too with the needles.

There has been a great deal of research into determining what the different purposes of the different areas of the brain are. Several researchers have independently identified that the ability to make choices, that is what we call "free will", is located near the Brodmann Area 24 in the Anterior Cingulate Sulcus. Tampering with this area can disturb a person's ability to have free will. (For more information on this one could begin with Crick, Francis. The Astonishing Hypothesis The Scientific Search for the Soul.)

Acupuncture was virtually unknown to mainstream Americans until a NY Times journalist in China reported that he was successfully treated with acupuncture in 1971. Pressure points can also be manipulated by Acupressure, which is similar to acupuncture except fingers rather than needles are used. This is just one example of a related technique which went unnoticed for decades (actually centuries by the Western World.)

The mugging-mind control information in this article has gone unnoticed by mainstream America too. Time Magazine, Nov. 4, 1991, reported that there are four types of alternative medicine, which they classified as Life-Style (such as Macrobiotics, Ayurvedic medicine, and holistic medicine), Botanical (such as Homeopathy, Herbalism, and Aromatherapy), Mental healings (such as with Crystals, Guided imagery, biofeedback and Hypnotherapy) and Manipulative/Hands-on (such as Reflexology, Rolfing, Shiatsu, Alexander tech., Chiropractic, and Acupressure & Acupuncture).

Reflexology dates back to at least 2330 B.C. in Egypt. Shiatsu is a Japanese finger pressure deep massage of pressure points is over 1,000 years old. The skull & head bone manipulations that are being exposed for the first time in this report, were used in ancient Egypt and other parts of the ancient world. That Nov., 91 Time Magazine article did not mention that acupressure/acupuncture has been knowledge that the secret societies in China studied and often kept hidden for centuries, as a part of Wushu (martial arts) in China.

For instance, in a recent Chinese book 72 Consummate Arts Secrets of the Shaolin Temple, (pub. by Fujian Science & Technology Pub. Co. Ltd., Fujian, China, 1990) by Wu Jiaming and translated by Rou Gang, diagrams and explanations are given of the important head/body points (for acupressure/ acupuncture/& kung fu.) What is important for our discussion on mind control are the Kung Fu (Wushu) points in the head. This book gives 4 points on the front of the head, seven on the side of the head, and four on the back side of the head. The Shaolin Buddhist monks have kept their martial arts (which is called "Kung-fu" in the U.S. and "Wushu" in China) a secret hidden within their temple on Song Mountain, Henan Province. This Buddhist monastery has a long history of teaching kung-fu and is exerting a big influence in the world as its type of kung fu spreads. The Japanese took kung-fu from the Chinese many years ago and then developed from it specialized forms of kung-fu, such as Karate, Judo, etc.

THE CHINESE SECRET OCCULT SOCIETY CONNECTION

The important item that this paragraph will emphasize is that the Chinese secret societies studied the pressure points on the skull completely. They learned how the skull could be manipulated and what it would do to a person. Of course this information was only revealed to the best Chinese kung-fu experts. It is sometimes referred to as the skill of bone setting. In China, bone-setters are a type of Chinese doctor which are popular to some Chinese. These bone-setters have kept their secrets within many generations of families who specialize in bone-setting and also within the secret Triad societies.

The Communist government admitted that it has failed to pry family bone-setting secrets from the families that have passed these secrets down generationally. This is due in part to the strong Chinese belief in ancestor worship and strong families. A family's secrets are considered one source of its strength. One communist Chinese tactic to pry the secrets loose was their "folkart barefoot doctor" system which they hoped the bone-setters would join.

Junxie Li wrote in 1990 that a Chinese Kung Fu document shows that bone manipulation was practiced as early as 2700 B.C. The secrets have been passed down for many years. An American writer stated in 1983, "Traditional Chinese medicine and chiropractic are remarkably alike in their underlying theories...Through deep massage at the occiput [head bone], for example, (contemporary) Chinese practitioners find that they can bring down high blood pressure, a practice analogous to that of chiropractors."

A Buddhist monk Bodhidharma is credited to having brought the martial arts and healing arts associated with martial arts to China. He must have been a very strong individual to have made the 2,500 miles journey which back before there were paths or maps must have been more like an 8,000 miles of perilous journey on foot from India over the Himalayas to the Chinese interior. Bodhidharma had studied big cats, dogs, bears, insects and other animals to learn how they defend and attack. His physical, mental and spiritual teachings became known later as Zen Buddhism. His monastery became the famous Shaolin Monastery. A master of the Shaolin Monastery would have two dragons deeply branded into his flesh. It is said that the Red Dragon represented knowledge in ancient China.

In the Tang Dynasty (618-907 A.D.) some of the Kung Fu experts at that time were Li Bai and Twelfth Sister Li of the Li family. Madame Gong Sun and Twelfth Sister Li composed a famous Xihe Sword Dance combining martial arts and choreographic arts. The Li family kept some of their secret martial arts skills (including bone setting) secret for hundreds of years, and as a top Illuminati family are secretly proud of their occult knowledge and history.

To illustrate how the head has been studied are some quotes from 72 Consummate Arts Secrets of the Shaolin Temple,

"TAJYANG ACUPOINT (Sun Acupoint)

Located on both sides of the forehead, the left being Tai Yang and the right Tai Yin. Nowadays it is generally called Taiyang Acupoint being a vital part of the head. It is 'Dead Acupoint' among the twenty-four Acupoints. One will be faint or even die if it is slightly seized.

TAINRONG ACUPOINT

Located on the back of ears and is in parallel with the ear. It lies on the outer-side of Fen Yi Acupoint, and is above the Tian Chuang acupoint. It is a vital acupoint of the back of one's head. It is also a 'Dead Acupoint' among the twenty-four acupoints.

FENGFU ACUPOINT

Located in the centre of the low part of one's back head and is below the Naohu Acupoint but above the Yamen Acupoint. It's in parallel with the left and right FenYi Acupoint. It is a single Acupoint. It is a vital part of one's back brain. It is a 'Dead Acupoint', too. If this acupoint is seized, one may faint or die immediately."

Washu (Chinese Martial Arts) went underground into the Chinese occult secret societies, because the rulers feared that it would make the common people too powerful, so they frequently banned the teaching of martial arts. The teachers of Kung fu teach their pupils that Kung-Fu has both an external work with the hands, feet and body and an internal work which refers to the occult spiritual work that provides the energy and spirit to do the martial arts that Kung fu masters do.

The Shaolin Temple masters have studied the human skeleton very closely for centuries. The books Shaolin Long Fist Kung-Fu by Yang Jwing-Ming & Jeff Bolt and The Way of the Sun Dragon Chinese Martial Art of Tai-Yang Lung Tao are other examples of books in English which also show points to hit on the head. The art of manipulating the skull and other bones has travelled from the secret societies to about 20% of China's doctors. As mentioned, this skill is called "bone setting."

Some Kung Fu experts and Chinese doctors learn bone setting, including how to work with the skull bones. In 1974, the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (which has been full of New Agers) along with the Fogarty International Center of the National Institutes of Health which works with WHO of the U.N. set up a conference in Seattle, WA which focused on Health Care in China. The U.S. Government Printing Office then printed up in 1975 edited versions of the papers presented at the conference. The resulting book on Medicine in Chinese Cultures has some very pertinent information to the ancient secret Chinese art of manipulating skull bones. After W.W. II, Chinese bone setters began to use X-rays. (p. 261)

- The Chinese bone setters had their own professional associations. (p. 261-262)
- Bone-setters' societies have been interwoven with secret societies, the link being Chinese kung-fu (martial arts) which the secret societies control. "Bone-setters get their

knowledge of anatomy from practicing kung-fu, for part of the instruction is in how the bones and muscles work." (p. 262.)

- Bone-setters, in order to practice in Hong Kong, generally find it advantageous to get (buy) protection from the Triads (Chinese Secret Societies controlled by the Li Illuminati family, as well as other powerful Chinese families.) Doctors are licensed in Hong Kong according to British standards and bone-setters have not received much recognition from the British government. But someone connected with the CIA verbally let out that they have been very interested in studying Chinese bone setting.

T'ai Chi, is the philosophy associated in China with the yin-yang. It is incorporated into the name T'ai Chi Chuan (Great Origin Fist) which are the calisthenics which many Chinese practice on a daily basis. The advanced student learns 128 movements. Practitioners of the exercises can be seen exercising at dusk, especially in Kuala Lumpur. "Instruction in Chinese medicine is considered a normal part of the training to become a T'ai Chi instructor, and many instructors are said to be skilled in bone setting and the treatment of sprains and strains.

One of the most famous T'ai Chi instructors in Kuala Lumpur, an elderly man who received his training in China many years ago, is indeed famous locally as a bone-setter. It is clear that it is difficult to draw a line between T'ai Chi Chuan and preventive or even curative medicine." (Medicine In Chinese Cultures..., p.310 Bruce Lee, who came from a very wealthy branch of the Li family, was half Chinese and half American by blood. He grew up in Hong Kong, and was taught Chinese martial arts beginning at the age of 14. Bruce Lee came to America, and was very American in his thinking. Due to his American thinking, he thought radically different from the traditional Chinese martial arts mentality, and there is strong evidence to suggest it cost him his life. He not only exposed to the western world secrets of Chinese martial arts, but he mixed various types of moves from the various oriental schools of martial arts. For doing this, he made many of the Zen martial arts masters furious.

When Bruce Lee died at 32 in 1972, his body was like a teenager's and it was in great shape. Bruce Lee had no equal in the martial arts. The Chinese/Hong Kong press felt that he was killed by the Zen martial arts masters of China. In fact, his student Abdul described Bruce Lee as a "renegade Taoist Priest." Whether or not Bruce and his son Brandon were killed by the Triads and/or the Secret Martial Arts Societies of China, doesn't change the fact that Bruce Lee angered them for exposing their martial arts to the western world.

From research in this area, it is clear that there are still secrets kept by Chinese martial arts which only a few carefully chosen members of secret societies know. Bruce Lee did not make it to this inner circle. The inner groups of the secret societies trade favors. This is a standard method of payoff. Well trained martial arts cults that know some of the secrets of cranial manipulation can be asked to assault a human target. What happens if the head injury is not fine-tuned?

Laurence Miller Ph.d. in the article "Unusual Head Injury Syndromes..." (The Journal of Cognitive Rehabilitation 11-12/'94, p. 13) states, "Memory disorders are virtually universal in head injury and typically top the list of symptoms reported by patients. The 'standard' pattern of posttraumatic memory disorder - and indeed, for organic memory disorders generally - consists of well-preserved old memories, patchy or impaired memory for events immediately preceding the injury (retrograde amnesia) and following the injury (anterograde amnesia), and subsequent difficulty learning and retaining new information."

This is exactly opposite of what the handlers want. They want the victim to forget the past abuse, but be able to remember a series of new commands for a new operation precisely. This underscores the reason WHY the person doing the assault needs to be skilled. There is no doubt that Chinese martial arts are being used to mug people in order to alter their thinking. The secret potential of Chinese Martial Arts to alter a person's skull bones and thinking has been one secret worth killing to preserve. Miller also points out that frontal lobe injuries can weaken the subject's hold over reality. Although Miller writes about accidental injuries, his article is extremely well researched about the wide variety of mental problems that develop from different injuries. The medical world have named many of these specific problems such as the Ganser Syndrome, the Capgras Syndrome, & Cotard's Syndrome. While this kind of research is helpful to establish that different specific injuries to the head can create specific symptoms, the written material is not specific about how to intentionally create a symptom.

The ancient EGYPTIAN CONNECTION

Skull manipulation was used by the ancient Egyptian priesthood, as well as trauma-based mind-control, astral projection, and hypnosis. At least some of these secrets got passed on to later secret societies.

THE TIBETAN CONNECTION

One religious black magic group are the Tibetan monks. Their man-god Dalai Lama, is coveted as a guest of many of the top Illuminati, Mishpucka, and other occult figures around the world. In 1966, the Dalai Lama wrote the book Opening of the Wisdom-Eye, which is typically referred to as the third-eye area which is slated by the NWO to be the initiation site for the mark of the Beast. Many leading European occultists have gone to Tibet to learn from the black magicians of Tibet. Hitler imported hundreds of Tibetan monks for his Third Reich. Nazi expeditions were sent to Tibet; and in 1942, Hitler, because of his occult ideas about Asia & Tibet, was excited to plant a Nazi flag on the highest peak of the Caucasian mountains, Mt. Elbrus, at the specific time of 11 a.m.

For those who didn't realize how dark were the secrets of the Tibetan monks, just a small sampling of books on their black magic secrets include: David-Neels' Magic & Mystery in Tibet (1958), Bromage's Tibetan Yoga, Beyer's The Cult of Tara- -Magic & Ritual in Tibet (1978), the Tibetan Book of the Dead (and commentaries about it),

Suzuki's *The Zen Doctrine of No Mind* (1973), and Thomas' *Out of This World to Forbidden Tibet* (1954).

Qigong is the Chinese word for the healing arts taught within the secret schools of Martial Arts. Tibetans go to the S.W. National University in China to learn Qigong. Dapang Qigong is a derivative of Qigong where both martial arts and healing are taught together. One of the secrets of the Tibetan monks, is the physical manipulation of the third eye. T. Lobsang Rampa, a Tibetan from one of the 10 elite families of Tibet, at the age of seven entered the Chakpori Lamasery, the Temple of Tibetan Medicine, where the Tibetan masters taught healing arts including astral projection, clairvoyance and levitation.

Their mystic arts are similar to what the Illuminati believe in and practice. For instance, they learn about the silver cord that connects people. Upper-class boys such as Lobsang received extremely severe treatment from the time they were born to insure that they were tough enough to survive the harsh Tibetan life. Lobsang described the traumas of early boyhood as "brutal", but then adds on page 18 of his book *The Third Eye*, "Under this system weaklings did not survive, but those who did could survive almost anything." Children were kept awake eighteen hours a day, and worked hard during that time. Even very small babies are kept awake, so that according to Tibetan belief "they shall not become demon invested."

On Lobsang's eighteenth birthday, the Lama of his monastery opened his third eye. Lobsang records the brutal ceremony in his book *The Third Eye* (Ballantine Books, 1956). Ballantine Books advertises on the cover of this book, "Learn the secrets of the most controversial power of the new age...*The Third Eye*." Before this author relates what Lobsang "reveals" about this great secret of new age power, let me interject an informed opinion--this story may be a cover memory to hide what this author has found out is the REAL THIRD EYE manipulation. But first, let's see what Lobsang describes, and then we'll discuss it.

On the evening of his 18th birthday, Lobsang went to a little room in the monastery. Three lamas of high degrees came and bound his head tightly with an herbal compress to produce some kind of drug effect upon him. They came back and removed the herbal compress, and wiped his forehead clean. Then Lobsang describes, 'A strong-looking lama sat behind me and took my head between his knees. The second lama opened a box and removed an instrument made of shining steel. It resembled a bradawi except that instead of having a round shaft this one was U-shaped, and in place of a point there were little teeth around the edge of the "U." For some moments the lama looked at the instrument, and then passed it through the flame of the lamp to sterilize it.

The Lama...took my hands and said, 'This is quite painful, Lobsang, and it can only be done while you are fully conscious. It will not take very long, so try to keep as still as you can.' I could see various instruments laid out, and a collection of herbal lotions, and I thought to myself: "Well, Lobsang, my boy, they will finish you one way or the other and there is nothing you can do about it--except keep quiet!" The lama with the instrument

looked around to the others, and said, "All ready? Let us start now, the sun has just set."

He pressed the instrument to the centre of my forehead and rotated the handle. For a moment there was a sensation as if someone was pricking me with thorns. To me it seemed that time stood still. There was no particular pain as it penetrated the skin and flesh, but there was a little jolt as the end hit the bone. The pain was not sharp at all, just a pressure and a dull ache. I did not move with the Lama Mingyar Dondup looking on; I would rather have died than make a move or outcry. He had faith in me, as I in him, and I knew that what he did or said was right. He was watching most closely, with a little pucker of muscles in tension at the corners of his mouth. Suddenly there was a little scrunch and the instrument penetrated the bone. Instantly its motion was arrested by the very alert operator. He held the handle of the instrument firmly while the Lama ...passed him a very hard, very clean sliver of wood which had been treated by tire and herbs to make it as hard as steel. This sliver was inserted in the "U" of the instrument and slid down so that it just entered the hole in my head. The lama operating moved slightly to one side so that the Lama Mingyar Dondup could also stand in front of me. Then, at a nod from the latter, the operator, with infinite caution, slid the sliver farther and farther. Suddenly I felt a stinging, tickling sensation apparently in the bridge of my nose. It subsided, and I became apparently aware of subtle scents which I could not identify. That, too, passed away and was replaced by a feeling as if I was pushing, or being pushed, against a resilient veil.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash, and at that instant the Lama Mingyar Dondup said "Stop!". For a moment the pain was intense, like a searing white flame. It diminished, died and was replaced by spirals of colour, and globules of incandescent smoke. The metal instrument was carefully removed. The sliver of wood remained, it would stay in place for two or three weeks and until it was removed I would have to stay in this little room almost in darkness. No one would see me except these three lamas, who would continue my instruction day by day. Until the sliver was removed I would have only the barest necessities to eat and drink." As the projecting sliver was being bound in place so that it could not move, the Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to me and said, "You are now one of us, Lobsang. For the rest of your life you will see people as they are and not as they pretend to be."

ANOTHER EXAMPLE

Bill Schnoebelen, who has publicly been exposing Satanism, writes about his experiences as a vampire and Satanist in several books. In his book, *Lucifer Dethroned*, he describes a third eye experience that he had during an "astral projection." "It seemed my eyeballs were turning to molten steel. My forehead was about to explode. I felt a claw tear into my brow, right between but slightly above my eyebrows and insert itself into my brain like a white-hot poker. I tried to scream, but could not. My entire body felt like it was going to burst from being filled with roaring, flaming hot light....I felt like a fish on the end of a hook being hauled out of the water by my very brain. I screamed in pain, but it came out: 'Glory and Love for Lucifer! Hatred! Hatred! Hatred! to God be

accursed!...'

In order to interpret his third eye experience, it needs to be asked where is Bill Schnoebelen coming from? This author's best evidence to answer that comes from personal testimony. People familiar with this author (Fritz) have contacted Schnoebelen about Fritz for years. Why has Bill Schnoebelen taken a very cold attitude to this chapter's author (Fritz) and his work? Why has he opposed and slandered this author, and this author's work like the Vol. 2 book, and other information that this author has been putting out to expose Illuminati mind-control since 1991. One would expect a genuine ex-Satanist to be supportive of someone who risks his life to rescue Satanists from bondage. The reason I introduce personal testimony is that I know what side of things I am on, which is God's side, and when people like Bill Schnoebelen oppose me from the get-go, without even meeting me, it is solid evidence to me where they are coming from. From what Schnoebelen writes about his third eye experience, and from what this author has learned of third eye cranial manipulation, it appears that Bill is still under some cult deception and is very likely still under the mind-control that placed his cover memory of his third-eye experience into him.

It is very likely that both Lobsang and Bill were in a trance state induced by drugs, hypnosis and dissociation from pain, and that a screen memory was laid in on top of their sensory experience to hide the manipulation of certain midline bones such as the ethmoid, vomer, sphenoid, etc. The sensation produced by the "third eye" cranial manipulation is unforgettable, it feels like something is moving straight into your skull through the frontal bone of the forehead, and then penetrating deeply into the center of the head. In order to preserve their cranial secrets, the occult world has cleverly fabricated these kind of dramatic cover stories. What they are doing is improving the alignment of the ethmoid bone, which makes a person more sensitive to the environment, which will be perceived by some as improving one's psychic abilities. (As a final note, when this author met with Bill, Bill's view towards helping MPD was that it was demons that needed to be delivered. One of his supposed deliverance success stories, an Illuminati victim of mind-control, is still a multiple and still a double agent, and also actively working against this author's work. Bill personally told this author, that while he was a Satanist & vampire he was offered to have a mind-controlled slave, but that he turned the opportunity down. Bill is not the only person publicly exposing the occult/NWO who has over the years tried to prevent this author's information from getting to you.)

The third eye area, called the ethmoid, is physically manipulated by the monks for mind-control purposes. In the occult world, the third eye area actually extends to include the entire midline area, not just the ethmoid, but also the midline bones, and the related brain structures, especially the pineal gland. Midline bones are interesting to occultists, because the main endocrine and neurologic structures in the brain are placed around the central 3rd and 4th ventricular areas. (The first two ventricles, known as the lateral ventricles, repose on either side of the third.) The bones are one way to access these midline structures. the ethmoid is the front-most midline bone (behind the frontal, which is considered to be two bones; since in many people the metopic suture does not

close). The ethmoid interfaces with other midline bones.

In the course of this book, the reader is introduced to the concept that the human brain is actually 7 brains. The 4th or mid brain that lies between the upper 3 brains and the lower three and functions as a crossroads, joins with the optic thalamus, which forms the floor of the 3rd ventricle. The ceiling of the 4th brain is the floor of the 3rd ventricle. The 3rd ventricle and the Cave of Brahma make up the 5th brain. The 5th brain is connected to the cerebral hemispheres of the Cerebrum and is critical to creating concepts and storing abstract concepts. It feeds on ideas, and reflects. (Marijuana activates this brain, and it is common knowledge among mind-control handlers that marijuana is forbidden to slaves.)

The roof the 5th brain is formed by the choroid plexus. At the front is the pituitary and at the rear the pineal gland, both exceptionally important to perception. The peptides (called enkephalins) that trigger intuitive awareness of what the 6th brain is perceiving, come from the pituitary into the Cave of Brahma. Can the reader now see why cranial manipulation that influences this area will affect our intuitive awareness?

Cranial Osteopath Ronald R. McCatty's book *Craniosacral Osteopathy* discusses the pineal body and pituitary gland from pp. 78 to 86. A discussion of the techniques to influence these bodies is beyond the scope of this chapter, but there are procedures. McCatty is very skilled, but he still has a ways to go to match the skills of the inner group that does mind-control. His page 25 also discusses a direct adjustment on the Pineal body via arm rotations and breathing. The occult world's physical manipulation of this third eye area can enhance a person's sensitivity. (It works off of straightforward body/brain mechanics, not the spirit world). It makes the subject feel that he is more telepathic. This is one of their big secrets. This secret was passed on the Gurdjieff, who went to Tibet to learn their secrets. Gurdjieffs communities, which this author has been investigating have a very good appearance to them, but there are lots of dark secrets within these communities, which indicate that drug use and mind-control are going on amongst them.

One of the mind-control techniques used is physical manipulation of the third-eye area of the skull. In fact, a number of cranial osteopaths (such as Cranial Osteopath and Rosicrucian Robert Fulford) have thanked Gurdjieff for enlightening them about how to do cranial manipulation. Some of what the occult says about the third eye is simply cover stories to hide some of the bigger secrets. It is not known to this author if Fulford can do a third eye manipulation. (In this exposure of cranial manipulation, R.C. Fulford is of interest to us due to his impact upon the course Cranial Osteopathy took, rather than his skill. W.G. Sutherland, the leader in Cranial Osteopathy had several Rosicrucians and other occultists as early students. After his death, three of these took Cranial Osteopathy in a more occult direction than Sutherland was going. Anne Wales, as Sutherland's editor & compiler, the person who took over his papers, also reviewed the papers of other cranial doctors, making sure she gave them all as much of a mystical twist as she could add to them. Olive Stretch was the second of the three and she and her husband ran the Cranial Academy from their living room. Upon Olive's

death, her husband married Fulford's secretary of sixteen years, who in turn continued to run things when he died. Fulford, who is now in his '90s, did occult philosophizing, and some believe programming, but didn't develop the skill needed for entrance into the inner core of high level cranial knowledge.)

Rosicrucian Cranial Osteopath Robert Fulford also met Tibetans to learn what he could from the Tibetans. He became the President of the Osteopathy Cranial Association. He gives interesting talks, and writes about the Odic Force and the Vril (the light that the Nazis believed in), but it is not clear that Fulford, who is retired in Ohio, learned any deep secrets of manipulation.

However, Gurdjieff is not the only one who learned from the Orient. Cranial Osteopath Ronald Kurylowicz, of 754 Washington Blvd, Marina Del Rey, CA who is single and lives with his mother who serves as his secretary, made a special effort to learn what he could from the Chinese over a period of years, with what appears as a clear intent to use it for mind-control and malevolent purposes. The cranial group has long had an international effort to teach and proselytize worldwide. Much of this seems to be a sincere effort to spread the benefits of cranial knowledge allowed to the public. (This knowledge is often released only for substantial fees.)

When the inner core of cranial manipulation has travelled to learn from other cultures, China has been the primary focus. While in China, the inner core of cranial manipulation, who use it for mind-control, have met with their Chinese counterparts to negotiate occult relationships. Top level Theosophists have accompanied the inner core on their trips to China. In 1950, Gurdjieff came out with Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson Vol. 1-3. IDHHB Inc. published in 1978 some of the secret talks that Gurdjieff had with a special group of disciples. The point is simply that Gurdjieff was willing to go to the occult world of black magicians to get some of his enlightenment, and one of the techniques he learned was the manipulation of the mind via physical manipulation of the "third eye area". One of Gurdjieff's big disciples in New England passed on to the cranial osteopaths manipulation secrets that Gurdjieff learned in Tibet. Gurdjieff is even more mysterious, when one realizes that he an asset of Russian and British intelligence.

This raises the obvious question, what were the Nazi's able to learn about skull manipulation from the Tibetans, the Japanese secret societies, and European occultism? It is known that the Nazi's carried out experimentation on skull manipulation. (Some of the records pertaining to Nazi human experiments are stored in the U.S. National Archives, incl. National Archives Record Group 238, the Collection of W.W.II War Crimes Records, the OSS's reports in Record Group 226, the Dept. of State records in National Archives Record Group 59, and Group 242. But it must be borne in mind that much of the records of Nazi experiments were confiscated and remained secret so that our government could continue the research. We see only glimpses of this research in such things as the SS skeleton collection, written about in SS letters used as Nuernberg Trial Doc. No.s 87, 88, 91. Prof. Hirt at the Strassburg Anatomical Institute received 150 Jewish skeletons for research according to a secret SS document, marked Exhibit no. 086. One thing is clear, there was no limitation for Nazi

researchers as to what they could experiment on with human beings. Could the idea/chance to research in skull manipulation for purposes of mind-control have escaped those Nazi researchers who were steeped in phrenology and horse breeding?)

What did the Nazi's learn, and what did their mind-control experts such as Joseph Mengele pass on to American mind-control programmers, or is it possible the subtleties of cranial bone manipulation somehow escaped them? The practice of bone-setting in Germany had been known as Knochenartz, Knocheneinrichter, and Wundart. In recent history, Germany has a large number of cranial osteopaths who purchase lots of American books on the cranial osteopathy. It's this author's opinion, that the total mind-control of NWO slaves being implemented in the Black Forest castles, Strasburg, Frankfurt, Berlin, and hundreds of other German sites includes cranial manipulation. However, in terms of Germany, this remains to be proven. In America, there is no doubt, for we have the victims (and photographic proof) to prove it.

Osteopathy is not "politically correct" within Germany's medical establishment. Most Germans, who purchase cranial books, are occultists (usually variations on Theosophy) and not people with medical or manipulative training. Europeans tend to be much more specialists in their professions than Americans. They don't tend to have as many people/per population practice a particular skill as America, but the ones who do are often very skilled. (This is an observation this author has heard frequently during his world-wide travels, and has also observed for himself.) For instance, in visiting Switzerland, this author learned that if a person wants to build a house he will have no option but to bring in specialists for the different tasks, while in America, it's not unusual for people to attempt building their own. This European approach of encouraging only very skilled specialists would also apply to cranial manipulation. We would expect a few very highly technical, skilled skull manipulators, and many curious entry-level folks.

THE JAPANESE CONNECTION

The ninjitsu people (popularly known as "the ninja" in America) were historically black magicians who hired out as assassins, and were feared and hated by all the Japanese people. They are now being held out as role models for our American children. The ninja learned how to dissociate pain. They learned martial arts and the art of stealth. According to the book *The Karate Dojo* by Peter Urban, "They were the original practitioners of the 'art of [mind-control] programming.' They were taught from the cradle that nothing was impossible. Not knowing that a thing could not be done, they proceeded to do it." It is possible that the Green Dragon Society of Japan passed on some of this mind-control training techniques to the German secret societies that were in cooperation with them prior to and during W.W. II. In other words, Dr. Mengele, the Nazi Angel of Death who carried out mind-control experiments for the Nazi's (& the Illuminati) during W.W. II may have attempted to incorporate Chinese, Tibetan, Japanese, Ancient Egyptian and Hindu mind-control techniques into their mind-control programming/research.

THE EARLY EUROPEAN OCCULT CONNECTION

Information pertaining to this has been floating around Europe in certain circles for years. We will touch on some of the various times and places that we know parts of cranial manipulation to alter the mind was being done. Over the centuries skilled horsemen learned that they could tell the temperament of a horse from the shape of its head. The best books on horse training would have sections on determining what your horse's temperament was based on skull shape.

The Celts were big on bone-setting. Wales has continued to preserve some of this Celtic enthusiasm. A rare book *The Art of The Bone-Setter* by George Matthews Bennett (London, Tho Murby publ., 1884) gives an excellent history of bone-setters in England, Wales and Scotland. It is likely that some of these men understood some things about how personality could be affected via bone manipulation in the skull.

George Matthews Bennett was a Freemason and a Druid. He was also a leading bone-setter in London, Stratford and other places. He was a descendent of the famous occult Matthews family, which had practiced bone-setting for two hundred years. His son, who also did bone-setting, was the last of that line to practice bone-setting. The skill (professional art) of bone-setting passed down in families for generations was not the equivalent of modern osteopathy.

Osteopathy had many different ideas and approaches, even though the two are similar. One of the early English books on bone-setting was *The Compleat Bone-setter* by Friar Moulton. In 1665, the book was enlarged by Robert Turner (an occultist/astrologer) and printed in England. In 1871, Dr. Wharton Hood wrote another publication on bone-setting in England entitled *A Treatise on Bone Setting*. But most of the skill of bone-setting in England was passed down as family secrets within a few bloodlines that practiced it for generations, such as the Thomases, the Taylors of Lancashire, the Maltby's of Nottingham, the Masons of Lincolnshire, the Huttons of Westmorland (& later of London), the Crowthers of Yorkshire, and the Matthews of the Midlands. (This list occurs in the book *Medical Fringe & Medical Orthodoxy 1750-1850* edited by Bynum and Porter, pub. London: Croom Helm Ltd., 1987, p. 170, note 10.) Much about bone-setting in Europe, will remain secret, because so much was taught orally and shrouded in mystery. About a dozen British bloodlines passed their trade secrets down, a number of them were Welch. However, there were also many itinerant quacks who travelled around billing themselves as bone-setters.

NINETEENTH CENTURY OCCULT CONNECTION

Bone-setter Richard Hutton gained notoriety in London in the 1800's when he relieved the long-standing suffering of the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby. Hugh Owen Thomas, (1848-?) who was a qualified doctor, used what he knew from coming from a long traditional line of bone-setters to create modern fracture theory. His nephew, Sir Robert Jones (1857-1933) who was his apprentice, was the major ambassador for modern orthopaedic medical practices. In other words, some of the knowledge of the bone-setters contributed to modern established medical knowledge.

Charles Waterton, an English naturalist in old England, wrote in his Wanderings and Essays on Natural History that every nation in Europe had bone-setters, who were independent of the surgeons. Throughout Europe, the men and women who practiced bone-setting learned the skill from others and as a result of experience. The skill was not a text-book-learned skill, but an art that was taught via hands-on training. Many of the bone-setters never formally studied anatomy, pathology, or surgery. (See The Art of the Bone-Setter, p. 96.) Hand-in-hand with bone setting came ideas on the importance of the shape of the skull. In 1695, Balthazar Bekkar of London wrote, "Physiognomy, that is...the Observation of a Man's Shape, must be comprehended under this sort [occult arts], for this Art foretells things by the Looks, the Features and Lineaments of the Face, by which the Genius and Humour of Men are to be discovered." (This comes from book one of a four book series The World Bewitched; An Examination of the Common Opinions Concerning Spirits. London: R. Baldwin, 1695, vol. 1, p.30.)

THE WITCHCRAFT CONNECTION

Throughout the world, people have practiced bone manipulation. The names for folk bone-setting throughout the world of course vary from language to language. In Tahiti it was called "romy" or "rumi". In South America, it was called "abrazo del rancho". In Bohemia it was called "napraviti." In Mexico, it's been called "arreglador de huesos", and in France "reboutage." The Amish call it "Brauche", and some of their bone-setters practice folk witchcraft. (This is known from the author's own experience as an Amishman.) Bone-setting has often been associated with folk healing and the occult.

Contrary to what is politically correct today, witchcraft was not a group of poor innocent women chased by a malicious Christian society, but was a well-organized body which was a repository for the occult knowledge of Babylon, Egypt and Rome. Ex-Illuminati members have described (to this author) the ancient manuscripts of knowledge preserved in secrecy by the Illuminati down through the ages. The permission of the Grand Druid Council is needed for some Illuminati books. Illuminati members are only allowed to see certain manuscripts, if they are achieving a mastery in that field of secret knowledge.

In the middle ages, knowledge was dispensed through secret trade guilds, fraternities and bloodlines. The ancient healing/and harming secrets of the human body were secrets of the fraternal secret societies, i.e. what is known today as the Illuminati. Witches could accomplish either a healing or a harmful manipulation of the body without anyone knowing what had happened, because their arts were secret techniques that outsiders couldn't recognize.

Secret medical and psychological knowledge was hidden by lots of cover mystical claptrap, which made the real secrets elusive to outsiders. Witches were accused of witchcraft when the harmful results of what they did were noticed, but the people had little idea of the mechanics of what hit them. Some of the trials of witches during the late middle ages were legitimate grievances, even though the ancient trial records (by

today's standards) contain no legitimate evidence of *modus operandi*. We are not in a position to judge their trials by our standards of evidence.

Throughout most history, the doctor-priest or the medicine man-shaman kept his health secrets to himself as occult/arcane /esoteric knowledge to pass to his chosen successors. Even today, our modern day equivalents for the medicine man & shaman --our doctors & priests are still popular careers for transgenerational pagans. And as this chapter is pointing out, there are still secrets.

The Mystery Religions of Europe studied the human head and body. One of Jacob Boehme's disciples portrayed the Hindu chakra points back in 1736 in his *Theosophia Practica*. The results of tortures during ancient and medieval times upon the bodies & skulls of people was also known to a few. A relationship appears to exist between bone-setting and witchcraft, in that wherever witchcraft was strongest in England, one also discovers an abundance of bonesetters. An advance knowledge of anatomy was needed to devise the tortures used in Europe by those who were in power. It was not uncommon historically for doctors & bonesetters to provide advice for torture devices. For instance, Dr. Guillotin, a French doctor & Freemason, invented the guillotine.

There are plenty of evidences of occult involvement in the torture of people over the centuries, (even though it is politically correct to blame it on Christians). At this point it is safe to say that there was some overlap between bone-setting, witchcraft, and those who made an occupation as torturers for the state, but the complete details are not available. Some families have traditionally been involved in torture, perhaps at some point those family secrets will surface. Hands of Glory of hanged men were used as health charms. Corpses & moss from skulls, were also thought to have healing powers.

Freemason/Druid/ Bone-setter George Matthews Bennett writes, "In the North of England, the origin of nearly all the men who are fairly good at Bone-setting can be traced to the Whitworth surgery, and while, so far as I know, the Taylors, in their various settlements at Whitworth, Todmorden, Stockwood, and Oldfield-lane, were the only qualified surgeons who practiced Bone-setting; amongst the hills and dales of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Lake district, there were many who did so without being qualified." (*The Art of the Bone-setter*, p. 106) Whether these Taylors were any relation to those Taylors today within the Illuminati, is not known.

Phrenology was very respected during the 19th century. Queen Victoria consulted the top phrenologist. Interest in Phrenology led Europeans to research what the functions of the brain are, & how the brain functions. Phrenologists Johann Gaspar Spurzheim and Scotsman George Combe "realized the potentiality to manipulate and control human behaviour" via their knowledge of the skull and brain. (Cooter, *Cultural Meaning of Popular Science*, p. 6) The writings of these men resulted in phrenological societies and publications springing up all over the U.S. and Great Britain.

Franz Joseph Gall, was an expert on the anatomy of the brain, having spent his life studying it. Encyclopedia Britannica says F.J. Gall was a "brain anatomist of

considerable ability". (Ency. Brit., 15th ed., vol.26, p. 327) In 1800, Franz Joseph Gall, advocated to medical science that the shape of the skull was a guide to an individual's mental faculties and character traits. Based upon this, other researchers such as Pierre Flourens undertook experiments on animals to determine more exactly the functions of the various parts of the brain. Various men contributed ideas.

Leopold Auenbrugger discovered percussion to determine a fluid level. He applied his discovery of tapping his father's casks to gauge the level of fluid content to the body.

Fire In The Minds of Men, by James H. Billington a leading historian, is an excellent survey of how the French Revolution and subsequent revolutions were created by a small group of leading occultists. Utopian socialists, who embraced the occult ideal of a "revolving back to the Golden Age" helped promote the idea of phrenology at the important Paris Athenee, where debates were organized concerning the psychology of personality, physiognomy, and phrenology. (For those readers who haven't kept up with other written works of this author, the Illuminati when America was discovered believed that they historically had come from Atlantis, and that a new Atlantis could be constructed in the new world. The revolution of the United States was the first war in history called a "revolution", and it was called a revolution because it and subsequent revolutions were to revolve us back to the Golden Age of Atlantis. They named the ocean to reach their new Atlantis, the Atlantic Ocean.)

Charleston, S.C. was a major hub for the Scottish Rite and for Reformed Judaism, both which were interlocked and used the Cabala. The main goal of the Cabala is to create a mind-controlled slave called a golem. The main principle behind Freemasonry according to Albert Pike, who was the Supreme Commander of Freemasonry in Charleston, S.C. has been the cabala. This makes it easier to understand why Freemasonry has been involved in the creation of mind-controlled slaves.

It also makes it more understandable why hypnotism (called mesmerism) along with phrenology was introduced into Charleston, SC about 1830. After the occult world introduced phrenology coupled with hypnotism to Charleston, it was also introduced by the Frenchman Charles Poyen to Rhode Is. Brown University. The entire faculty was so astonished at the power of hypnotism, that they concluded that mesmerism was a more important science than phrenology.

Initially, the elite in Charleston were interested in hypnotism (called mesmerism) combined with phrenology. The craze spread to the common people, and hypnotism was the subject of a famous intellectual debate in Charleston in 1843. Phrenology, which was a science tied to Rosicrucianism, lost favor in the south, due to the large participation of phrenologists (Rosicrucians) in the abolition movement. The Abolitionist movement was created in the U.S. by the Illuminati via the Rosicrucian groups, as well as Unitarians and Socialists who were also tied to them. For instance, Rosicrucian/Phrenologist William Lloyd Garrison started the Anti-slavery Society in 1832. Three other notable Rosicrucian abolitionists are John Brown, George Lippard, and Abraham Lincoln. John Brown, besides being a Rosicrucian, revolutionist and abolitionist, was a

practicing phrenologist. He had been trained by Fowler and Wells, who promoted the Vegetarian City that A. Still visited.

Many of the Illuminati and leading European occultists, incl. men such as Charles Taze Russell (founder of the WT Society) and Joseph Smith, Jr. (founder of the LDS Mormon church) were students of phrenology. Interestingly, Joseph Smith, Jr. on Jan. 5, 1841 had a revelation that phrenology was an occult science from "the Devil". (Smith's words are recorded in *The Words of Joseph Smith: The Contemporary Accounts of the Nauvoo discourses of the Prophet Joseph*. Provo, UT: Brigham Young Univ. Religious Studies Center, 1980, p. 61.) And yet he continued studying phrenology, and endorsing phrenology to the "Latter-day Saints" (Mormons).

Quite a number of the Mormon prophets (the top leader) such as Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith got phrenological readings done of their skulls. The Mormon church sold phrenology books and even printed a phrenology magazine in Salt Lake City for a while, which was entitled *The Character Builder* from the 1870's until into the 1940's. George Reynolds, First Presidency secretary and later President of the LDS Seventies (a group of men like the catholic cardinals) considered phrenological readings as valid as the patriarchal blessings that the LDS church gives to its members.

Since the Mormon church is one of the Illuminati fronts carrying out mind-control, it should come as no surprise that attempts to control the human mind by manipulation of the shape of the skull have been attempted. Interestingly, official church interest in phrenology by the Mormon hierarchy died out during the time period (1940's) that mind-control began to be scientifically carried out by the Illuminati in cooperation with different government front. Could it be that there was a grain of powerful truth in phrenology that these people wanted quietly buried?

Swendenborg, the founder of a mystical Masonic Rite, spent a great deal of time and some of his writing discussing the skull bones. This author has encountered victims of trauma-based total mind-control within the modern Swendenborg Church of New Jerusalem. Occult students of Swendenborg, including some of the Illuminati, such as some in the DuPont family, studied his ideas with fervour. (The DuPonts appear to be connected to at least one cranial osteopath.) (Because the Church of New Jerusalem does not tell the public nor its members about Swendenborg being a Freemason, etc. it would be advantageous to briefly identify to the reader who he was. Swedenborg wrote, "I live, besides, on terms of familiarity and friendship with all the bishops of my country, who are ten in number; as also with the sixteen senators, and the rest of nobility. The king and queen also, and the three princes, their sons, show me much favor." Swedenborg, born to a well-connected elite Swedish family, was a genius who wrote an incredible amount of spiritual writings that he believed came from alien encounters. His "alien" material in his *Earth's in the Universe* is blatantly baloney, but at that time, people had no concept of what they'd find in outer space. The "aliens" even gave him the wrong number of planets in our solar system, 9. Swedenborg wrote that Saturn is "the farthest [planet] from the sun". He was certain of this and other ideas because of what the aliens had told him.

He also communicated with spirits. Masonic encyclopedias state that many of his ideas were Masonic. In *Masonry Defined* (publ. by National Masonic Press, a book based on 33° Freemason / Masonic historian Mackey's notes), their article on Emanuel Swedenborg states, "enlightened Masons will find many Masonic ideas in Swedenborg's writings." In the *Be Wise As Serpents* book, this author documents the interlocking directorates that control the top level secret societies. The Masonic Rite of Swedenborg with its 8 degrees and two "temples"-which means "sub-rites"- has had some of the worst Satanists as its leadership.)

In spite of the ridicule of the various ideas about determining personality from the shape of the body and head, *Ency. Brit.* 15th ed. Vol. 25, p. 497 admits, "Nevertheless, structural differences in the body do seem to have some significance in pointing to such aspects of personality as intelligence and emotion." The 18th and 19th century researchers were onto something, they didn't manage to finish the job. The Nazi government, and other governments have secretly tried to finish that job. Unfortunately, it may be a long time before we learn exactly how they finished this line of research. So far, the only recipients of the 20th century research findings have been a few select people within the occult world.

An interesting story involving personality change due to changes in the skull and brain was the landmark patient Phineas Gage, who died in 1861, after an accident caused him to damage the brain's ability to make rational decisions and to process emotions. Recently, new research was performed on Phineas Gage's skull to understand better how his brain had been affected by an accident. (See *Science*, May 20, 1994, p. 1102)

Another example of how the shape of the skull and the movement of skull bones determines how the brain functions are the craniectomies that are now being carried out to relieve infants from mental imbecility due to premature skull sutural closure and microcephalus. (See *The Journal of the American Medical Association JAMA*, Jan. 8, 1992, p. 226.) Further, researchers into how the brain creates thoughts, who desire to remain confidential, have come to believe that the ionic crystalline structure within the cranium's 5 cranial bone plates: the occipital bone, the two Parietal bones and the two frontal skull bones which connect at fontanellas (fissures) called sutures play an important role in the creation of thoughts. They believe that the ionic crystalline structures of the skull bones interact with incoming theta waves from the brain, and a resonance is created that causes electrons to be generated, which are then translated via a Fourier-type translation into a thought.

You are probably aware that it is the grey matter that lies next to the skull that carries out the higher level thinking that distinguishes humans from animals. These researchers have stated that they believe that the fontanellas (connections between the skull plates) allow subtle lateral motions and non-linear complex vibrations to occur. These vibrations are part of the higher thinking process. If this is true, it could have far ranging ramifications.

These researchers believe the natural resonant vibrational frequency of the skull bones (the cranium) ranges from 840 to 890 MHz in non-herzian waves. This range was reserved for VHF television, but has now been reserved for the national cellular telephone network. When the 840 to 890 range was used for television, various neurologists noted that certain signals related to particular pitches and sounds would trigger reactions in people. For instance, the NY Times 7/11/91 reported that according to a neurologist an epileptic seizure was triggered via certain television signals. Cellular phones are now being used to transmit faxes, computer information such as modems transmit, and other signals. Illuminati connected companies of IBM, Motorola, and GE are some of the companies working with cellular phone technology. The creation of vibrations via cellular phone signals in the 840 to 890 MHz non-herzian wave range could conceivably implant thoughts into a victim near the cellular phone. This raises two questions. First, IS the establishment's big push to popularize cellular phone use, even to the point of giving out free cellular phones, part of Big Brother's mind-control? Second, since it appears the brains ability to creatively think is related to the vibrations that are subtly made in the skull, the question naturally poses itself--can cranial osteopathy disrupt or alter the natural abilities of the cranium's plates to vibrate?

THE MODERN AMERICAN OCCULT CONNECTION

In the United States, as in England, there were certain families who passed their bone-setting skills down as family trade secrets. The most famous bone-setting families were the Reece family (in west. Penn., and east. Ohio), the Sweet family (in Rhode Is., Mass., Conn., & NY), and the Tieszen and Orton families in South Dakota. The Sweets became orthopedists, the Tieszen and Orton families went into Chiropractic. The Irish Quain family were famous anatomists, surgeons, and physicians.

Osteopathy and chiropractic stemmed from the same occult philosophical roots, but went in different directions. Both shared the idea that the body has the ability to maintain good health if allowed to do so, and both emphasized the manipulation of bones and joints. Both were started about the same time period in America in about the same geographic area, by men who had Scottish ancestry.

A.T. Still (the founder of osteopathy) and D.D. Palmer both studied magic and metaphysics. Both attended many of the same spiritist meetings, for instance both attended the spiritualist meetings at Clinton, Iowa on a number of occasions. (Gibbons, 1980, p. 13)

The osteopath's goal was to move bones to improve circulation. The chiropractor's primary goal was to move bones to reduce pressure or the irritation of nerves, with the further goal of positively helping organs and tissue. A.T. Still & other osteopaths claimed Daniel D. Palmer visited Still at his house, but Palmer's descendants say it's not true.

Early on Still's two best assistants were two doctors from Scotland, William Smith & James Littlejohn. Daniel David Palmer (1845-1913), founder of chiropractic, was a Freemason & an occultist. His original practice was to heal people with what he called

"magnetic healing" which was a combination of laying on of hands, hypnotism and white magic. Of course it was not called white magic, it was called "magnetic healing" by Palmer.

Part of the magnetism was his own magnetic (hypnotic) personality. Palmer also knew phrenology and had a keen sense of touch concerning a person's head. D.D. Palmer taught phrenology. D.D. Palmer was a mixture of good and bad traits. He was an excellent scholar and had good organizational skills for what he learned. One of his difficult traits was his megalomania. In 1905, at a coroner's inquiry, Palmer refused to take an oath to swear the truth "so help me God", because he said that "I don't want any help from God." It must have been hard on his pride, when his own son B.J. Palmer, who had been cruelly raised by cruel step-mothers, turned Judas and stole from his father both the honor & money that was due his father.

His son Bartlett Joshua Palmer (1882-1961) worked in a circus as an assistant to professional circus hypnotists known as Professor Hunt, and later Professor Herbert L. Flint. Later, with mysterious connections to the right people, B.J. Palmer, got the money and the political clout to get started in building a school for chiropractic. His powerful Davenport radio station, WOC, said to be the second largest in the U.S., had Ronald Reagan (our future president) as one of its sports announcers.

B.J. Palmer was connected to the occult world. He liked to encourage the idea that he was a Christ figure. New Ager Napoleon Hill, author of *Think and Grow Rich* (1937) considered Palmer his mentor. B.J. had prominent Masons and other elite as his personal guests. Elbert Hubbard, a friend of B.J.'s, was the person who persuaded John D. Rockefeller's personal physician, to get Rockefeller to use chiropractic care. Later in 1963, Nelson Rockefeller would be the important person to get chiropractic accepted as legal in NY, and then appointed chiropractor Albert Cera to his Medical Advisory Committee.

Illuminati kingpin California Gov. Edmund Brown appointed 12 chiropractors to regional committees associated with the California Board of Medical Assurance. Hollywood got into the promotion of chiropractic, with the 1990 film *Jacob's Ladder* which was a film exposing the U.S. military's use of BZ (a derivative of LSD) in Vietnam to experimentally try to create aggression via drugs in American soldiers.

It appears that chiropractic occult ties have been beneficial in its fight for acceptance. The occult world has worked hard to keep chiropractic within its domain. This is why you will find Christians exposing the occult connections to chiropractic such as T.M. Clement's book *A Warning to Christians About the Origins of Chiropractic*. (Moses Lake:WA, date of printing not known).

As the reader will discover other sciences involving the relationship of the mind, brain, the body and personality have also been kept in the domain of the secret societies. Like Palmer, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, who founded osteopathy, was interested in phrenology, hypnotism, spiritism, magic. The reference book *10,000 Famous Freemasons* (Vol. 4)

outlines his Masonic career in Freemasonry. His writings include such Masonic phrases as "Great architect of the Universe." His grandfather had been Scotch-Irish. His father was a Methodist Episcopal minister, who was an abolitionist who fought with John Brown and the free-state forces in Kansas.

Andrew Taylor Still ran for the legislature of Kansas Territory as a free-state candidate and won in the Oct. 1857 elections. Later, he married Mary Elvira Turner, who was from the "burned-over" district in New York. She had been exposed to abolitionist ideas, phrenology, and hypnotism (called mesmerism) which were all popular in the area she grew. Her area of NY was where Spiritism began in 1848. Horace Greeley of the NY Tribune then made these seances with spirits famous. In 1867, after his children died, Andrew Taylor Still embraced spiritism. Still's beliefs in spiritism included ideas from Freemason Swendenborg's writings. (For details of Andrew Taylor Still's life refer to the book Trowbridge, Carol. Andrew Taylor Still. Kirksville, MO: The Thomas Jefferson Press, 1990.)

A.T. Still built osteopathy on the foundation of teachings of men such as phrenologist/hypnotists such as Joseph Rodes Buchanan. Buchanan used hypnosis and manipulation of the head to radiate the cerebral fluid from the brain to the body, which was coming close to the basics of cranial osteopathy. How did A.T. Still come up with these new ideas? A.T. Still was able to study and conduct experiments on bodies by raiding Indian graves for bodies, which he says in his "Circumstances and Personal Experiences" he did thousands of experiments on.

Certainly, he was unusual in having had a boyhood interest in digging up skeletons. He also read every book on anatomy he could find. In spite of his preoccupation with digging up skulls of people, Still seems to have been a decent person. Today, the occult world dislikes him. Why? In view of the historical facts, and the historical occult campaign to denigrate who Still was, it appears Still revealed secrets. Still was interested in scientific investigation. He proved things as he went along. He was a true researcher, and contrary to many researchers he was willing to openly share his knowledge with mankind.

Andrew's two brothers, Ed and James, were M.D.s. They may well have been loyal to the occult world, and it is speculated that this may account for part of their attempts to destroy the work of Andrew Still. It appears that in spite of Andrew's own occult connections, Andrew Still wanted to give the world cranial osteopathic knowledge that the occult world deemed to be secrets.

Andrew Still joined Freemasonry in Baldwin, KS's Palmyra Lodge No. 23. (10,000 Famous Freemasons, Vol. 4, p. 194). He came from a transgeneration occult background. He did speak and write with the type of terminology that the occult world uses, although today some of his "occult" writings only appear so because they are taken out of context. Recently, the Internet has a website with the "Sage Sayings of Still" with excerpts from a "spiritual diary" he kept. On the other side of the coin, the supposed sage occult sayings of Still were renounced by Still himself after he wrote

them. He not only exposed occult secrets that the bonesetters had kept in the occult families for centuries, he made a point of tossing occultists out of his school.

I believe Andrew Still was one of those people that the generational occultists could say, "He grew up and dwelt among us, but he wasn't one of us." No wonder the occult world has had a campaign against him after he died. After Andrew died, his son Charles an excellent compassionate skillful doctor was to have taken over A.T. Still's Kirksville Osteopathic College. Instead, a rich financial backer, Warren Hamilton, who owned pivotal shares of stock placed James Still's grandson into the Osteopathic College's president's chair. The knowledge that Still tried to get to the world was now stifled. As an example of where things have progressed the Cranial Academy (the American Academy of Osteopathy) is now situated in three buildings in Indianapolis that are identical copies of the Great Pyramid, & use pyramids for their logo. (By the way one of Dr. A.T. Still's great-grandnephews is William Still who wrote the book New World Order. William Still is descended from the doctor's brother Thomas, who was an M.D. William's father was a U.S. general who was part of World Order, and although William's book was great, when one considers how the NWO order creates their own opposition and how double-agents are created, this author has some personal reservations on what is happening with William. For those who haven't obtained a copy of the book, this author recommends it.)

Back to discussing Still's ideas. Eventually, A.T. Still developed his own ideas for healing the body without using drugs, or the dangerous medical practices of his day. In 1874, Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, devised osteopathy, a medical practice that seeks to help the body via manipulated of the bones. 16 Osteopathic Schools have successfully sprung up in the U.S. over the years to serve the need for osteopath doctors. A few others failed. A small specialty within the Osteopathic medicine is Cranial Osteopathy which has the Cranial Academy (formed in 1946), which is a component of the American Academy of Osteopathy. The Cranial Academy is headquartered at 1020 Market Tower, Ten West Market St., Indianapolis, IN 46204 in a building that looks like 3 Egyptian pyramids.

Osteopathic students who have taken a Basic Cranial Course approved by the Academy are eligible to apply to the Cranial Academy to learn about osteopathy as it applies to the skull. Just recently, in June 20-23, 1996, they had their annual conference at Walt Disney World Village, Lake Buena Vista, FL. Walt Disney World happens to be a major mind-control programming center and the significance of this was brought out in Chapter 5.

The Cranial Academy, founded by occultist Sutherland in 1946, is affiliated with the Applied Academy of Osteopathy (this AAO is a group that is concerned with manipulative work, & also based in IN). WG Sutherland developed Cranial Osteopathic concepts. It appears that the occult world were upset enough with Andrew Still's revelations, that they planted WG Sutherland into the new science to bring the science back into the realm of the occult world. Sutherland (and those that followed him) was not above spewing out disinformation. Another leader following Sutherland in the field

was another occultist Fulford, who helped insure that the Theosophists and Rosicrucians took over the science that A.T. Still had tried to give the world in a scientific form. Fulford, almost a god to some of the doctors interested in cranial osteopathy, functions as a bulwark to prevent most doctors from learning the deeper arts of manipulation.

Only a small inner group are taught the most advanced manipulative methods and anatomical details. The crucial cranial research work is being done privately by doctors affiliated with the Rosicrucians and this research is reported only in their literature for Rosicrucians only. The American Osteopathy Association helps to keep things low key by making no reference to the Cranial Academy in their materials, and only referring to the AAO once.

In 1953, one of the leading Cranial Osteopaths, William G. Sutherland, an American of Scottish descent, formed a foundation called the Sutherland Cranial Teaching Foundation in Denver, CO to promote the teaching of Cranial (head or skull) Osteopathy as developed by Sutherland. The cranial osteopathic work is taught by the Cranial Academy, but the inner knowledge, the inner secrets that are needed to successfully use cranial manipulation for mind-control are not taught by the Cranial Academy. This is taught privately by doctors who keep their relationships to each other secret. The inner core leaders (the top 3) of this small highly proficient group were all based in the south, and have all died since 1990. They have been replaced by carefully recruited handpicked successors.

There are occasional groups in other places that do cranial work. Some research on bioenergy and bone motion was done at the Univ. of Michigan School of Osteopathy and the Upledger Institute based in Florida has taught a very mechanical and rudimentary version of cranial work. These are just side activities. The U.S. Air Force and Navy provide scholarships which cover full tuition, books and living expenses for certain applicants to go to osteopathic college for four years. This has been carried out via the Director, Washington Office, American Osteopathic Association, Cafritz Building Suite 1009, 1625 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20006.

One of the military Cranial Osteopaths is a Maj. Beverly I. Maliner, and another is David R. Lemme at the Naples, It. Naval Hospital. There are reports that this hospital along with other American military sites in Europe are being used for mind-control. However, that does not necessarily connect Lemme or Maj. Maliner with government mind-control. This author knows of no evidence that would connect them. The military has used civilians to carry out some of the mind-control on their bases for decades, so they wouldn't have to use their own people if they didn't want to. The military has conducted secret research into the effects of skull bone movement, and traumatic skull injuries which are still classified.

One example of many of the type of modern research done is Susan Ann Bloomfield's Ph.d. dissertation "Site-specific changes in bone mass and Alterations in Calcitrophic Hormones with Electrical Stimulation Exercise in Individuals with Chronic Spinal Cord

Injury." Her research showed that electrical stimulation of the muscles around spinal injuries helped the bones grow.

The casual researcher will soon find out that Cranial Osteopathy is a hidden subject. One of the better books discussing the potential of Cranial Osteopathy and how it works is a hard-to-get out-of-print book *Craniosacral Osteopathy* by Ronald R. McCatty. As this subject is so important to mind-control, this author availed himself to find a copy of the book and to study it. Some of the techniques described in the book will be hard for regular doctors to verify. If the curious were to use standard medical tests such as X-rays or MRI (which are too big), they will not get anywhere in discovering the details of how to manipulate the skull. The science is much more minute than these tests. An M.D. who asked the Cranial Academy about cranial literature was told that their literature is copyrighted to the writers and not available to other professions. This is an example of how protective the Cranial Academy is of their knowledge and they aren't even teaching the hard core inner secrets!

The secret cults continue their iron grip over the deep secrets of cranial manipulation. They continue their monopoly over who gets benefited by cranial work, as well as who is destroyed by cranial work.

In review, a number of sincere men have tried to develop Cranial Osteopathy including Dr. Andrew Still in 1874. Interestingly, as soon as each one of these men began discovering new techniques informed members of the occult world would take over their work, and insure that the work was kept within the confines of the occult world. For instance, Dr. Sutherland's experiments revealed to him that Cranial Osteopathy could influence the way a person thought and their personality. In the book, *With Thinking Fingers The Story of William Gamet Sutherland* by his wife Adah Strand Sutherland, she writes, "It was Dr. Sutherland's cherished dream that a day would come when the benefits to the mentally ill through the cranial component in osteopathy would be investigated to the satisfaction of scientific insistence; that it would be approved and made available institutionally, in the curriculum's of osteopathic colleges as well as in the majority of private practices." (Sutherland, Adah S. *With Thinking Fingers*. The Cranial Academy: Indianapolis, IN., p. 62).

However, clever people in the occult world saw that Cranial Osteopathy could not only be used to help the mentally ill, but to control the minds of people. They realized that this valuable information could not be shared with the world but should be confined to the occult world where its full evil potential could be exploited.

Part of why it was so easy to hi-jack Sutherland's research is that he wrote very little. He wrote only two short articles. He didn't like to write, he liked to do research and work with people. Strangely, his wife divorced him, and a Rosicrucian lady married him. The details of it all have the feel of the occult world moving in and micromanaging Sutherland's life in order to control his research. Two years after Sutherland died in '54, his Osteopathy Cranial Association was already starting to praise a new age type of "Christ" in its literature. Anne L. Wales, a Rosicrucian, archived his work, and it is

through her that we have received some of his work. She makes sure that when Sutherland's ideas see the light of day, they are steeped in occult Rosicrucian ideas. This helps insure that sincere non-occult scientists disregard what appears to be Rosicrucianism, rather than the research of a doctor.

Anne L. Wales has been more than a Rosicrucian. She was a member of the Church of Scientology, which is practicing trauma-based mind-control and which is a recruiting organization for the OTO and the Process Church which are also both practicing total mind-control in coordination with the Illuminati. This author is aware of two separate victims of trauma-based total mind-control who came out of different Rosicrucian groups. As there are several groups claiming Rosicrucian philosophy, this author hasn't sorted out if there are any Rosicrucian groups which AREN'T being used as repositories for mind-controlled slaves. In other words, it appears that all Rosicrucian groups contain mind-controlled slaves.

Rosicrucianism (its various forms) has long attracted membership from the medical community, and there is evidence that it even recruits in the medical, chiropractic and osteopathic schools. The Rosicrucians, who like to track their history back to the alchemists, brag about their large numbers of medical members. AMORC indicates that at least 11% of its members are doctors. The Rosicrucians also hint about their secret medical experiments and secret medical knowledge. One Rosicrucian claim to fame is their mystical theories about the connections between the mind and the body (particularly the skull & nervous system).

The luxurious Clymer Health Clinic near Philadelphia offers cranial treatments at very modest prices by their staff of Rosicrucian chiropractors. Rosicrucian (& high ranking Mason) Swinbourne Clymer, MD, donated the land and funds for that clinic early this century. Clymer was a millionaire with eccentric health ideas. He financed the entire Rosicrucian Philadelphia-based group, too. His writings have tidbits that show he was an insider. Their headquarters has pyramids with capstones. Their books mention the Illuminati with great frequency. It is beyond the scope of this chapter, but there are connections between theosophy and Rosicrucianism and the Illuminati.

Theosophical groups tie in to the Nazi's religious beliefs, and today theosophical-minded young people are showing an interest in cranial manipulation. In other words, the interconnections between the occult world begin popping up when one investigates cranial work. One outspoken Doctor of Cranial Osteopathy (DO) Donald E. Woods, recently spoke out in the journal of Cranial Osteopathy entitled The Cranial Letter against the occultism that clearly controlled his specialty. He wrote in protest, "Yet, in the past we [cranial osteopaths] have bordered both on being a cult and on being occult. We must be neither to be effectively acceptable in health care, and it can be done since osteopathy, including Cranial Osteopathy, is based on valid human physiological and anatomical truths. Where do cult and occult fit in?"....Occultism says you do not have to pay attention to any of the old rules. Everything goes. Kick the walls out. Be tolerant of everyone's behaviour....Both the cult and the occult have the tendency to think that things outside their sphere of influence are unreasonable. They

might say, "It is necessary that you belong to our group." (The Cranial Letter, Aug., '94, Vol. 47, No. 3, p.9)

While this letter printed in The Cranial Letter helps establish to the reader the occult world's influence in cranial osteopathy, the Cranial Academy may have printed this because the doctor in question is a multiple and they are possibly helping him separate himself publicly from the occult. And while the secrecy of cranial manipulation has been well kept, the Cranial Academy is considering disbanding itself, and letting the 16 osteopathic schools teach a more basic form of cranial work, which would further isolate the secrets for occult's elect.

Osteopathy itself has been accepted into mainstream medicine and one medical reference book states, "It is important to note that the osteopathic system of diagnosis and therapy is used in conjunction with the standard medical procedures of drug and surgical therapy." The curriculum at an osteopathic college or school is almost identical with that offered at the standard schools. The most popular school is the Chicago College of Osteopathic Medicine. There are approx. 150 osteopathic hospitals in the U.S. Most osteopaths are general practitioners and only 20% of the osteopaths specialize. Of these only a tiny percentage do Cranial Osteopathy full time. Of the small clique of DOs (Dr.s of Osteopathy) who do Cranial Osteopathy full time (Note: there are about 150 DOs nationwide that spend approx. 100% of their time doing Cranial Osteopathy--which no. was determined by this author using info provided in the Member Information Directory of the Cranial Academy.), and then based upon observations at programming sites and other criteria there is an inner circle of about 9 doctors who understand Cranial Osteopathy well enough to use their skills for the Illuminati in mind control.

Recently, there have been a number of magazine articles, for instance, American Medical News, June 26, 1995, p. 3 which discusses how osteopathic medical techniques of manipulation are becoming more acceptable to mainstream physicians and to the public. The article mentions that the American Osteopathic Assn. is getting \$6 million for research. Obviously, the American Osteopathic Assn. is politically correct and moving with the stream of today's general trend toward new age ideas, and a global government.

Many osteopath doctors specialize. A Canadian government survey of chiropractors, osteopaths, and naturopaths in Canada revealed that 66% of the Canadian osteopaths specialized (See Royal Commission on Health Services Study of Chiropractors, Osteopaths and Naturopaths in Canada. Ottawa, Can: The Queen's Printer, 1966, p. 166), a figure much higher than revealed in a study of American Osteopaths in A Statistical Study of the Osteopathic Profession, Dec. 31, 1960, Dept. of Information and Statistics, American Osteopathic Association, May 1961, p. 2 Table 7.

In the Canadian study, osteopaths reported specializing in headaches, neurology, cranial work and cranial osteopathy. Their naturopaths reported specializing in fields including psycho-therapy, radio wave, electrotherapy, and cranial correction in

mongoloids, spastics and body reconstruction. In exploring mind-control, it must be born in mind, that the American CIA was quick to recruit Canadians to help. Some of the cranial osteopaths themselves appear to be in controlled trance states, so they may well be under total mind-control themselves. These people are obviously of Celtic (probably Illuminati) bloodlines.

BONE & SKULL STRUCTURE

Bones are alive and changing. It might be helpful to review what bones are made of, and how they change and grow, just in case the reader had some misconceptions such as that bones are fixed solids that don't change. Bones within the human body, esp. the skull give support and protection. Bone is comprised of "an organic matrix synthesized and deposited by osteoblastic activity, calcium-phosphate precipitates, and a mineralized phase of hydroxyapatite, which is primarily composed of calcium and inorganic phosphate (Robey, 1989). The primary ingredient of the organic matrix is a collagen in the form of fibers that are extensively cross-linked. applies to 90% of the matrix. There several types of collagen, Type 1 predominant. This are is Numerous noncollagenous proteins have also been discovered in bone, including some which have been identified as growth factors. Bone development and turnover is regulated by various bone cells (see Teltelbaum, 1990)

The exact method the body uses to recreate new bone is too complex to describe here, but let it suffice that researchers are studying all the minute complexities of the abilities of the body to produce bone. Old bone is constantly being absorbed and reproduced new. BMUs are important to development of new bone. (see studies like Frost, 1965, & Parfit, 1987). According to the Wall Street Journal, Feb. 23, 1996, p. A1 (in both Eastern & Western editions) some physicians are remodeling lopsided skulls of infants with unnecessary surgery when the only problem is the child's sleep position, and the lopsided skull can be corrected with a head band rather than surgery.

In terms of head shapes, which can be created by skilled manipulation of the skull bones, a Vertical Strain Superior is associated with passiveness and dissociation. This is why some of the cults are either manipulating people's heads or recruiting people that have long faces in their cults. The vertical Strain Inferior is said to be connected to criminals. The programmers for the NWO have been intentionally manipulating people's skull to get passiveness and dissociativeness.

Daniel Whiteside and John Wesley Grossman did extremely valuable work in statistically validating the clear connections between 60 behavior traits and physical structures. The physical shape of the brain is related to how the brain's cells are proportioned. This science is called Structure/ Function.

Daniel's father Robert L. Whiteside was one of the founders of 3-In-One. Robert wrote an amazing book Face Language. The Air Force academy used it in three of their courses. Prior to encountering Robert's book, this author has noticed that the Japanese and Chinese have done a great deal of research and writing in this area. Our own

language has come to reflect some of our intuitive ideas about Structure/ Function such as: "He is level-headed." "She is nosey." "He's a real high-brow." and "He leads with his chin." (cf. Face Language, p. xi-xii)

Whiteside takes 40 pages to identify traits that are shown by the eyes. Then he explains traits that are shown by the mouth area. Then he deals with overall facial traits and finally profile traits. For instance, a large difference between one side of the face and the other indicates how much the individual changes with their mood change. If the head steadily gets wider as it runs from the mouth to the ears, then the person has the trait of acquisitiveness. A person who loves to be precise with words will develop little lines that fan out from the inner corner of the eye toward the cheekbone. The 3-In-1 college doesn't teach that the face reveals all behavior, but they teach their students what to expect from people, so that they can communicate better.

Another 3-In-1 publication Advanced ONE BRAIN by Gordon Stokes and Daniel Whiteside reveals eye modes. NLP has also been teaching some of these eye modes to detect what a person is thinking. Another publication provides charts (designed by William Mariboe) which explain different traits and how they exhibit themselves physically. For instance if the eyes are extremely wide apart, the person will either see an open viewpoint as valuable or feel inadequate. The chart then charts out how the trait (of emotional tolerance) will exhibit itself under different circumstances. For instance, in doing a job they tend to lose track of time. Perhaps the value of all this is not clear in the reader's mind. In terms of mind-control, if you know what physical structures will give you a particular trait, you can enhance what you want by skilful manipulation of the skull bones.

The key to manipulating the skull lies in the fact that the skull bones actually float on the Cerebrospinal fluid, while the brain floats in the fluid. In the booklet The Cranial Bowl by William G. Sutherland (1984), he writes about what he calls "the moulding technic". The moulding technic is the reshaping of the skull. He writes on page 28, "The moulding technic is especially adaptable to children, and even to the adult well along in the later period of life." In the booklet, he goes into details about the cerebrospinal fluid.

CEREBROSPINAL FLUID

The Cerebrum (brain) and the spine float in a fluid that surrounds them. This fluid is called cerebrospinal fluid and is referred to on page 1050 of the massive anatomical reference book Gray's Anatomy 36th Brit. ed. (edited by Williams & Warwick, printed by W.B. Saunders Co., for Churchill Livingstone). In 1920 and 1938, Weed published research on the circulation of the cerebrospinal fluid. As just one example of many of the roles that the CS Fluid plays within the brain, that has been discovered is that the carotid artery has a branch that passes upward through a water bed of cerebro-spinal fluid. The CS Fluid follows that internal carotid artery to the choroid plexus, so that it can perform the function of interchange with the arterial blood. The CS Fluid is "in command" of this exchange. (I mention this because see how this ties in with the 5th brain?)

In fact, a Fourth Ventricle Compression is the most valuable and powerful CSF technique for helping people. (It is mentioned simply to show people the effect that CSF has on some very important brain areas.) Because the brain and spinal cord float in a fluid, a brain weighing 1,500 grams in the air, only weighs 50 gr. in cerebrospinal fluid which distributes the brain weight more evenly. The fluid itself is clear, slightly alkaline with a specific gravity of 1007. About 100 mls of CS Fluid will exist to float the brain and spinal cord. The spine rests in this cerebrospinal fluid, which has waves that approximate the breathing rhythm of the body. 50% of the cerebrospinal fluid is manufactured in one part of the head (choroid plexuses), and spends its time fluxuating. It is absorbed and replenished, as other body elements are. The plexuses which are located in the lateral recesses of the fourth ventricle also put cerebrospinal fluid into the subarachnoid space, and this supplies the cerebello-medullary cistern and the pontine cistern with fluid. The cerebrospinal fluid makes up a single fluxuating system of fluid within which the central nervous system/brain operate. As the brain coils and uncoils, waves of motion (energy) fluctuate in a spiral pattern through the cerebrospinal fluid in the skull, down the spinal column and up again, so that there is motion from front to back in the head and also laterally.

As the human brain develops the CSF seems to appear at the earliest stages. The brain goes through stages of development as the brain-spinal cord divide. The forebrain develops into several items, the midbrain into two parts, and the hindbrain into the first three brains. The cerebrospinal fluid is manufactured by the body, fluctuates in a single Head-spinal cord system and then is absorbed and replenished by the body. The fluid does not circulate like blood. The fluid and the skull bones continue to fluctuate even if a person holds his breath. As long as the CSF oscillates like it should, things are fine, but if something occurs to pervert the rhythms, the health of the person goes down. Loss of sleep can influence the rhythms adversely. If the occipital motion is restricted schizophrenia can result. When severe spheno-basilar symphysis locking occurs, there is frequently manic-depression. Most people are totally unaware that these mental problems may be resulting from a CSF problem.

Very little information is let out about the cerebrospinal fluid. Very little is released to the public about how over a period of time Cranial Osteopaths can develop the manipulative skill to control and change the fluctuations of these fluids. Only a few top people are allowed in on the secrets, and those people are handpicked members of the occult world. Some of the top Cranial Doctors are under Monarch-type mind control themselves. The osteopathic libraries are staffed with people loyal to keeping cranial osteopathic secrets within the occult world. Could other doctors teach themselves? The ability to manipulate the cerebral-spinal fluid is an art that has taken years to develop, and for practitioners to learn. As stated, the tests that doctors rely on such as x-rays and MRIs are too big and clumsy to be of any value in this area. The doctors would have to "reinvent the wheel and then the automobile" if they wanted to self-teach themselves. It often takes two to three years of study in this area, before a doctor is able to feel the movement of the fluid.

The cranial bones have sutures between them, that allow a skilled person to move them. The sutures have been proven to move as much as 1/20 of an inch. The trained finger can perceive the natural motion of these sutures even if the natural motions are only 1/40 of an inch. In McCatty's excellent book *Essentials of Cranio-Sacral Osteopathy*, (Bath, Eng.: Ashgrove Press) p. 3 he states, "Contrary to some schools of thought, all circumstances being normal, the cranial sutures (or joints of the head) do not fuse--regardless of age, race, sex, or geographic location. They are perpetually motile, influencing the dynamics of fluid exchange and membraneous tension within the cramo-sacral mechanism."

When early cranial osteopaths like Sutherland looked at the skull and its membranes and cartilage they realized that the 18 human bones that make up the head were actually designed to articulate (move slightly). In fact, researchers have discovered the cranium has 3 distinct oscillations. (Magoun, Harold Ives, D.O. *Osteopathy in the Cranial Field*, p.322).

Maud Nerman, D.O. presented the outline of an interesting lecture and lab class that she gave in 1992, entitled "Visualizing the brain under our hands" in which she taught the techniques for feeling the bones of the brain move with CS Fluid fluxuations, as well as sensing what it was doing internally. Coordinating the movement of the skull bones with the movement of the CS Fluid was called "directing the tide" by W.G. Sutherland. His *Journal of the Osteopathic Cranial Assoc.* reported successes doing this. Ronald McCatty teaches that "some heads are less pliant than other". The practitioner will rest his trained hands on the head, wait, and allow the cranial motion to teach the cranial osteopath what is happening or needs to happen. The client will usually be laying down, and the doctor will be relaxed and focused. The motion of the CS Fluid is called the Cranial Rhythmic Impulse (CR1). It will pulse about 10-14 times/mm. in normal adults and 12-16 times/mm. in children. When a person is frightened the CR1 can stop for up to 20 seconds. (The mind is literally frozen.) Tranquilizers will slow the CR1 rate down, as well as poor health.

For someone who has been traumatized, such as with electroshock, the very mention of the traumatic event, will cause the CR1 to temporarily stop. The cranial osteopath does not really force any bones, but rather gently encourages a skull bone in the direction it should go. Lightness of touch is a necessity. An example of the health benefits of the trained osteopath is given by McCatty, "That kink in the straight sinus can be, and often is, one of the primary causes of epilepsy and internal hydrocephalus..." By treating the kink the osteopath takes care of the problem, where the standard method is often to give the subject strong drugs.

To give an example of how the CS Fluid (CSF) can relate to our state of mind, consider the following by McCatty, "And again, change of direction of C.S.F. from anterior-posterior to lateral is of paramount importance in the sleep-wake phenomenon. When you are standing there is parallel action of C.S.F. flow. When you lie down with your head on a pillow this alters, you impinge on one or other temporal bone, you decelerate C.S.F. activity. You, as it were, slow down the pendulum. You inhibit parallel

action. By inhibiting this pendulum you automatically produce an anteroposterior swing which is parasympathetic; that is to say, the parts of the automatic nervous system that slow down the action of the heart when the body is not under stress, in order to conserve bodily energy." This author thought it was exciting to understand better how the mind/body relaxes and slows down when we lay our heads down.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION (TM) & the HINDU CONNECTION

Years ago, back in 1974, this author was a West Point cadet who was watching the U.S. Army introduce TM into the academy. It was presented as a scientific technique, and many officers, some friends and other cadets availed themselves of the chance to train themselves in TM's mystical method of training. A fellow cadet who was already trained in martial arts quickly learned the techniques. After initially maintaining a safe distance, this author decided to investigate TM after I got out of the military. The U.S. government gave substantial grants to get TM introduced into this country. Fortunately, Christians didn't sleep long, and exposed that TM is Hinduism. Everyone that is taught TM is initiated into it by the TM instructor singing a puja (worship) song in Sanskrit which is a Hindu devotional song while incense and candles burn.

Until the Christians exposed this, our national government went blithely along in promoting Hinduism into our public schools. For instance, the Dept. of Health, Education, & Welfare gave a \$21,540 grant for 150 high school teachers to learn TM. TM has grown to be a powerful organization, with many organizations set up attached to it. It has its international headquarters at Hotel Sonnenberg in the Swiss village of Seelisberg.

When I investigated TM back in 1975, this TM instructor who was friends of mine, talked about her experience at Seelisberg. From the conversation with her it was obvious that people had had to surrender their will to the organization to go to Seelisberg, and some mind altering experiences had taken place there. She participated in the Siddhi program to be able to dematerialize, walk through walls and levitate. But the program clearly had emotionally disturbed her and others who had been in it. Once a person is involved in the higher levels of TM, you don't just walk away from this cult. From my personal observations, I discovered that TM is involved in some types of mind-manipulation, and that the organization is not above using deceit on unsuspecting people.

What then becomes doubly interesting is that after observing these things, I learned that TM have a large interest in the cranial osteopathic techniques which can alter the mind and personality of a person. For instance, this author has obtained a list of TM instructors in Santa Monica, CA area who are also Doctors of Cranial Osteopathy. (But bear in mind, this whole thing is bigger than labels, when people are interested in the occult they study eclectically.) These TM Cranial Osteopaths are concentrated where TM has a secret MUM Mountain, CA training site. There are cranial doctors in the nearby towns of Aptos, Capitola, Cupertino, Hollister, Los Gatos, Salinas, Santa Cruz, Saratoga and Watsonville. It's boggles the mind that 12 cranial doctors are needed for the rural area near MUM Mountain, while L.A. only has 10. Concentrations of cranial

doctors occur in close proximity to TM centers, particularly around the Maharishi University in Fairfield, 10 as well as the secret MUM Mountain training center. Other cranial DOs who are part of TM are scattered about the United States.

Another observation which I made, was that some of the people that got really big into TM are still searching for something to fill the voids and needs of their life. TM didn't turn out to be as big of an answer as they expected. TM is not the final answer. However, the Maharishi who brought TM to America has a college in Fairfield, Iowa (the Maharishi International University) and 20 North American "heavenly communities" operating in the quest to create a heaven on earth. The Maharishi International University has been used for medical experimentation on people. The close connections between the leadership of TM and the Illuminati leadership suggests that TM is being used as another haven for the NWO's mind-control to be perpetrated on unsuspecting victims. There are bone-setters in India also. Perhaps the Maharishi got his original interest in the potential for mind-control via skull manipulation in India. Wherever the interest came from, it is evident that TM in America is involved in skull manipulation for its mind-control results.

The 3-in-One school Connection.

If one wants to surrender oneself to a cult, and allow one's mind to be control, in order to learn, the 3-in-1 school will be happy to teach you about what others would call phrenology and manipulation of the skull to control thinking. The school has a number of courses. They do not call their principles phrenology. Nor do they call their instruction mind-control. They identify to the student areas of the head and what type of thinking that area of the head is involved with. They also provide information so that their students can evaluate how people will act based on the shape of their heads and how that shape will interact with other shapes. The school is located at 2001 West Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91506, ph. no. 818-841-4786. They teach Ericksonian Hypnosis (good for programmers to know), Bodywork (incl. cranial osteopathy, which is good for programmers to know), and they teach NLP, Mind-controlled relationships (along with scripts), Mind-controlled adolescent problems, and a pantheistic religious philosophy/religion.

When the 3-in-1 school got started they were teaching muscle-testing and other important skills to their students (who can become "facilitators" in teaching others). The muscle-manipulation they have taught is extremely gentle and way beyond what the chiropractors knew. The school in California began about 10 years ago and then a few years later they began to tighten their hold on all their graduates and their students. The school has been drawing students from Europe, Japan, China, Russia, and South America (incl. Brazil). They have moved more and more toward being an occult cult or perhaps an Illuminati front.

When given information that their muscle techniques could be used to help multiples, they have made it clear (according to one school administrator) that they are not interested in helping multiple personalities. One school administrator named Gordon

Stokes said, "We're off in another direction." In fact, Gordon Stokes is the founder of 3-In-1. (Technically, a co-founder, Daniel Whiteside and Candace Callaway helped. Some speculate that the Three-in-One name refers to this triumvirate, and perhaps to their relationship together.)

Gordon Stokes has been reported to be a member of the BOTA which is an international Mystery School of the Hierarchy. BOTA stands for Builders of the Adytum. It is a Qabalistic-Hermetic Order of adepts founded in the 1920s by Dr. Paul Foster Case reportedly on direction by the hierarchy. The BOTA teaches higher states of consciousness to its adepts. It is located at 5105 No. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, CA 90042. Daniel Whiteside's parents are deeply involved in personology. And Candace Callaway's mother, their book keeper, has also been a major figure at the 3-in-1 school. This 3-in-1 school in Burbank seems to be a finishing school for Illuminati programmers. The school ridicules people who want to examine their life or have a conscience. Christianity is considered to be an obnoxious tyrannical religion by the school. The information that they teach would be very helpful for mind-control programmers, and their occult philosophy would scare off moral people from participating.

The 3-In-1 research has been geared into how the brain works. Their research shows that if a person has more brain cells in a particular region of the brain, they are more developed in that intellectual area. For instance, if the Action-based-on-feeling area (the parietal lobe) has lots of cells, the person will be more active than thoughtful. If the person has more cells in the brain's Conscious-associational thinking area (frontal lobes) they will think more than act. They call their system based upon this research comparative cell proportion. There were many ancient works that noticed personality traits in relationship to head shapes.

Three-In-One article "The Background of Structure/Function" states, "You can read about the basis of Structure/Function in the Hebrew CABALA'S book of ZOHAR (which is literally Aristotle's PHYSIOGNOMONICA) as well as in the writings of Maimonides and those of almost every famous Arabian philosopher during Medieval times." (Stokes, Daniel. The Background of Structure/Function, 1991, p. 2) The Cranial Academy's The Cranial Letter also picked up on the connection between the Cabala and cranial manipulation.

A class on the "Cabala and Osteopathy" is advertized in the May '95 issue, p. 9. Until Freud captured the interest of students of the mind, phrenology was psychology. Phrenology studied what could be measured, Freud got people looking for the hidden. In 1938, Dr. Edward Vincent Jones improved upon Phrenology and classic Physiognomy and developed Personology. His system was an instant hit and he was given the go ahead and conduct research on inmates at San Quentin Prison, and what is now LA's giant USC County Hospital.

Interestingly, it was not long after Jones' research there, that Cisco Wheeler's father (trained as a programmer) was assigned by the Illuminati to organize covens in the San Quentin Prison. The Whitesides became disciples of Jones research and went on to

statistically validate his system. One of their best students then was Gordon Stokes of Sacramento, who then moved to San Francisco to be better trained by the Whitesides. As mentioned, sixty traits have been validated statistically. By looking at the skull and head, the skin, the body tone, the eyes, and other areas, the practitioners of Structure/Function can accurately tell a person's personality. Because this type of information has been in the possession of caballists, it is not surprising that the average person is ignorant of all this. However, the potential for good or evil with this knowledge is tremendous.

They also used Applied Kinesiology to defuse emotional stress. For this work they divide the brain into the dominant side (the left), and the alternate side (the right). Then each of these hemispheres is again divided between the fore and back brains for defusion. Applied Kinesiology is used to gain information about a trauma, and the defusion is used to release any negative emotional stress around an incident. (This also possibly could be used to dilute the emotional impact of some assignment done by a slave.)

In the first 3-In-1 newsletter of 1995, pg. 1, they write, "Self-image is the key to good learning performance. What 'magic' do we use to help slow learners and people labeled as 'learning disabled' change for the better so dramatically." This is just one minor example, of how these groups like to reframe what they do in occult terms. The mind-control programmers need only have someone skilled in the manipulation of the cranial bones and the skull bones and they can with repeated delicate precision reshape a person's skull and also his brain's shape, thus manipulating the personality & looks. Photos of Marilyn Monroe (Erma Jean) during her life strongly suggest that type of cranial manipulation was done to her for mind-control purposes.

The occult world has maintained a dogged resolve to keep the deeper cranial knowledge and skills secret. Dr. Sutherland's wife wrote his story *With Thinking Fingers*. She states on pg. 62, "It was Dr. Sutherland's cherished dream that a day would come when the benefits to the mentally ill through the cranial component in osteopathy would be investigated..." If that was his dream, it is being hijacked today by those who see it as a tool for power over their fellow men.

B. GENETIC ENGINEERING

A great deal of secret experimentation has gone on in underground installations with genetics. This author has had the privilege of debriefing someone who worked at the Area 51 underground installation. He was murdered after having had several long interviews with this author. Truth is stranger than fiction. It goes without saying that the Illuminati has gathered up every hair-brained idea for controlling and manipulating the human race. That doesn't mean everyone of them has been attempted, but they have the means to carry out very bizarre experiments in their underground facilities, such as the ones at Area 51.

There is no question that they have tried to augment natural human features and

replace natural human parts. Who knows what weird transgenetic or cybernetic beings have been created? This author knows that they have been successful in some of their work at reshaping humans. This author has accumulated a great deal of information on the underground installations from eyewitnesses, but there is no way of knowing what is accurate and what is disinformation. However, a few details are definite. These underground installations are massive and they involve genetic manipulation to create new species or breed special types of people. In the Vol. 2 book, we discussed the Aquaman subspecies that the NWO has created with gills and special skin. These people look like normal people unless observed closely. They had extra genetic material inserted in the genetic material that created them. They are called Transgenic humans because they still closely resemble other people.

In order for transgenetic humans to pass their new added features to the next generation they need to mate with other similar transgenetic humans. However, the NWO has been secretly creating Chimeras. Chimeras is the widely used name for beast-men. This research is generally not for the public to see but is done in some of the underground facilities listed in Appendix 2. An example would be a creature that was half human and half some other beast.

On a BBC TV show on Oct. and Nov. 1988, the British showed the result of a gorilla being artificially inseminated with a human sperm. The experiment was done by British researchers working for the government and the result ended in a child looking remarkably like a normal person. However, the common people who viewed it were outraged. Most people are not really excited about scientists playing God and destroying the human race by genetic tampering. Of course the scientists who do these genetic games have lots of excuses and rationales, many of which have been put into print, to justify their research.

People are being bred for specific purposes by the Illuminati, just like this author bred dairy cows. Parents with certain desired features are obtained. (In fact, the Nazi's secret superdog Lowenhertz Dogo Argentino - which looks like a race of weight-lifting dogs, and the secret 100 yr. old Paraguayan Nueva Germania colony of special bred Aryans are still in existence.)

The NY Times had an article on 9/17/92 where a Washington psychiatrist Dr. Peter Breggin accused the federal government of a genetic "violence initiative" in which the government was involved with genetic research as it relates to crime and violence. Dr. Susan Solomon, is one of the government's leaders involved in researching violence. However, from what this author can gather, the government's research is far more reaching than the NY Times' article even begins to imply. By genetic breeding and manipulation, the Illuminati are trying to strengthen certain mental features. Considering that this has already been done for centuries by mankind to other species, for instance, when mankind domesticated the horse, the dog, the cat, the lama, the chicken, then it is no secret that a docile servile slave class of humans can be created. The primary goal of this Illuminati breeding is to create a class of people who can work together with others (herd instinct), and who will take orders willingly. Independent thinking and

intelligence are not wanted. Educational goals and a world-wide educational system that can accommodate these types of workers is being created world-wide to deal with the eventual working-class- drones that the Illuminati want to create. The creation of this educational system at this present time has four goals, 1. to develop a group mindset, 2. to have education carried out by the multinational corporations, 3. to have students educated on the premise that truth is relative, 4. to teach compliance.

Already the public schools in America are gearing up for the government to dictate what occupations young students can study for. In other words, our educational system is being set up for mind-control, and this is to eventually work hand-in-hand with worker slaves that have the genetics needed to be good compliant stupid slaves.

There have also been studies of intelligence such as the five volume Genetic Studies of Genius started by L.M. Terman in 1925, (pub. by Univ. of Stanford Press). The World Order has specific and successful methods to create a class of technical people. At this point, people whose thinking abilities have been created by the monitoring/ manipulating of their genetics is a small but increasing number. Genetic control of breeding is unfortunately where the programmers are headed. This is not happening for the genetic betterment of the human species, this is for the perverted lusts of these demon-possessed megalomaniacs who think they deserve to rule with a sadistic iron fist. Those who mistakenly think the mind- control programmers are trying to improve the human race, need to get to know the programmers better. (See Appendix A for biographical information on some of the programmers.) Those poor gullible naive people who think that when the global masters visibly introduce the New World Order that the NWO will be tolerable if they can simply keep their noses clean, not fight back, and do their jobs, are sadly mistaken. They do not know the dark - sinister side to these global masters. As one man very close to the center of power said to a common man about the men who rule the world, "If you stepped on an ant, you would have more conscience than the global elite have in manufacturing wars and killing millions of people. They want power and they intend to amass total power no matter what the cost."

- Another area of ILLUMINATI DECEPTION & CONTROL--

Ionizing radiation used in conjunction with chemicals to manipulate the genetics of the mind; or say this another way: USING RADIATION & CHEMICALS TO CHANGE GENETICS associated WITH THINKING.

When a retired high-ranking military man first told this author that radiation research had to do with mind-control, my reaction was probably like most people's, puzzlement. I thought that radiation was quite lethal and that genetic research with radiation was to protect us from some kind of atomic attack. Wrong. That is a nice cover story.

Since that retired colonel (who may not have long to live) talked to me, others have said similar things. Like many things that the World Order does, if we don't have a frame of reference of what is going on, we can live around what they are doing day in and day

out and never see all the clues as to what is going on under our noses.

One trauma-based mind-controlled slave (Chris DeNicola) spied on the files of the doctor who did radiation experiments on her. She saw the following radiation file headings, & their codes: Canker Sore (D-7040), Laser Documentation (D-7000), Nautical Science (D-1015), Pediatric Radionthology (L-6542) [One idea is that this file might pertain to child alters.], Penetrating Wave Activity, Radiation Experimentation (L-6540), Radioactive Distortions, Radioactive Material Contamination, Radioactive verification, Radioactive Waves, Radionthology, Electrolite Prodigies Experiments (654-011), Laser Light Distortions experiments (654-012), & Laserlight Technology experiments (101-015). One reason, that this author is providing the code numbers of these files, is that memories of slaves who are involved in these experiments or projects often are internally coded with these file codes. The date the experiment was done will also be added as part of the code.

When this author researched their genetic research, I was utterly amazed at how many institutions world-wide are carrying out deep research into genetics--much of which will contribute to the enslavement and mind-control of the human race.

Just a sampling of countless labs working hard on this mind- control related genetic research include Brookhaven National Labs. Upton, NY; John Hopkins Univ., Baltimore, MD; Institut fur Genetik, the Free University of Berlin, Germany; Institute of Hygiene & Epidemiology, Czech.; Radiation Genetic Lab & Chemical Mutagenesis, State Univ. Of Leiden, Sylvius Labs, Leiden, The Netherlands; MIT, Cambridge, MA; Gesellschaft für Strahlen und Umweltforschung, Munich, Germany; National Inst. of Environmental Health Sciences Research Triangle Park, NC; Sandoz Labs in Basle, Switzerland; Biology Division, Oak Ridge National Lab, Oak Ridge, TN; Roswell Underground Labs, NM; Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, CA; Shell Labs, Kent, England; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI; the Zentrallabor für Mutagenitätsprüfung der Deutschen Forschungsgemeinschaft, Freiburg, Germany.

This is just a tiny sampling of the enormous world wide research devoted to genetics that pertain to mind-control. While there are numerous surnames among the genetic researchers, because this author knows as a fact that some of these researchers are Illuminati, it doesn't quiet one's curiosity to see the better known Illuminati surnames such as Dupont, Hersey, Fox, Frey, Jung, Li, Paterson, Stuart, Sinclair, Sutherland, and Russell appearing among the genetic researchers doing research that pertains to mind-control.

Obviously, this author can't give all the ways they have figured out to use radiation, along with chemicals and genetics to control the human race. I will try to give you a peek in the window. The real deep & dangerous information is of course highly classified material and protected by their mind-control of those scientists who work for them.

When I say mind-control, that includes such methods as blackmail and threats of

assassination.

There is a type of radiation called ionizing radiation-that means it is radiation that gives off electrons (thus producing ions). There are many different types of ionizing radiation. Some go right through the body, some damage the cells, but the body repairs itself, some causes genetic changes, and some simply hits your cells like a sledge hammer & kills them.

The ionizing radiation that changes genetics has been the focus of an incredibly enormous amount of (mostly secret) research. Genes are instructions that tell non-life material how to organize itself into something living. A gene consists of genetic material called DNA and RNA. Genes also provide instructions for how something is to develop. As a person or animal develops, the genes interact with the environment to create what the person or animal is like. For instance, different breeds of dogs when born are more similar, than after they grow up. Different breeds of dogs have been bred for different genetic traits, and as different breeds grow up, their genes continually interact with the environment to create the adult dog.

So full genetic expression can take a life-time. The link between genetics and behaviour can be seen in this quote from the Quarterly Review of Biology (art. by T.C. Schneirla, 1966, p. 283), "Behavioural ontogenesis is the backbone of comparative psychology. Shortcomings in its study inevitably handicap other lines of investigation from behavioural evolution and psychogenetics to the study of individual and group behavior."

Genetic psychology has revealed that the genes program in methods for an organism to adjust to their environment. So genetic instruction is, for instance, more than just the instruction "be smart, be aggressive, be tall" but it is tailoring the way a person's develops to deal with its environment. In other words, behaviours are programmed into a person via their genes (genetic instructions) to provide mechanisms for quick, dynamic adaptations to changing circumstances. These mechanisms (created by genetic codes) may even have the person (or animal) reverse their behaviour for purposes of survival.

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Within the human brain (also all mammal brains) all the neurons are believed to be generated before birth with the exception of the following cells: granule cells of the olfactory bulb, fascia dentata granule cells in the hippocampus, the granule cells of the cerebellar cortex, and the granule cells of rhombic lip in the brainstem.

Its the brainstem cells that the Illuminati manipulate through brain stem scarring to produce photographic memories for their scientists and computer programmers. The germinal cells create neurons in the germinal zone. Brain cells with a common function

develop from a common lineage although from different sites. After a new neuron develops in the germinal zone, they migrate to whatever location they are to live in. The complicated process of how a neuron discovers where to go (migrate to in the brain) has been not been discovered according to what this author has read. When neurons establish themselves they deal with certain neurotransmitters, that establish communication between them and other neurons.

Researchers have discovered that neurons can change their own make up to take different neurotransmitters if they decide their "environment" in the brain needs it. They also grow their dendrite connections depending on what type of connections are needed for that particular brain to function. For instance, a piano player will develop dendrite connections to be able to play well.

These discoveries show once again that even on the cellular level, genetic instructions are complex and designed to give flexibility and adaptability of the cell to the situation for the cell. Genetic programming begins at the cellular level. There is a cellular consciousness besides the consciousness that we think about. DNA structures which are inherited affect the cellular consciousness. Body memories are contained within the physiological structure. The first brain and the body work off a stimulus-response recording mechanism. Body memory and programming are stored at this level. This is an area of the brain that is always on. However, its view or perception of events is not an exact copy of what other higher brains are thinking. Your conscious mind doesn't remember how the stairs and the room are arranged, but in the dark, your primal part of your mind helps guide your steps.

Various drugs and chemicals have been identified that influence particular learning sequences in the mind, such as imprinting. For instance, hexamethonium chloride antagonizes the nicotinic actions of acetylcholine on the ganglia, or in other words, acetylcholine will depolarize the ganglia but is prevented by the hexamethonium. The overall result is that impulses that the sympathetic ganglia would transmit are blocked. This is just one example of countless examples of how a specific chemical can affect a specific brain action.

There is a branch of genetic research called "developmental social behaviour genetics" which deals with how genetics program in social behaviours of animals and people. For instance, these geneticists study how genes create aggression, courtship, territorial behaviours, behaviours involving mothers and fathers, dominance (pecking order) behaviors, sexual behaviors, attraction behaviors, recognition behaviors, etc.

Men are very much controlled by the sexual lusts, power lusts, and aggressive behaviors. Can the reader see how genetic manipulation of these genetic based behaviors could radically change the potential behavior of a person. A fox's genes cause him to react differently than a rabbit's genes. Having a rabbit grow up in a fox home is not going to change the genetic instructions. (The Bible even says, Can a leopard change it's spots?) But the World Order has figured out how to change those instructions.

Genetic researchers had to begin sorting out behaviours, and sorting out genes that affected them. For instance, genes create a person's (or animal) reproductive "instincts". These instructions include instructions on fighting, nest building, mating, and care of their offspring. These genetic instructions are different for different people and different animals. Researchers into imprinting have discovered that IF a set of animals (or people) is prevented from learning a particular imprint, and IF that set of animals breed, THEN they pass on a lack of ability to receive that imprint. In other words, genetically we learn from generation to generation.

Let's say that we prevent men from naturally imprinting a sexual desire for women as they grow up. If we mate those men to women, the offspring will show a reduced ability to be heterosexual. Males seem to develop their sexuality, but females seem to react more on the basis of genetically present "releasers". Genetic researchers have gone in and identified what people's behavioural instructions specifically are, and how to change them. The instructions are written in DNA, and manipulation of DNA can change those instructions.

When I researched their genetic research, I found that they have developed maps for how to change genetic material to change those instructions concerning behaviour. The maps for changing human genes related to behaviour are classified, but an example of one that isn't is found in the book *The Genetics of Behaviour* (ed. Ehrman & Parsons. Sinauer Assoc., Inc. publ.: Sunderland, Mass, 1976, chapter 8 figure 4.). This map shows 3 sites in a HK gene that are intentionally mutated by the scientists in order to change the way a particular fly sings its mating call. The specific changes in how the fly sings its new mating call (after the genetic code is changed by geneticists) are even graphed out in a recording graph in another book *Developmental Behavior Genetics: Neural, Biometrical, and Evolutionary Approaches* (ed. by Hahn et. al., Oxford, Eng.: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990, Fig. 6-1.)

Again bear in mind that we only get the crumbs of what they know. We get a map of how they can change the way a fly sings a song--while they secretly keep the genetic maps to change human behaviour! An easy example of how genetics play a role in human behaviour can be seen in how infants behave toward their mothers and toward strangers. By using twins and adopted children, etc. it could be clearly demonstrated that the behaviour of a child in how it touches its mother was genetically inherited. But remember that the genetic instructions as a child grows older are designed to give it flexibility in relationship to its environment, so the environment is going to interact with the genetics to form the final behaviours. The study of these reactions of genes to the environment is called the study of epigenesis.

Another easy example of the genetic role in human behaviour is that intelligence has been linked to brain to body size. Genes ultimately determine that ratio of brain to body size. The factors involved are largely prenatal maternal influences. A great deal has been learned in this area. Brain size relates less to body size than it is a function of body metabolism. (See Research by Lande & Martin) To give a tiny sample of the types

of genetic studies done in this area:

- Hahn, M.E., & Haber, S.B. "Dominance for large brains in laboratory mice..." Behavior Genetics, 1979, 9, pp. 243-244.
- Fuller, J.L. & Geils, H. "Brain growth in mice selected for high and low brain weight." Developmental Psychobiology, 1972, 5, pp. 307-318.
- Riska, B., & Atchley, W.R. "Genetics of growth predict patterns of brain-size evolution." Science, 1985, 229, pp. 668-671.

Research into how to control humans genetically proceeded in several directions. First, scientists realized that radiation was the key to changing genetics. Radiation causes breaks and changes in the DNA instructions. If only one little bit of genetic DNA instruction is changed in 1 million bits of information, that change could radically change the life of the person or animal. We see that everyday cleft lips... But how does radiation affect genetics? DNA has been studied from every angle. DNA has been looked at, probed, tested with all kinds of chemicals and countless other manipulations. The scientists figured exactly how the different DNA is constructed, what makes it tick, how it joins, holds together, reproduces, etc. They can disassemble and rebuild DNA however they want. DNA is the genetic instructions.

Since radiation will affect DNA they tested a long list of ionizing radiation substances on DNA. Different radiations will break the DNA in different ways. Chemicals will join to DNA in certain ways. Long story short, there are millions of ways to manipulate genetic material, and the World Order set out to discover how to precisely manipulate certain kinds of genetic material in certain ways.

An example of how skilled they are in understanding most everything about to construct and take apart the molecules of genetic material, at Cold Spring Harbor Labs one of the 1997 courses offered students is Molecular Cloning of Neural Genes. They understand what makes a nerve cell and how to create one. This science is called molecular neurobiology. (This course at Cold Springs H.L. happens to be taught by instructors from Rockefeller Univ., Harvard, John Hopkins, and UC of Berkeley.)

One area of intense study for many years was a long-term scramble to find chemicals that would cause different types of mutations in DNA. This research was called Comparative Chemical Mutagenesis. In fact one of the books this author studied was entitled just that Comparative Chemical Mutagenesis (ed. by DeSerres & Shelby). This book's Chapters 16-18, 22-25 are about chemical-genetic research concerning how to create genetic changes in mammals using chemicals!

When it comes to genetics, much of what is learned from studying one mammal will apply to humans. The chemical principles are the same, the DNA is written in the same code, only the genetic instructions written in that code is different. To make an analogy, this book is written in English. Once someone understands how English works, they can

take apart a sentence and rewrite it. Top level Genetic scientists know how to take apart genetic instructions and rewrite them. Radiation used in conjunction with chemicals presents them a tool for the mass editing of human genetic instructions. No wonder the Chernobyl nuclear accident happened. (Insiders in the know say that it was caused on purpose.) What a great way to carry out more mind-control research.

According to public research, genetic mutations were created by scientists in mammal cells first in 1968. It is likely that this had already been accomplished in secrecy before this. Labs all over the world went about testing genetic material with specialized chemicals to see what would happen to various genetic material when it came in contact with specific chemicals. Some of the commonly- tested mutagenic chemicals that were widely tested to discover their "mutagenicity" (mutagenicity is the word geneticists use to describe the power of a chemical to cause a mutation) include:

Aflatoxin B1 (AFT)(This is a mold metabolite and is not always effective without another agent.)

Cadmium chloride

Cadmium salts

Cyclophosphamide (CP)

Dimethylnitrosamine (DMN)

Epichlorohydrin

Ethylenimine

Ethyl Methanesulfonate (EMS)

Methyl methanesulfonate (MMS)

Mitomycin C (a strong mutagenic at low doses)

Myleran (aka Busulfan)

N.Methyl-N,-Nitro - N - Nitrosoguanidine (MNNG)

Natulan (aka procarbazine, this chemical was strongly mutagenic in the lab with the presence of S-9, but weak without the presence of S-9)

Tepa

Theo-Tepa

Trenimon

Triethylenemelamine

Vinyl chloride

When these chemicals (and others) were tested on genetic material, the mutations they caused in the genetic material were observed, and then the specific type of mutation each caused was charted. Some caused chromosome-type changes, others caused chromatid-type changes, and some caused sub- or half- chromatid changes (these sub-changes usually were in the mitotic portion of the cell cycle.) When the chemicals broke chromosomes they were called clastogens. Others cause chromosomes to lose genetic material by damaging the mitotic apparatus. Many of the chemicals that were first tested only produced chemical changes in the chromatid-type of change. They discovered that the protective mechanisms of animals, plants and humans were

protecting against many of their induced mutations, but they also learned what mutations they could create that the body would not fix or recover from.

Along with finding out what certain chemicals would do, the World Order wanted to find out what would happen at the molecular level of DNA when subjected to different types of radiation. The key to using radiative material is that there are many different types of radiative substances, not just uranium. For instance, cadmium is radioactive and can be used in genetic manipulation. In researching radiation, the first stage is when free radicals are created. This takes only a very small fraction of a second. The next is the chemical transformation of those radicals into stable radiation substances, and finally the last stage are the effects of these substances when the body incorporates them. The effects of the radiation substances on a person may last several years. The effects of radiation take place on the molecular level of DNA.

When you and I went to school we were taught that DNA occurs as a double-helix around an invisible common axis. The core of the helix is a series of purine and pyrimidine bases stacked in a parallel array and are arranged almost perpendicular to the invisible axis of the helix. However, the reality is that DNA can also exist in three (triple) double-stranded helix structures which are called the A-DNA, the B-DNA, and the C-DNA. At high humidities the A-DNA will transform into a B-DNA if excess salt is in the area. In A-DNA the normal of the base pairs is tilted by 200 to the helix axis. In contrast, in the B-DNA the base pairs are perpendicular. In some viruses and bacteria single stranded DNA is found. DNA also comes in supercoiled in some situations.

The point is simply that DNA occurs in ways other than we learned in school. They discovered that the energy of the sugar-phosphate backbone of the DNA allows for the DNA bases to be stacked, and is the key to the stability of the DNA. The vertical stacking of the bases gives stability of the DNA helix. They discovered that the helical structure of DNA is strongly influenced by its base composition and molecular weight. I mention these only to point out, that they know all about what DNA is and how it is built and holds itself together.

The genetic-radiation researchers had to learn how the bases of the DNA held together electronically. They needed to learn how well these molecules of these different bases would accept electrons or donate electrons, because ionized radiation is substances that give off electrons or other ionizing particles. Directly ionizing particles are atomic particles that are charged such as electrons, protons, alpha (α) particles, "heavy" ions, etc.).

An example of something the researchers found is that the cytosine base was the best acceptor of all the DNA bases. They began the process of testing different radioactive substances on DNA to see how they would cause mutations. To study this type of research, this author read several books such as *Effects of Ionizing Radiation on DNA* (Springer-Verlag Publ.: Berlin, Germany, 1978). An example of a chapter in this book is "Radiation-Induced Degradation of the Base Component in DNA and Related Substances". This chapter shows charts of what happens to DNA components (such as

thymine, cytosine, & uracil) when they are exposed to radiation. This author wants to cover some details of the type of discoveries these researchers made to make a point that specific chemicals and specific types of ionizing radiation will produce different effects upon DNA. Although these are very specific minute details, the reason they are mentioned here, is that the bottom line is that **SOME CHEMICALS WORK WITH SOME TYPES OF RADIATION TO PRODUCE SPECIFIC MUTATIONS.**

They discovered that if a mutagenic such as aminoacridine dye is absorbed by cells, this dye which binds to the nucleic acids, absorbs light to such a degree that the cells are destroyed. Different variations of dyes bind to the DNA in different strong and weak binding processes. Lambda radiation was tested on DNA. They observed that positive and negative ions were randomly produced throughout the DNA and that these are chemically unstable and undergo free radical reactions to form stable radiation products. They discovered that there was a consistent "oxygen effect" which was made into a radiobiological law which described how the presence of oxygen enhances radiation damage in all forms of cell life.

Another interesting discovery was that 5-bromouracil (BU) enhanced the rate of radiation-induced free radicals forming within gamma-irradiated DNA. Researchers discovered that an naturally occurring substance in cells, the sulthydryls, would bind with iodoacetic acid and N-ethylmaleimide, which made them radiosensitive, and would result in certain mutations. Still one more example of a compound that works with radiation to cause changes in the DNA is triacetoneamine-N-oxyl (or TAN for short). This is a stable free radical that combines with DNA. TAN comes from a group of nitroxide free radicals which all have the same influence on DNA. Metronidazole (aka Flagyl) was also found to be another of the nitroimidazoles and nitrofuranes that are oxygen mimics that worked in the lab as radiosensitizers of DNA.

Chemical-Biological Weapons are referred to as CB Weapons. In a transcript attached to the Dept. of Defense appropriations for 1970 (part 6) that I have of CB Weapons researchers talking, they indicate that the United States has BZ which "brings about complete mental disorientation as well as sedation which induces sleep. First of all the individual is completely confused as to what he is doing or what he is supposed to do and in addition he has hallucinations. He cannot carry out his assigned duties nor can he remember what his assigned duties were." The affect of BZ lasts for about 3 days and then the person will begin to recover. It can be given via the air or the water. If it is drank or inhaled it will work. It takes affect about 1 to 1 ½ hours after it is ingested. There are a number of corporations that can produce BZ in the U.S. At the time of the transcript, it was stated that BZ is \$20/lb. and a lead time of six months for production.

Chemical incapacitants have been developed that affect the mental functions of the mind in various ways. Today, research and deployment continues of chemical and radioactive substances that can control people. One of the methods that chemical and radioactive materials work is to change genetic structures. Some of the genetic changes that can be created chemically, are chemical changes that affect the way the mind thinks. In a nutshell, we are looking at a situation where the thinking of an entire race

could be altered via chemicals dropped into their air and water. How long would these genetic changes last? It is conceivable that some of the changes might have long range consequences. Again, the bottom line is that the World Order has at its disposal radioactive substances that can be distributed in conjunction with chemicals to mind-control large geographic regions by genetic manipulation. These radioactive substances and chemicals can be distributed over vast areas by the air and water of a geographic region. It is conceivable that within a short time, the United States will experience chemicals administered via the air, or the drinking water used in conjunction with specific external stimuli to reinforce certain types of mind-control programming on a mass of people. A chemical that makes people susceptible to suggestion could be used over a geographic area while hypnotic television messages and ELF waves, etc. contribute to the mind-control operation.

Therapists are going to begin encountering victims of mind-control born in the 1960's or later that have been subjected to chemical-radiation changes to the genetics that control human behaviour. There are already dozens of very vocal victims of both radiation experiments & mind-control that are speaking up. Unfortunately, the ones that this author knows do not have a long life-expectancy, and speaking up usually has the effect of shortening a whistle-blower's life.

In this Deeper Insights book, the movie Jacob's Ladder was mentioned. This movie shows a unit in Vietnam which was given a drug to make them aggressive, but the drug backfired because they killed each other. However, the reason the movie was allowed to be produced is that it was a good cover for the fact that the military did not give up, but that they actually succeeded in producing their "magic chemical potion" to turn soldiers into killing machines. The biology of aggression has been figured out. Military studies on the relationship between drugs and the ability to kill have been numerous, one example is Gabriel, R.A. Military Psychiatry: A Comparative Perspective. NY: Greenport Press, 1986. The World Order has the ability to create the warrior spirit, actually its worse than that, they have the ability to turn men into killing machines.

WHAT WE'VE COVERED

As horrible as the physical manipulation of the brain and its fluids is, and as monstrous as the genetic manipulation of the growth of the brain as outlined in this chapter are, they are only a few methods of mind-control of many that the Illuminati have at their disposal. These techniques seriously raise the question how much longer will humanity as we know it survive? The next generation of children will have to face mind-control in the form of genetic tampering and the use of chemicals already stockpiled by the NWO.

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CHAPTER 9: THE SCIENCE OF MIND MANIPULATION BY PSYCHOLOGICAL PROGRAMMING METHODS: BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION, PSYCHOLOGICAL MOTIVATION & NLP

"STRIPPED" OF FEELINGS
PROGRAMMING TO HIDE REVEALING DREAMS
PROGRAMMING LANGUAGE
EFFECTS OF PROGRAMMING
FALSE IMPLANTED MEMORIES
PERCEPTION CLOUDS MEMORY

A person's "selfhood" is hard to define, but one could view it as the central important center of consciousness to which the person has placed both trust and purpose. A professor of Pastoral Counselling defined the self as "the purposive core I have learned to trust in myself and others." Although this author prefers his own wording as written above, the definition of "selfhood" by this professor of pastors is in agreement with this author's. A mature person is a person who has developed a "selfhood", a sense of self, that is able to make creative choices in line with values and plans for his or her life. By the destruction of the "selfhood" of many of the alters, the programmers derail the ability of the slave to make creative choices in line with values and plans. Not only do they destroy the sense of identity but they also destroy the development of values.

When a normal person grows up, the values, that an individual adopts, will enable that person to integrate his or her many actions into a cohesive unified agenda for living their life. What happens when a person is not able to adopt their own values, but is force fed values? What happens when the person does not even adopt any values, except to acquiesce to the brutal demands of a mind-control handler? The natural process for developing a unified agenda for life is cut short. The thinking of mankind is predicated on socialization with other humans. It is natural for people to want to work and be around other humans. The family, neighbourhood, city and nation all give an individual nurturing that fosters a sense of identity and values. What happens if an individual is cut off from society and most of humanity, in fact is even cut off from most of their own mind and will?

What typically happens in this situation is that the individual becomes demoralized, feels dehumanized, and as a person is enfeebled to deal with life. What happens when a person is not allowed to chose values freely, and allowed to give consideration to various alternatives and the consequences for these choices? It means that the person is not going to be happy with the choices they make, but will go through the motions of life in a rather dissociated manner. What happens when a person feels powerless? Feelings of powerlessness, can lead to feelings of meaningless. And meaningless makes an individual feel trapped by life. The meaninglessness imprisons a person. The

person no longer has the freedom to make choices, and without choices has no real values, and without values life becomes meaningless.

The above situations are standard results of the total mind-control programming agenda. The person's natural built-in abilities to plan their life is short circuited. The person is demoralized and feels incomplete as a human because of his or her's lack of connectedness to their fellow humans, and as a result allows his or herself to be dependent upon the master. Because they are forced to do actions without any values, they dissociate their actions from feelings. Finally, they feel trapped because they have no values to give life meaning. A sexual slave will be forced to have sex. They are not allowed to have a value system, or else they would pick and choose who they wanted to have sex with. The result is that they feel dehumanized and they dissociate feelings from their actions. Without values, life feels like one big trap, with no purpose and no goals. The only purpose the slave has is to survive the brutality of its master, that is to stay alive.

Some slaves give up along the way, and are discarded as unsuccessful attempts by the Illuminati. The programming agenda prevents the natural God-given gift for mankind to make their own choices. As explained above, this in itself reinforces several items that the programmers have been intentionally creating such as dehumanization, isolation, dependence, and dissociation. It is built into human thinking to enjoy a sense of accomplishment. This happens when a person perceives his or her life as meaningful. The perception that his or her life is meaningful results in the person feeling power. Powerlessness and meaninglessness are two items that are related to each other when we understand human thinking. A normal child in a normal environment will naturally learn when to trust itself and when to trust others. This is important to the development of values. This is important for a person to become mature. The programmers short circuit this natural learning process.

The front alters continue learning who to trust and who not to trust, and when to trust oneself, because they hold the body from day to day. However, a special purpose child alter doesn't experience this. Without learning how to trust, it becomes hard to make decisions by one's self, and so the victim of mind-control transfers the right to make his or her choices to the programmer. By arresting the natural process of learning trust, the programmers detour the mind, so that it travels right where they want the mind to be.

Normally, a child would grow up, and as it grew up would realize that not everyone can be trusted. He would also come to realize that even his own self at times can not be trusted. Yet, the child would also learn that there are times that people can be trusted. This maturation of awareness moves a person from being dependent toward being independent. The programmed slave is afraid of seeking true love, and to find authentic relationships with people. Without these things, they remain incomplete and more pliable to the control of the master, who then attempts to provide in some substitute manner some of the things the slave should have developed for himself.

Many of the slave's deeper alters do not have the capacity to creatively look forward to

the future, with the understanding that they can create their own life, their own future. The process of maturation that would have given that ability to them has been prevented from taking place. If these deeper alters do not experience life outside of their programmed trance states, they will have no chance to mature and to realize that they are capable to design and create their own future. Rather, the slave endures life with anxiety and dissociation, and limits his mental horizons to the present. The big reference point the slave has is to their master and his commands.

Many of the slave's alters are limited in their freedom to really have consciousness. Their thinking is below the definitions of conscious behavior--it is simply programmed behavior. Our consciousness has a big role in how we perceive the world. How we perceive the world in turn determines our values. The programmers can disrupt the process of a slave obtaining values in life, by disrupting the consciousness. Values in life are important in determining how we build our world-view, our frames of reference. The programmer constructs various worlds for most of the alters (except for the front alters). These alters are never given the chance for what psychologists would label "conscious behavior". Reality is not part of the package. Choice is not part of the package.

In normal life, conscious behavior is developed by interaction between a person and his environment and the freedom to make real choices. The bare necessities are grudgingly provided in a haphazard way to the alters of a total mind-controlled slave, so that IF they are aware of their needs, it is at a very basic level, such as survival, and security and warmth. A fully conscious individual has gone way beyond that to realizing his or her's needs for creativity, intimacy, community, justice, integrity, and spiritual fulfilment.

The challenge for the slave master will be to balance the freedom of activity and maturity of the front part of the slave's alters, with the control that the slave master needs to accomplish his nefarious goals. It is safer to bring a slave up to have a world view dependent on others that lends itself to the owner's agenda such as witchcraft values & a witchcraft world-view, or a Mormon/ or Jehovah's Witness/or Catholic world-view of obedience to the church, THAN to have the slave's front alters becoming independent self-directed mature thinkers.

It doesn't matter whether the person's front alters are Jehovah's Witnesses, Mormon or Catholic, they have surrendered their personal sense of power and control to institutional control. The victim ceases to do things because of personal choice, but accepts institutional values as a cog in a machine; and the person, whether they realize it or not, loses meaning in their life. Personal choice, value and meaning in life are all related. Because man is made in the image of God, he has an inherent desire to have meaning to his life. Mankind also has a desire to be in unity with his environment. This is also a God-given desire. To make himself feel at home in this world, man spends much of his activity taming and domesticating the wild world to conform to what feels comfortable. What happens when this is stripped from a person?

In order to provide substitute answers to these desires of the slave, the Illuminati's

covens provide rituals. Rituals make the slave feel that some order is being brought out of the chaos and nonsense of life. But true meaning in life can only come from realizing the goals of our actual Creator, Almighty God. Substitutes for this, leave people unfulfilled and weak. Of course, the unfulfilled weak sense of meaning in life of the Illuminati members, can weaken some in their ability to realize their true spiritual potential. It becomes a vicious cycle of low base evil goals. Who will provide the safety for the deeper alters to move out independently in life? and then further, who will teach the deeper alters the social skills, and the other skills to step out and grow? Even if the complex programming should break its death-grip on an alter, (which seldom happens) an alter can not find freedom without some outside support system providing safety and instruction. The bondage that most deeper alters remain fixed in, is a very complex bondage of body, mind, and spirit. This complex bondage calls for group package answers, that address the type of issues that have been raised on these last two pages. The lack of this type of answer insures that few slaves will find full freedom. Partial freedom is still slavery.

On the flip side, because deeper alters have not had a chance to develop their own values, make their own choices, and experience reality, the power of the programs will be diluted simply by real life. This occurs even in the absence of intense deprogramming. One of the weaknesses of the programming is that the handlers often fail to allow alters to ever establish real personal values. Hand-me-down values that are accepted under duress or torture, are quickly discarded if the alters ever do get free.

Illuminati slaves who accept the values of the Illuminati, and progress to positions of power can be resistant to freedom, because they have internalized for themselves a value system, have some feelings of self-worth and self-competence. The Illuminati have long understood the value in having their members progress through the levels of initiation, and to pass through tests that bestow a sense of achievement upon the slave. When the Illuminati in Bavaria had their safe houses raided, their paperwork showed extensive disciple and training programs. At first glance, raising an initiate through an initiate degree system of training may not smack of mind-control, but it is like an anchor that ties in the mind-control. It is important for the Illuminati to attach an occult value system to the mind-control so that the slave is more resistant to wanting freedom, because their self-worth and identity are tied up with the Illuminati.

"STRIPPED" OF FEELINGS

Another side-effect of the total mind-control is that the deeper alters of a victim, and indeed often even the front alters are unsuccessful in morally meaningful relationships such as love and friendship. The reader may be wondering, what does Fritz mean by "morally meaningful"? Allow me to take several paragraphs to explain ... Has the reader ever tried to recall a name which you knew, but your mind seems blocked? And yet, when someone offers this name or that name, you realize that it doesn't have the correct feel, the correct rhythm, the correct beginning. Your mind can recognize what it is looking for on a subconscious level, but you are not pulling the name up to the conscious. Your mind can look for things on a subconscious level and identify what it is

looking for, without consciously telling you.

Has the reader ever loved someone for many years? If you have, you know that you didn't consciously think of them and your love for them every second of the day. Grief or love or another strong emotion can lay in our subconscious mind and yet still influence our thinking. It is not a matter of us turning this love on. It simply is there quietly in the background exerting its influence on our mind.

Grief, love, anger, and other strong emotions are similar to when our mind is seeking for a name subconsciously. These emotions seek out the appropriate scenes, and items in the surrounding area, and colors and sounds that go with the emotion that the subconscious mind feels. A blue person will notice "blue, sad" type things around them. Other things just don't fit the subconscious fill in the blank. In other words, our emotions determine our perspective on what we see in life. Our emotional perspective guides what items our mind focuses on. This is why it is absolutely imperative for balanced human growth that a person feel compassion, love and sympathy directed toward oneself.

Feeling loved in turn opens the mind to focus its emotional-perception-guidance system on compassion, love and sympathy. In contrast with most people, many parts of total mind-controlled slaves are never meant to have feelings, or if the parts do, they repressed, suppress, and dissociate their feelings. Our emotions play a fundamental role in a person's moral life. They transform values into actions. This is what is called strength of will, courage of convictions, etc. Emotions play a critical role in strength of will and courage of convictions.

To be stripped of feeling emotions, strips the victim of one of the ingredients to make and carry out moral choices. This helps explain why emotions are harnessed so completely by the programmers. When researchers have studied unemotional people, they find that their dealings with others are shallow, lifeless, and mechanical. The programmers want their programmed assassins, espionage agents, prostitutes, etc. to be mechanical. People rarely want to form friendships with unemotional persons. Of course, the parts that are created to interface with the public are programmed to be effacious, gracious, and to sparkle. But the deeper parts which influence the victim's own internal thoughts, which the victim wisely keeps to himself, fail to connect with the outside world emotionally.

Having been stripped of emotions, the slave is consequently stripped of one of the most important ingredients involved in morality. An unemotional or emotionally deficient person or alter may suffer from a particular kind of a "morally-weak will". This is because failure to do what a person believes is good and failure to restrain from doing what one believes is bad is a natural consequence of lacking emotions such as care, concern, compassion, courage, love and sympathy. Certain emotions are critical for doing and being moved to do what is right and in not doing what one knows is bad.

Friendships are one of the most valuable commodities a person can have. The victim is

stripped of external friendships. They may substitute interactions within their own internal world as a way to substitute for this loss. In normal human activity, two people in love intertwine the activities of their lives into the complex whole of their love relationship. A walk together is not seen as a walk, but as a joint expression of their relationship.

Humans emotionally value what is good for their friends and lovers. Without emotional attachments, the relationship is only a facade. The victims of mind-control are taught how to create great facades. Unfortunately, they fool many of their therapists, and therefore don't step out of the make-believe roles they play out.

Human love and friendship is one of the most vital, powerful, fundamentally good items of human behaviour. They provide the foundation for many other things. Without love and friendship, the victim's alters live in isolation, alienation, abandonment, discontinuity, and purposelessness. Cisco's half of the book will discuss some specific programming tactics that are used to hide the "shadow" alters that are used to take any emotions that the principally used alters might develop. What we have been covering is that one of the side effects of "stripping" the victims from feeling emotions is to cripple them from taking moral stands, from seeing love & concern in the world around them, and from reaching out & forming ties to the outside world.

PROGRAMMING TO HIDE REVEALING DREAMS

The programmers realize that the mind is able to reveal secrets via dreams. During the programming a Mother-of-darkness will be assigned to a child and she will have to wake that child up when it is in its deepest sleep to ask the child what's happening and if the child is dreaming. If dreams are surfacing, the programmers know their programming is not holding.

When the child's mind which is being programmed no longer releases revealing dreams, the programmers know that their programming is holding. The front alters receive repeated programming (hypnotic commands, etc.) not to dream or to know their dreams. When the programming begins to collapse, the deeper alters will begin to dream and flood with memories. The slave must have their dream sealing programs reinstated approx. every three years. If this is not done, dreams (which are actually memories) will begin to surface. A therapist can also help the victim train their mind to remember their dreams (dream state of mind).

PROGRAMMING LANGUAGE

A skilful programmer can use language to communicate at several levels. The programmer can use derogatory tones, big words that the child doesn't understand and obscure language that confuses the child in order to humiliate, dominate and confuse the child. He can also pronounce the words with a twist in order to protect the programming. Have you ever met someone in the occult world who pronounces many of his words strange? The programmers are also big on play on words which are done

intentionally to protect the programming. The victims of the occult programming must deal with symbology. Those who attempt to understand programming must also deal with the world of symbology.

The programmer must learn to think like a child and to step into the child's world. Likewise, the deprogrammer must learn to step into the victim's world. Certainly, the deprogrammer wants to stay grounded in reality, but he also wants to be able to understand the world that the victim must live in. The deeper parts of the victim lives in a magical world, full of demons and powers from other dimensions. When the Illuminati carry out programming, they often frame what they are doing in magical and satanic terms.

Most therapists do not want to step into the victim's world to communicate with them. Just as the psychologists want this author to step into the psychologists' world to communicate with them, the psychologist should realize that the victim would like the same. It is irrelevant whether the therapist believes that objects can be demonized or not. The deeper alters have spent their life-time learning how demons attach themselves to objects, and how to gain power to cause demons to attach themselves to objects. A deeper alter may have the occult wisdom to place demons into a fluid so that that fluid can be drank by a child. From their understanding of demonology, these demons are so powerful that the only non-lethal entry for them into the child is by the child drinking a particular fluid. These images are the images that deeper alters experience during the programming rituals. The language & images of the programming will be very magical, mystical and satanic.

EFFECTS OF PROGRAMMING

The mind is a holographic type of memory. The psyche of the multiple personality is a multiple image hologram. The body is set up to match the mind. When one alter switches to another, another hologram seems to take control over the mind. This is like the instructions for the body are written on a card, and when the switch occurs, the holographic cards are shuffled like a deck of cards. In fact, the programming have used this analogy as part of their programming codes.

FALSE IMPLANTED MEMORIES

Once the truth about trauma-based mind-control began coming out, a massive counterattack by the controlled establishment occurred. This counter attack was that you can not trust the memories of the victims. Numerous establishment articles call attention to memory research, especially memory research into how to implant an illusory memory.

Two examples of this massive counterattack are Bruce Bower's article in Science News, 8/24/96, pp. 126-127 entitled "Remembrance of Things False Scientists incite illusory memories and explore their implications".& Harvard psychologist Daniel L. Schacter's book Searching for Memory (1996).

First, these countless articles prove that the controlled psychiatric research community is working hard at developing techniques to implant false memories. This is indeed a big part of the mind-control, producing cover memories and false identities and false histories for alters. However, these articles always ignore the enormous evidence of severe abuse and government/cult involvement in the lives of countless victims of mind-control. This author has seen first hand the Illuminati-satanic cult-CIA involvement in the lives of a number of these people. The events of these people's lives, which this author has often witnessed, can't be explained away by poor memory. Further, traumas that are so severe as to cause amnesia walls, are locked up by the mind and preserved. They are like a mummy in a tomb in Egypt, that is still locked up in its preserved state. Memories that aren't locked up can deteriorate and be contaminated, just like a dead body that is left to rot, but programming traumas are not in that category of memory. Remember, the mind protect itself. Research shows that the mind does not want to latch onto false memories that hurt it. For instance, when researchers try to get subjects to remember a kind parent hurting them, the mind will resist the false memory.

PERCEPTION CLOUDS MEMORY

The brain in order to be efficient uses its framework of knowledge--its world view--in which to hang new incoming knowledge. This author's *Be Wise As Serpents* book considered this to be the biggest barrier to people coming to the truth. Because education, television and society in general control how people's framework of knowledge is built, and these frameworks are built skilfully to exclude major truths that would expose how the World Order is controlling mankind, it is really difficult to speak to people about mind-control, and the control of the world in general.

The victim of mind-control has frameworks built into his subconscious that make it difficult to drive the truth into their thinking. Memories are stored as they relate to these frameworks. An efficient way around that is to speak and teach in way that the subconscious mind is spoken to, and the conscious barriers are by-passed. The mind puts up a grid to prevent non-approved information from coming in that doesn't fit it's accepted concept of truth. Much of this grid is fear based. The problem for the victim is that once their mind is bent a certain way by the programmers, it will naturally create a grid to protect the programmed world-view.

This is why the external philosophies-news broadcasts-disinformation from establishment magazines, etc. that are layered in on top of programming, (see Chapter 12) are like a protective coat sprayed on to make sure the foundation doesn't weather over time. For instance, the front alters of some of the most severely tortured victims have latched onto the idea that Satanic Ritual Abuse doesn't exist, and are actually some of the greatest public crusaders against people believing that SRA exists. The external politically-correct view is in this case protecting the deeper programming.

FALSE FEELINGS. Using drugs & hypnosis, and the creation story about God breathing things into existence, the "love" & "kindness" of the programmer is placed into

Moriah the Wind. When this is done, should a gatekeeper alter hear something negative about their master, they instantly go into the melting (drug memory) where drugs made them feel one with their programmer. This is refrained during programming as "the peace of God."

ELDETIC IMAGERY. There is a type of visual imagery called eidetic imagery. 5 to 10 % of children have it, but it is very rare in adults. Eidetic imagery is similar to a photographic memory. People with eidetic imagery can look at any object or page of numbers and when they look away the image of what they have seen is as clear as a photograph. They can focus on any detail of the image, enlarge it, make out more details than what they had originally seen, and then they can carry this image with them for several days, just like the rest of us carry a photograph. This author has not seen much info on this, & believes that further research into this topic might reveal some more methods that the mind-control programmers are utilizing. Child-hood impressions & memories can have a far greater impact and retention than adult memories. This paragraph has only introduced this subject of eidetic imagery & childhood vs adult memory ability.

FINAL SUMMATION. The programming regimen destroys the victims sense of self, so that the person has only an identity within the cult. The victim can not express rage over their own victimization, but is encouraged by the Illuminati's satanic beliefs to express violence & rage toward others, thereby creating a mechanism to help perpetuate the mind-control. The rage also seeps out as self-punishment. A deep loneliness sets into victims, & they despair of hope. They see no place to turn to except to whatever cult is controlling them. This chapter has focused on the type of skills & knowledge psychologists study, & how this knowledge can be applied to insuring compliance by the slave.

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CHAPTER 10: THE 10th SCIENCE — USING SPIRITUAL THINGS TO CONTROL A PERSON.

What makes a programmed multiple tick? This chapter will provide some of the most important answers to that question. In this chapter, you will be provided with important brand-new information.

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PART A. INTRO on the IMPORTANCE of SPIRITUAL PROGRAMMING TACTICS

It is important for therapists and ministers to understand the spiritual ramifications of what has been done. The witchcraft, spells, and demonology is a way of life for the deeper alters. The programming and the hypnotic trances are deeply embedded into the ritual life of the deeper alters of a mind-controlled slave. An enormous amount of suffering has transpired because therapists have dealt with obvious spiritual problems with psychological techniques that aren't even remotely related to the real problem. Secular therapists can be quick to offer glib criticism of the subject of demonology, a subject they often know nothing about. (While Christians generally acknowledge that mankind is in a spiritual war (cf. 2 COR 10:3-5), they too are generally ignorant of Satan's devices, and are not skilled in dealing with spiritual attacks from the world, flesh and the demons.)

An analogy for demonology is microbiology. Many people never see a virus, and many people never see demons. Some people still debate whether the germ theory of disease is correct. There will certainly be differences of opinion about demonology--anything said about it is bound to find someone who disagrees. But just like it has been useful for many sick people's health to deal with viruses, victims of Illuminati mind-control have found it helpful to deal with demons. Demonology can be a useful subject for understanding programming from both a programmer's point of view and a deprogrammer's point of view. If this information is useful, then it will have served a purpose.

Men of God, who have found themselves in remote places (where trauma-based mind-control is not practiced), have found themselves confronted by obvious cases of demon possession that have been successfully handled by deliverance prayer. This author has personally witnessed many people who have had wonderful healings due to deliverances. I rejoice in their freedom. I pray that others who portray themselves as therapists would come to the same place that they could appreciate healings even though they do not recognize the spiritual dimension of human life, or even better yet, that they would recognize the spiritual side of humankind. In Asia, it was common for this author to see flies swarm over people and food. Demons swarm around people in that type of abundance. This is why the title Lord of the Flies (Beelzebub) is the name of a chief demon, and is sometimes used as another name for Satan himself.

Part B. The History of the Programmed Golem

KABBALISTIC BLACK MAGIC

A number of the Illuminati bloodlines (and sects) that are involved in trauma-based total mind-control are Askenazi hasidic bloodlines. Legends abound from the 15th century onward about how the Askenazi hasidic leaders created golem to serve them. These golem have been called "benevolent robots". For those readers who are unaware of where the word golem came from, it is used once in the Word of God in Ps 139:16, "Your eyes [God's eyes] saw my substance, being yet unformed. And in Your book they were written, the days fashioned for me." This is believed by the Kabbalists to refer to Adam when he was only a body without a soul.

Golem are believed to be soulless bodies. One can almost hear the rationalization in medieval times when torture, and black magic or a trance state ended up creating an alter personality that this magical part was viewed as soulless, because it was only created via magic. This personality (alter) didn't exist like real people, it was merely a golem in the magicians' eyes--therefore it could be abused or used as a robot, because it was soulless.

The use of Cabalistic black magic in mainline Illuminati programming in the deeper aspects has led this author to believe that during the torture of jews in the concentration camps--Dr. Mengele was assisted by some Askenazi hasidic black magic adepts who gave him some of the secret names of God. The Cabalistic magic viewpoint is that there are creative powers intrinsic in God's names. God's names are used by the Illuminati for such alters as the gems (jewels) from which other alters are created. For instance the gems will be tortured while Cabalistic black magic is employed to create more parts.

In such deeper aspects of programming, what occurs? Have the Illuminati programmers created new parts via psychologic torture techniques, have they created them with black magic or both? One thing is sure, if the "golem's mind"--that is that if parts of the victim subjected to trauma-based mind-control remember what occurred, then it will be associated with a Cabalistic black magic ritual.

There are several other features of Cabalistic black magic that are important features of Illuminati programming. Many things pertaining to the mind-control have slipped out into public view at one time or another but are not recognized as having anything to do with programming. The European Jew Joseph Achron wrote the musical Golem Suite (1932) for an orchestra. The first piece of music introduces the golem and the last piece of music is the exact reverse mirror image of the first piece and it represents the disintegration of the golem.

In programming, the deeper alters may have a musical cord to call them up, and the reverse of that cord will "disintegrate" them back into the mind. The following excerpts are taken from Gershom Scholem's book Kabbalah. (NY: Keter Pub. House Jerusalem, 1974.) "General summaries of Kabbalistic doctrine rarely referred to its 'practical' side [which Scholem go on to explain is black magic dealing with demons and blood]..." Of

course not, the practical side of the Kabbala is occult--secret knowledge. It is the secrets of black magic. "Various ideas and practices connected with the concept of the golem [mind-controlled slave] also took their place in practical Kabbalah through a combination of features drawn from the Sefer Yezirah and a number of magical traditions." (Kabbala, p. 183) The practical side of the Kabbala which was concerned with creating golem employed trances, magic and visualization. Scholem writes, "In this circle the Sefer Yezirah was nearly always interpreted in the manner of Saadia and Shabbetai Donnolo [who was into what is known as Satanism], with an added tendency to see the book as a guide for both mystics and adepts of magic.

The study of the book was considered successful when the mystic attained the vision of the golem, which was connected with a specific ritual of a remarkable ecstatic [altered state] character." (ibid., p.40) Two other points should be made showing the connection between medieval ashkenzim black magic practices and the programming going on today. The medieval jewish magicians would use the secret Kabbalistic names of God in accordance with detailed sets of instructions to try and create a golem. The golem in turn would say the combination of hebrew letters in reverse order. This has been done in modern programming.

Further, the "Seal of the Holy One" in medieval times was written on the forehead of the golem. This is the word "emet". At some point the word's first letter (an aleph) is erased and this leaves the word "met" which in Hebrew means "dead". Such types of sealings have also been done in modern times with deeper parts of slaves.

PART C. The 3 foundations: Loss of identity, Fear, and Demons

The programming has three basic foundations, fear, rejection of God (which entails the rejection of who they are), and the entrapment by demonic possession. If the person is paralyzed in fear, unable to seek God's help, unable to know who they are in Christ & to see God's plan for their life, and lives in bondage to demons, then the Illuminati programming will hold.

The Word of God states that each person is intricately designed by God and developed according to His plan (Ps. 139:14-16). A person's self-image of who they are profoundly affects everything else about them. The Illuminati want to insure that the potential for good that the person is born with is destroyed or controlled. They want the victim to feel rejected and cheated by God. This is what Colossians 2:8 warns about, & then the next Bible verse states, "...for in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And you are complete in Him..."

If the slave could ever be complete through their devotion to God, they would have no use for their Illuminati masters. The Scriptures in several Psalms teach that God made us in accordance with His plans for our lives. Even today He is not finished with us. "We are (present continuous action verb) His workmanship..." Eph. 2:10 A 124 pg. secret CIA book Manual on Human Resources, 1983, (recently declassified via the Freedom of Information Act) states, "When a threat is used, it should always be implied that the

subject himself is to blame by using words such as, "You leave me no other choice but to..." He should never be told to comply "or else!"... The threat of coercion usually weakens or destroys resistance more effectively than coercion itself. For example, the threat to inflict pain can trigger fears more damaging than the immediate sensation of pain."

UNDERSTANDING THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FEAR & DEMONS

Dr. W. Grey Walter, of the British Burden Neurological Institute at Bristol, England did a lot of research involving drugs, electroshock and demonology. Walter would drill from 50 to 100 holes in his patients heads and then insert electrodes into their heads. The patients would walk around with a beret-like covering over their electrode implanted heads. The suborbital area of the brain was determined by Walter as being the seat of demonic fears. Walter would cause a small lesion in the paracingulate region to calm patients who saw demons. This in effect is like a miniature lobotomy. The electricity causes a selective lesion. What his work showed was that there is a connection between the area of the brain that creates fear, and images of demons that people see.

The Word of God in 2 TIM 1:7 states categorically that "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." This means that the Spirit of fear comes from the Satan and his world system. The Spirit of fear is demonic, and it has the power to paralyze its victim. This Spirit of Fear is nothing less than a demonic anointing. That demonic anointing drives away positive angelic spirits. Christ asked, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" The demonic anointing of fear meant that faith was lacking. If we listen to the Word of God, we get faith. (ROM 10:17). This is why it is important to the programmers that their deeper alters are programmed not to be able to read or hear the Word of God (Holy Bible). If the victim could hear the Word of God, they would receive faith, which would tamper with the demonic anointing of fear.

On a spiritual level, our fears are open doors for Satan to carry out an act. It is a vicious bondage loop, because then the victim says, "I knew it was going to happen, I knew from the beginning." Little does the victim realize that the Spirit of Fear within them, opened the door for Satan to carry out his will in that area. In fact, it is standard procedure within the secret societies and intelligence agencies to identify what fears their opposition have, and then build upon those fears. It does no good to spread disinformation about things that the enemy is not fearful of. But if a fear is identified, they will play upon that as much as possible.

In Howard, Michael, Strategic Deception in the Second World War. Vol. 5 of British Intelligence in the Second World War. W.W. Norton & Co.: NY, 1995, p.33-34, "One of the first rules of deception is to play on the real fears,..." On page 41-42 Howard quotes a British intelligence directive, "It may be taken as a principle of strategic deception that it is neither economical in time nor productive in results to attempt to produce in the enemy anxiety over an area concerned with which the enemy himself has had no previous fear...Knowledge of the trend of enemy anxiety was therefore of very great

value...On the foundation of fear, and having regard both to inherent plausibility and to contact identifications which the enemy was likely to have made, it was possible to build up a fictitious and misleading structure and to represent Allied capabilities and intentions as very different from what they really were."

In this author's previous writings, the connection between demonology and military tactics in general and specifically British intelligence have been closely documented. Military structures are based upon demon structures. It is no surprise then, that demons and intelligence groups study to determine what a person's fears are. And it is no wonder that they attempt to instil as many fears as possible into the victim.

DEMON POSSESSION & SPIRIT GUARDS

Christians are called upon to guard what was spiritually entrusted to them by the using the Holy Spirit (2 TIM 1:14). The Illuminati do a mirror image of this, by layering in spirits (evil ones) to guard things in the system. For instance, in the VoL 2 book, the programming parallels to the movie Labyrinth were discussed in chapter 5. It was mentioned how the dogs portrayed guardians. Demons named Toto are layered in to protect the spinner kittens. If one were to try to activate the spinner kittens without going through the proper chain of command & codes, the guardian demons known as Totos, or after Dorothy's Toto will be activated. The spinner's in fact are often called "Dorothys".

Some other examples of guardians spirits that are placed into a system are Bes, the spirit that rules the dwarfs; Geb, the voice behind the earth God in a system; Pan, who has various roles, including being a protector of the green wood; and Shu, which is the voice "behind the wind" which controls the internal weather within a alter system's world. The foundations of a system are the demons layered in at the beginning. Spirits of Confusion, Despair, Torment are called down by the programmers and laid in. Lying and Perverse Spirits are brought in too.

At first this may seem like very subjective sci-fi to the reader. Hopefully, after the programming rituals are described in detail, and a basic foundation concerning what demons are is laid, the reader will have received a more systematic understanding of the topic. The goal is teach the reader programming as a programmer would understand it. The victim should not be made ashamed of demonic attachments. That serves no spiritual benefit for the victim, and only contributes more guilt and shame, and adds to the problem of giving them hope. The victim has been a helpless victim.

"Mystery" demons (which is not their actual name) are placed into the child when they are innocent babies. Part of the power of the mystery demons, is that they are able to remain anonymous within their host's body. They remain in the host secretly generally for the person's lifetime. These mystery demons have to answer to their chain of command. Within a victim's alter parts, are demons which have their own ranks and commanders. Christians who carry out deliverances will deal those commanders.

The Catholic Church, which has been so active in trauma-based mind-control and in placing in the Spirits of Legion into a victim, had one of their clergy write, "Evil is Someone, Someone who is multiple and whose name is legion..." (Mauriac, Francois. Life of St. Margaret of Cortona.) The Catholic Church's official public stance is that Demon possession is rare. On Aug. 15, 1972, Pope Paul VI put out a *motu proprio* which abolished the order of exorcist. This office had already become rather rare, and besides included men who were mind-control programmers. Cases of "demonic possession" of Catholics are occasionally taken to places like Georgetown Hospital in Wash. D.C. which is run by Jesuits working in tandem with the CIA. Accounts of exorcisms of Catholics are filled with clues that the victims of "demonic possession" are victims also of trauma-based occult-based mindcontrol.

This writer, trying to explain a difficult subject (demonology), feels fortunate to be able to recommend a book which does a good job of explaining it, this is Howard O. Pittman's book *Demons*. (Foxworth, MS: Philadelphian Pub. House, c. 1988). I originally read the book in 1992, and have had it recommended by those who work in the area of demonology. The book is written by a devout Christian who worked 28 years in the field of law enforcement during his life. The book explains such things as: how man is made in the image of God (and as such is a clone, so to speak of God;) How demon possession has come about due to man's sovereign will allowing it; & How demons can interact with the physical world.

He explains how Satan despatches orders from his throne which go through a chain of command, and how special emphasis is placed on Christians. He explains the forms of demons, their expertise, how they can read minds, and how they have no love for their master, and no love for themselves. Nor does their master have any love for them. (I, Fritz Springmeier, your author have discovered in talking to people for years, that it is essential for people to grasp that the mind of Satan is devoid of love, and that where love doesn't seek its own, Satan's mind always has his own interest in both mind & action. Everything in his world system is functioning for a goal of his, they are not random events, because he is a control-freak.)

Pittman describes warring demons--which look like giant humans and are the cream of Satan's crop.' These warring demons are assigned to formulate wars upon the earth. While Pittman is a spirit-led Christian, it is interesting that a non-Christian historian/author William Bramley, (of the Gods of Eden), who believes that the "aliens" were viewed as angels, has found traces of proof that the aliens (angels) were involved in the creation of wars down through the history of mankind. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron;" 1 TIM 4:1-2.

Pittman writes about 1 TIM 4:1-2, "In this passage of scripture, we are told that in the last days the devils would have their own doctrine. We know that if the Bible tells us that devils would have their own doctrines, then, most assuredly the Bible would tell us what these doctrines would be. Evidence of what the devils will be teaching is found in the

following passage of scripture: 'But he knowing their thoughts, said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falleth. If Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand? Because ye say that I cast out devils through Beelzebub.' (Luke 11:17-18)

From this very scripture, it is clear what the devils will be teaching as doctrine. They will be teaching that THERE ARE NO SUCH BEINGS AS DEMONS! Where are these demons teaching their doctrine? They are teaching it in the churches to the Christians! They are teaching their doctrine to the very ones who have the potential to believe that these demons are real and can expose these beings. If Satan did try to reveal himself and his helpers, then his house would be divided." Pittman warns, "From congregation to congregation, from one church to another church throughout all this land, we find preacher after preacher playing down the existence of demons and even the existence of Satan! Then, there are others who, when they admit that Satan and his demons are real, deemphasize their importance and capability. Not only are local ministers doing this, but many Christian authors are doing this through their books...The false doctrines of devils are intended to enhance the anonymity of Satan and his angels. Much of this misteaching is spread through good Christians who have been sold a lie and really believe what they say." The Word of God is clear that not one sin entered into this world without Satan. Every sin committed by mankind is (according to the Word of God) the result and influence of Satan. However, because Satan and his demons are masters at deception and at staying behind the scenes, and remaining anonymous they are not discovered. They are better at such deception than the intelligence agencies that are Illuminati fronts, and to give credit where due, the NSA, CIA, and MI-6 are good at what they do.

The programmer will be looking for methods to open up a person to demons, and he will be setting up scenarios so that the victim will reject the Spirit of God in their life. 1 JN 5:18 teaches that a person's identity in Christ protects against the wicked one, so the victim's identity in Christ will be stolen very soon by the programmers. According to the Word of God, submission and humility before God are also said to be protections against evil spirits.(cf. JS 4:7, & 1 PTR 5:6,8,9). Resistance to catching demons, involves a person "not giving place" to the demons, (Eph. 4:27) and to be strengthened by Christ (Phil. 4:13). How does this happen? The Word of God teaches us that the Spirit of God in our life repels demons naturally. A close walk of fellowship with the Spirit of God is one spiritually natural immune-builder. We need to get Christ deeper and deeper into our lives. However, the programmer will deflect this, and say that submission and humility before God means to submit to some church authority, and of course this church authority will be part of the mind-control abuse system.

The Use of Giving Demonic Assistance to entrap.

One of the principles (giving tactics) of the spirit world is that if you go to get help from demons, they have a spiritual opportunity to enter into your life in other ways. This involves spiritual laws. People, who have been healed by occult healers, have discovered that it set them up for demonic activity in their life. Of course, it is easy to

write this, but often only the victims of occult help, who have already learned the lesson the hard way, believe it.

The ultimate that Lucifer can pretend to give is divinity. Divinity is sometimes symbolized by the Illuminati as an 8 on its side or the infinity symbol. The divine within a hierarchy member is called the High Self. It also goes by the name Dian Y Glas or Blue God in the hierarchy's parlance. The given names of Joan, Janicot, Jean, and Jonet are popular in generational witchcraft families because they mean the High Self. The cabalistic name for the High Self (internal divinity) is NESHAMAH. According to Illuminati hierarchy beliefs, the High Self can only be communicated to via symbols, music and myth that go through the unconscious mind. In other words, don't talk to it, show it. This is part of the reason Illuminati witch covens make noise in ceremonies, dance and use objects, they believe these are essential to communicate to their High Self.

The Use of Occult Focal Points.

Another principle (giving tactic) of the spirit world is that focal points (occult objects) are used to bring demonic entities into a person's life. I can not write a technical manual on the mechanics of how or why the presence of evil spirits is aided by amulets, rings, occult jewelry, rock & roll albums, etc., but the fact is, that demonic entities ARE AIDED. It is common for mind-controlled Illuminati slaves to keep demonized nick-nacks given by their programmers, handlers or other contact people. Generally, the mind-controlled slave's front system is unaware of the spiritual ramifications of the occult objects.

The ancient grimoires are used in rituals & programming. Even if it is seldom that therapists work that deep in a system, it still might be useful to provide a list (for reference sake) of the ancient grimoires which are used to invoke demons:

Almadel, the

Arbatel of Magic, the

Black Pullet, the

Book of Albertus Magnus, the

Enchiridion of Pope Leo

Fourth Book of Cornelius Agrippa

Grand Grimoire, the

Grimoire of Pope Honorius

Grimorium Verum, the

Heptameron, the

Lesser Key of Solomon (aka Goetia)

Key of Solomon (aka Legemeton)

Pauline Art, the

Sword of Moses, the

Theosophia Pneumatica

The Use of giving occult power for SOMETHING IN RETURN. One of the tactics of controlling a person is to give them occult power. Generally, people who have psychic abilities and other occult powers, are reluctant to seek a true Christian faith. Because they enjoy the power they have, they will not trade leaving the occult world and their power behind for freedom.

In the case of many mind-controlled slaves, the programmer will create a legitimate spirit-filled Christian front. He knows that the spiritual principle, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways" will work in his favor. Even though he creates a religious front that is opposed to what the programmer wants, a thousand-minded person has no choice but to rely on the programmer. The programmer is the only one who can bring order out of chaos. The victim is so unstable with all his or her programmed and hurting parts, that these parts need their programmer to function. Evil spirits are like unwelcome visitors to our home. They can even be compared to an unwelcome mouse running and hiding in our house. That a visitor or mouse troubles us does not mean that he possesses us. Christians have problems with unwelcome mice as well as unwelcome demons. Mice corrupt our homes, likewise demons come to corrupt the House of God.

The programmer knows what encourages demonic activity. This is why certain occultic structures are built into the mind, and why the systems are set up to carry out occult rituals regularly. Some victims of mind-control are unfortunately going to witches for their therapy. A therapist who is a pagan witch, and who encourages further occult activity, is preventing the victim from gaining freedom. This is because there is a spiritual foundation to much of the control. (Readers would be surprised at how many psychologists are part of the occult world.)

How much of our life has been turned over to Christ? Many Christians have what could be termed "hidden rooms" and hidden compartments in their life & their thinking which they have not given to Christ. In fact, many Christians compartmentalize their life into their secular job and their Sunday of Christianity. In this sense, their lives are like a house with many rooms, many of which are not given to Christ, but are available for other spirits. Even the non-multiple Christian will have problems with compartmentalization in life opening a door to demons. But Christ asked his disciples to

go farther than just stay in fellowship, he commanded them to heal and cast out demons. MT 10:7,8. He also commanded his disciples to evangelize. The strongest deliverance have been seen on the cutting edge of evangelism, as a testimony to God's power.

DOES IT GLORIFY DEMONS TO CAST THEM OUT?

The threat of deliverance has the Satanic leaders of the Illuminati scared enough that they have actively disseminated a doctrine among the Christian churches that it gives power to Satan to believe in demons. There is a kernel of truth here, but it doesn't give glory to Satan to defeat demons and to expel them. If you were fired from your job, would that glorify you? No. Defeating demons is actually showing how weak they are, not glorifying them. Healing and deliverance are part of the ministry of freedom that Christ demonstrated to his disciples, and they are to accompany the preaching of freedom (evangelism).

PART D. A complete Chronology of how the victim experiences the early spiritual programming. (by Cisco)

Steps of Programming:

- a. The mother-fetus trauma
- b. The Apple-Woodsman ritual
- c. The 1st Ritual Theft of Birthright
- d. The 2nd Ritual Theft of Birthright
- e. The Satanic Wedding Prog. Ritual
- f. The Lockup of the Guardian Angel
- g. The Revelation of Demons
- h. Providing Satanic Toys
- i. The Participation Ritual
- j. The layering in of witches/monsters
- k. The prog. base-Fairy Tales told
1. The Ritual to Test Loyalty to Oaths
- m. Prog. building blocks- Nursery Rhymes
- n. The Hell Fire Ceremony
- o. The Cutting the Penis Ritual
- p. The Traitors Death Ritual

It is important to understand the nature and the sequence of these standard programming rituals. I, Cisco, have decided to reveal them so that the therapists will comprehend better what the programming is really all about. We have touched on a few of these rituals in our two previous books, but we haven't spelled them out. These programming rituals in real life are extremely traumatizing, even to the hardened cult parents who often must offer their children up to abuse that even they don't want to happen to their children. When these programming rituals happen to a child, they are so severe that they split the child's mind. We don't want therapists and readers falling apart

by reading about these programming rituals, so you will find the descriptions of these rituals are clinical, and are written without a great deal of emotional content.

a. The mother-fetus trauma

We have written about the traumas given to the mother and fetus in chapter 1 of this book and chapter 1 of the Vol. 2 book. Between these two books, there are approximately 9 pages concerning the traumas at this pre-birth stage. It could also be explained that the intensity and nature of the pre-birth traumas relate to whether the mother is Illuminati or not.

During the 1940's-'50s the Illuminati made it a high priority to marry members of the Illuminati to Christians for the purposes of infiltrating the churches. After a 20 year period of intense infiltration to such groups as the Southern Baptists, the Mennonites, the Pentecostal Holiness, the Four-Square, and the Assemblies of God, then they could rely upon their members within those groups to generationally continue their presence within these groups. Initially, they wanted the infiltration to be covered by marriage into these denominations. If a mother were not of the Illuminati, she was typically prepared for an overwhelming trauma to be administered during her pregnancy. If she drank coffee or tea, she could be given potent herbs daily to set the stage for later drugs administered during the torture. The herbs set the stage for drugs which would make the mind more pliable to hypnosis, because many Christians are resistant to hypnosis. When the Illuminati would finally by force grab and traumatize the mother, their goal would be to see if they could get the mother to renounce (blaspheme) Christ. They hoped to use this to blackmail the person into future submission and shame. They also were gaining experience into what kind of resistance they would face in the final takeover. An hypnotic trigger would be attached to this torture memory, and then the mother would be hypnotically made to forget the

b. The Apple-Woodsman ritual.

The powerful Tin Man Ritual is described on page 103 of the Vol. 2 Formula book. It is where the parent(s) presents the child to Lucifer, "the god of light". The Tin Man appeared in the first picture (page 4) of our illustrated Guide to Monarch Programming. It was positioned there because it is often the first ritual memory. The child eats an apple that is poisoned and dies, and then is brought back to life because the coven has the antidote on hand. Next, the parent dedicates the child to Lucifer; if not, then the child will have its head severed by the Tin Man's ax. This dedication mocks the Pentecostal dedication. Bear in mind, that some parents and programmers can only justify what they do, because they feel they are following "Lucifer's orders." They will say, "We do it to please Lucifer." They feel Lucifer wants the child in its purest state, so they will do the moon child ceremony in the womb to allow Lucifer to plant his spirits in the fetus (which is a mockery of God's spirit in the Christ-Child.)

c. The 1st Ritual Theft of Birthright

When the child victim is four, this ritual typically is done to them during the 10 days to 2 weeks of rituals done around Easter. The ritual is not always done at this time. If both parents are Illuminati, then their primary job is to see their children get programmed; but if only one parent is Illuminati, then the group may have to work with the child whenever they can manipulate some time to do so. Also the Illuminati have so many children to put through programming, that many simply do not start this ritual at Easter. But if they are not done at Easter, they may be told when it is done that it is the time around Easter. The programmers have certain windows of time for certain programs and schedules to follow for each child. They can be untrue to the real calendar date, and still set the internal clock/calendars of the slave correctly later.

This first ritual is to make sure the child victim experiences a staged rejection of God where they are found unworthy to be in "His' Book of Life. This ritual like all the others that we will describe in this series are sealed with rape and the implantation of demons.

d. The 2nd Ritual Theft of Birthright

This second ritual is done shortly after the first ritual, generally a few days after. It consists of a death, burial and resurrection ritual. To die means death towards God, burial means to bury all that makes up a person's worth, and resurrection means to be resurrected with a new name and birthed to Satan. This and the 1st theft ritual are designed to remove any bonds the deeper alters might ever conceive of having with Almighty God.

e. The Satanic Wedding Prog. Ritual

Within days of the 2nd theft ritual, the Illuminati will follow with a mock satanic wedding. Usually the father will marry his daughter, but there is a chain of responsibility and if the father can't sexually abuse his child, then the grandfather is next in line, and then the uncle, and then the programmer. They will serve as the satanic covering for the child. At this point the rejection by God is still fresh on the child's mind, and they want the child to at least remember the rejection, whether they remember the incident or not depends. The child may already have dissociated the previous week or two, so the programmer may simply tell it "REMEMBER THE FEAR WHEN GOD DIDN'T LOVE YOU."

The child may really be looking forward to this wedding. They may have been dressed up nicely, and may be excited about marrying their father, even though he looks like a giant to the little infant. When their dress is pulled up and they are abused, then the fun stops.

f. The Lockup of the Guardian Angel.

The Internal Self Helper, also called the Guardian Angel of the mind, is magically locked up by the demonic power of the programmers, and a shrewd lying demon substituted in its place. The evil spirits that will be laid in will be the totems of the victim's bloodline--the spirits of the person's bloodlines who are to help guide the person.

Many people in the New Age movement who are under total mind-control speak about their guardian angel or their totem guiding them. An example of a total mind-controlled slave doing this are the Indian spirit guides that help Loretta Lynn. Hillary Clinton consults the spirit Eleanor Roosevelt. In order to familiarize the child with the proper demons they will be dressed up in a costume that resembles the bloodline spirit they are to become acquainted with. They will participate in a ritual in this costume.

g. The Revelation of Demons.

At this point, both the front (the light side) and the deeper occult dark side alters will be allowed to see the demons that are layered in. The front side sees them in their Luciferian form, and are scared out of their wits. They may respond to this by having an ongoing fear of monsters under their bed. The front's fear will keep the front away from trying to go deeper into the system. Later on in adult life, the Illuminati may want the front part of the system to go through a "deliverance", so they will think they have dealt with everything, and they don't need to look further. (For instance, this trick was done to a programmed multiple this author has worked with, the result being, the victim gave up any type of therapy or helpful work, because they were sure they'd received the answer to their problems, which would be nice if it were true, but isn't.) On the flip side, even though the dark side alters are also scared of the demons, who are quite terrorizing when seen by humans, the inherent need of humans to look for supernatural help pulls them toward the demonic. It is an inborn survival trait in most humans to look to supernatural help. By seeing the spiritual (even though these are dark spiritual forces), it becomes a normal function for the deeper alters to commune with the dark spiritual realm.

h. Providing Satanic Toys

The deeper alters will be given candles, knives and other ritual paraphernalia to play with. The establishment department stores with all their demonic toys are helpful, for the parent only needs to go to the local department store to buy his children occult toys.

i. The Participation Ritual

Soon after the wedding ceremony, another ceremony takes place where the child dresses up in the cult's red and black ceremonial robes. This is meant to integrate them into the cult family. It is an opportunity for the child to feel like it is part of the group and its rituals.

j. The layering in of witches/monster scripts

The normal American fairy tales, which are filled with stories of monsters and witches, are read to the child. The goblins, warlocks, vampires, and witches they hear about will help lay a mental foundation for what will happen later.

k. Cult Fairy Tales are told.

Next, the people in the child's life who are guiding the programming will tell the child programming stories, such as the Wizard of Oz stories and Alice In Wonderland. In the 50's and 60's, the Tall Book of Make Believe was popular. For instance the character Mr. Moon became a foundational part of the programming. Over the years the Wizard of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, and Mother Goose seem to have been overall favorites. The child will most often be in a trance state when these story lines are told. The children will have the stories repeated and they are expected to memorize these scripts. Because the programmers will build upon the child's awareness of these stories, the stories are modified to better fit the future programming.

For instance, if a programming team is going to use the Goldilocks and the 3 Bears story, they might modify the story like this: The 3 bears and Goldilocks went for a walk. Goldilocks was somewhere she shouldn't have been, so she was eaten up by the bears. Bears will eat you up. Policemen are like bears. A Policeman found her? Do you know what happened to her? Goldilocks got locked up and put in a cage. Or maybe they might say, Goldilocks was sitting where she wasn't supposed to.-- At that moment the chair is pulled out from underneath the child and the child is probed with a stun gun.

In the last 20 years, tens of thousands of children are getting "Pleiadian" programming, and it is not known what base fairy-tales are being used for this type of programming, or if they are using sci-fi stories as the base. There are tens of thousands of children with programming that can be activated to make them think they were raised on Alcyone in the Pleiades. This is to part of the Grand Deception of the End Times.

l. The Ritual to Test Loyalty to Oaths

The next step is to test the loyalty of the child slave to the oaths that were extracted from it. To prove the child's loyalty, the coven demands that the child sacrifice another child. From what we witnessed, even after all the abuse and hypnotic tampering of the child up to this point, not one single child was "loyal" to the oath. The inborn aversion to taking a human's life is strong, and the child will still refuse to do it. Therefore, the cult will have a member guide the child by taking the child's hand and forcing it to sacrifice the innocent little life before them. In spite of their reluctance, the forced act begins to rip the fabric of the child slave's mind and to sear its conscience. The cult will be sure to insure that the child is made to feel responsible, and that they are given guilt and shame for the deed.

Once the innocent victim is sacrificed, the child slave is required to cut the bloody heart out and eat it. The child has already been groomed for this, because the cult has been feeding blood in their milk as a pabulum. The child has been allowed to get very hungry and then given blood so that in the end hunger is associated with death, and blood is associated with satisfying that hunger.

m. Prog. building blocks- Nursery Rhymes

The Nursery rhymes are now layered in. There is something mentally powerful about rhymes. Mother Goose nursery rhymes have been popular for over a half century for programming little children. The child's mind will refuse some things (such as it distaste for killing an innocent child in the previous ritual), but the child's mind doesn't realize anything devious about the adorable nursery rhymes. The child's mind will not put up any barriers to learning them. The child has no idea that by hearing these rhymes they are helping lay the foundation for their own mind-control.

n. The Hell Fire Ceremony.

This ceremony is basically the burning up of a child to instil in the child victim fear of disobedience and to show them what hell is all about. The reason this is done will be explained soon. This ceremony is done with one of four possibilities, a. a real baby, b. a dead miscarriage, c. a stage pretend child, d. movies.

For sure, the Illuminati will have a real bonfire, and there will be the stench of death. They will play tapes of screaming, terrified children to amplify how bad it will be in hell. Why do the Illuminati want the children to fear hell? First, if they ever do learn about the Bible, they will "know for sure" that this is the punishment that the God who rejected them wants for them. Next, the Illuminati tell the children that IF they are bad, they will suffer in hell, but if they are good in the cult, Satan their father will protect them and let them rule with him in hell. They want the child to be terrified of Hellfire and Brimstone. This ceremony is often done where there is a crematorium. The Presideo in CA was popular because a underground crematorium was there. Bear in mind, that the child by this time has lost its true self, and is simply in terror at watching a child like themselves turned to ashes. In certain types of hot fires, the child is turned to ashes so quick that the child's figure becomes a silhouette of ashes. The Illuminati will then begin teaching the child an important item, they will teach it to take on the spirit of the child through guilt manipulation. They'll say, "Don't you feel really bad that this happened to her, but you can fix it by internalizing her to yourself. Take the spirit of the child into you."

o. The Cutting the Penis Ritual.

This ritual is just as it sounds. The child is forced to emasculate another male. This ritual is intended to be severe. It again forces the child to choose between following their oaths or following what their heart tells them is a right. Because they will again refuse to carry out their oath of obedience, and will again be helped to obey, they will be an easy preplanned target of lots of shaming and guilt. This is one of the primary foundations for the shame and guilt that is built into the dark side alters. The child will be hit with sticks by the cult, while the Illuminati coven snarl, "Shame on you, you didn't obey as you promised." It is at this ritual, that the Illuminati coven will first begin to double-bind the victim by threatening them, "It's you or them [the person the child slave is to hurt], you choose." The little child sees two kinds of people in life, victimizers and victims. He or she will generally choose to be a victimizer. There will other times when the slave will not be given a choice and will have to suffer pain during the rituals.

p. The Traitor's Death Ritual.

The child victim will be left relatively drug free so they can have full awareness of the Traitor's Death which they witness. A person will receive the horrible traitors death during a ritual. The strong satanic alters will be built off the dissociated pieces caused by this ritual. And as is standard practice the ritual is sealed by a rape of the child to layer in more demons.

****This ends Cisco's very informative chronology. Let's sort out some of the specific programming maneuvers.**

Part E. Specific Programming maneuvers. The MANIPULATION OF NEAR-DEATH-EXPERIENCES (NDEs)

People, who undergo Illuminati programming, will be candidates for near-death experiences. In several of the programming scripts, the victim is brought to the point of clinical death and then revived. In hospital settings, resuscitation of heart failure and other deathly events like surgery has produced tens of thousands of cases of Near-death experiences (NDE's). According to Raymond Moody, who worked with or experienced people experiencing NDEs, the typical NDE involves the person hearing himself announced dead. Then a loud ringing or buzzing noise occurs and a long, dark tunnel appears with a light at the end. The person will meet others and a being of light, and this light-being will play back events in the person's life, and evaluate his life, and then the person reaches a point where he must go back.

People, who experience a NDE are profoundly changed. Any profound change that follows patterns can be manipulated and the Illuminati have discovered this is simply just another way to manipulate people. The NDE experiences follow patterns. We will not go into the details of why most of the NDE explanations can't be the actual explanations, but the bottom line is that most explanations fall short and do not explain the phenomena. The frequency and consistency of a tunnel being seen with a light at the end rules out hallucinations in terms of symbology. The mind could just as well see a gate, or keyhole, or a door as an entrance to a new world but doesn't. Some researchers believe that the answer lies in the structure of the visual cortex, and that the dying person's center of the visual field receives an ever increasing electrical noise while dying which produces an ever increasing circle of light being seen.

On the flip side, for those who have a biblical perspective, there are explanations that also seem to explain the phenomena. At any rate, it's been known after Heinrich Kluver published his research in the 1930's that the brain has four constants in its Near-Death hallucinations: the cobweb, the grating (or lattice), the spiral and the tunnel. Drugs have been found to produce an experience similar to NDE at times too. Whatever spiritually and physically happens to cause a NDE--and there is lots of debate as to the mechanics of the cause--the common experiences that people have during NDE's provides a pattern for the programmers to manipulate. Various people, the Illuminati,

some Christians, and others believe that Eccl. 12:6-7, --which is talking about when a man dies ("dust return to the earth as it was") and his spirit returning to God who gave it,--these various people believe that the silver cord spoken about in verse 6 is a cord that links a person to his god. This verse makes a good verse for the Illuminati who do program in wheels and silver cords into their slaves linking them to their pretending-to-be-god masters.

FINE-TUNED

One of the side "benefits" of the brain-stem scarring, the repeated tortures, the attention that is expected if the slave is to survive, etc. is that they may develop extremely sensitive perception. This extremely sensitive perception may come across as ESP, but it is really subconscious understanding of things such as body language.

HIDING THE INTERNAL SELF-HELPER

Psychologists have discovered that deep in the mind is an area of thinking they refer to as the Internal Self-helper. Psychologists who attempt to help programmed multiples have been told to find the ISH (internal self-helper) of the victim. Sometimes the "ISH" have surfaced as "angels" and "spirit guides" in a system. They may regulate which alters come out and hold the body. The therapist may point out to a person that angels and spirit guides are never internal, unless they are demonic. The Christian is permitted scripturally to only be led by one internal spirit guide, and that's is the Holy Spirit. In some systems, the slave's "Holy Spirit" may turn out to be a cult ISH.

The programmers were many steps ahead of the psychologists. Even years before the psychologists began looking for the ISH to help them, the programmers had foreseen this and had their bases covered. In everyday life, for normal people, the internal self-helper serves as a type of guardian angel over each person. The programmers during the early LSD trips watch for the ISH. When it surfaces, they lock it up in the person's mind, and replace it with a demonic generational spirit, which is commanded to report any work done in the system to the master. When psychologists find the ISH and ask for its help, the ISH does cooperate with them, but this demonic ISH is also one of the principal reporting agents that reports back to the master in photographic detail everything that the therapist does. This is one big reason the programmers have always been several steps ahead of the therapeutic community.

INTERJECT DISKS

Splintered souls captured on Interject disks is a subject that is beyond verification but is mentioned here because therapists and "UFO abductees", and SRA victims of mind-control may run into it. Readers must draw their own conclusions as to what soul interjects are--whether merely a deception, a new technology, or magical demonic manifestation.

Hermetic magic is a nasty form of magic from ancient Egypt. There are a few of the top

Illuminati Grand Masters who believe they are capable of carrying out rituals to raise the dead and create interjects onto interject disks. Specialized magic is performed on the dead to raise zombies in order to splinter the zombie's soul. The Grand Master then believes he can place the splinters of the soul on interject disks, and place these interjects into live slaves.

Interestingly, humans claiming contact with "aliens" have claimed that the aliens can separate a human soul from its body, keep it captured, recondition that soul, and finally implant the soul into another body. Some researchers are claiming that they have evidence of a holographic energy template that is associated with a physical body. Is this the soul? They believe that this template works with cellular genetic mechanisms. There is certainly more to learn about what humans are, perhaps some day these claims about zombie souls will have some scientific merit, but for now they lay in the realm of Illuminati Grand Master high magic.

I have reported upon Illuminati beliefs and practices. Likewise, an anthropologist will report on the practices & customs of a people, whether or not the anthropologist personally practices or believes like the people he observes. Of course, these Luciferian (or should one say satanic practices) are abhorrent and the author has never practiced them, so the author can't speak from the viewpoint of a witness, but he can describe as a reporter the views of Illuminati witnesses.

One Illuminati belief is that they have managed to design equipment that can catch the soul of a dying person. This capability will play a role in the reign of the anti-Christ. When the Anti-Christ dies, his soul will be captured and he will be resurrected with demons animating the body. When a very high ranking Illuminati adept goes berserk, the Illuminati will insure that they preserve the soul of the man by killing him with equipment that is portrayed in the recent movie Lord of Illusion. This is a mask-brace that fits over the portals of the head and then is screwed into the head to capture the soul as it tries to escape the dying body. Then demons are called in to live off the soul matter.

Normally, according to Illuminati occult knowledge, the demons can only live a short time within a body, but by the mask-brace capture of a body's soul, the demons can inhabit a body for a longer length of time and create the walking dead. This is that "line between heaven and hell" that the movie refers to. The Illuminati believe that the highest gift they can give Lucifer are captured souls. They will place souls into jars. This is the highest most secret magic of the Illuminati. Notice, that during the Lord of Illusion movie, jars are smashed during the ritual where a soul is captured.

Interviews with alien abductees reveals that some of them believe that the aliens are stealing the souls of mankind. The similarity of the Illuminati beliefs about demons, and the perceived actions of the aliens by abductees are remarkably similar. Also the Illuminati have secretly used special tubing during millions of abortions performed by their abortion clinics to capture the souls of the aborted children. (This is author is not making any claims that they do or don't succeed, but they believe they are succeeding.)

The movie Lord of Illusion is full of Illuminati/high level Masonic symbology. The movie begins with programming concepts, first the galaxies & stars, then the yellow brick road, then a dust storm... An Illuminati phrase "Flesh is a trap, magic sets you free" is mentioned in the movie. In contrast with the movie, these things are not written to entertain the reader, but with the good-natured intent that therapists and victims may gain something by knowing better what is going on to these Illuminati mind-control victims.

The Illuminati believe that they can suck the life spirit out of a person through intercourse with what they call the Eye of Horus (the anus). This is why the leaders of this World Order (such as George Bush, Bill Clinton, and tens of thousands of others) are into sodomy, they are trying to vampirize all the years of life out of the victim to gain a longer life. Some of the sad child victims, who have been kept exclusively for this purpose do look like the life force has been sucked out of them. Sodomy has its own secret chamber on the cabalistic tree of life.

A metaphysical UFO type magazine entitled WE Walk-Ins for Evolution puts out articles on how souls walk-into a body and how souls braid themselves to other souls. For instance, there was an article "Soul Braiding" in the April-June, '96 issue of WE. This appears to be a reframing of various practices that the Illuminati carry out to demonize and control the minds of their people. Rather than speak of a demonization or an interject, front alters of slaves who are not Christians can use metaphysical terms like "soul braiding". The words soul and spirit, and concepts attached to those words are important in programming. Programmed Mormon children will think they have the "Spirit of Elijah" in them, and will robotically sing their programming, "Follow the Prophet, follow the prophet."

WHITE GOLD, other information

Since writing about powdered white gold's ability to make a person clairvoyant, in Vol. 2, it's come to my attention that Nexus magazine has had a recent article on this. For those who are interested in crystal travel, crystal travel is an OBE also known as astral projection and is covered in the Vol. 2 book as astral projection. Besides the silver cord, some victims have mentioned a supernatural dark red violet umbilical that connects them to the AntiChrist.

Submit [picture 1 p_10-1.jpg](#)
information about the picture

This is a Masonic drawing called "The Second Portal". it shows nude boys facing a throne undergoing some type of magical ritual. The drawing appears In The Hidden Life in Freemasonry after pg. 198. in 1926, Charles W. Leadbeater, a 33° Freemason, printed his book The Hidden Life in Freemasonry. This book was written for people involved in Luciferian rituals In the higher more occult rites of Freemasonry. In the preface, Leadbeater talks of butterflies (pp viii-ix), which has the double meaning in the

occult of souls (spirits). in the last chapter, chapter 10, he gives Masonic rituals to Invoke angels (demons) through Egyptian magic. In these Masonic temples, the checkerboard square is used in a similar fashion as a magic circle for a coven. This picture is given as a paper trail to show the sex-magic rituals that take place within various Masonic groups.

The Illuminati Sisters of Light alters rarely appear in therapy because they are used in horrendous Masonic rituals, and must be buried very deep in the system. Typically, a Sister of Light would be blindfolded and taken down many flights of steps and through tunnels and would end up in an elaborate underground Masonic temple. She would be used as a nymph. In one ritual, for example, she'd be given a golden circle band for her forehead, a cloak with a red lining, and a tunic of black silk with golden rays. The hall would have important masons of society who would be sitting in a semi-circle. The Sisters of Light are given to Beelzebub in an excruciating marriage ceremony. There is a veil which falls into 4 equal parts, which mean the 4 corners of the world. The sisters take oaths around the compass, so that the victim feels locked in no matter what corner of the world they go to.

Submit picture 2 p_10-2.jpg

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about the picture

This was some early art work by Cisco to convey what her mind felt as a mind-controlled slave. What the picture shows is the hand of the puppet master controlling his puppet. The puppet is floating--not grounded in reality, but dissociated from the external world in order to survive. All the cities and internal worlds are grids. Everything attaches to grids. The color programming can be seen in the Green, Blue, Silver, Gold, Red, and Yellow colors of the grids. The puppet is totally in the hands of the puppet master and its hands are in a submissive hold, while the puppet master has his fingers covertly wrapped around the left side of the puppet's head.

CHAPTER 11: SCIENCE No. 11- INTERNAL CONTROLS

A. TEACHING OCCULT PHILOSOPHIES

B. INTERNAL COMPUTERS

- Installation of the Standard Programming

- Front Programs of Front Computer.

- Misinformation Computers.

- Beast Computer.

- Programmer Access to the Computer Areas.

C. INTERNAL HIERARCHIES

- THE INTERNAL HIERARCHIES form RATIONALES

A. TEACHING OCCULT PHILOSOPHIES

This is an important ongoing aspect of the mind-control. Vol. 2, introduced this subject:

"Learning plays an important part in perception. The Programmers try to get their victims to subscribe to philosophies and ideas that will make it hard for them to rebel against their controllers. This is what is termed indoctrination. The same methods of teaching that others [any other educator would] find useful are employed. Ways of thinking are incorporated by the slave via handlers, programmers, and the cult they belong to. "Everyone tries in their own way to make sense of life. This is a natural brain function, so that the human mind can understand how to deal with the future. The mind takes raw data, and then applies some type of logic, and comes to conclusions. Once accepted these conclusions can be as hard as nails, and they will defy any attempt to change them, even in the light of new evidence. If the Programmer is smart enough, he can get an alter to logically believe anything. Once the belief is embedded, it will remain there tenaciously."

In the previously book, it was discussed how indoctrination is done. I will provide more of the details on how indoctrination is accomplished, because it is not being done via rational logical thinking. Rather, the programmer or cult leaders want to access a person's non-logical imaginative right brain. In order to do that he must distract the left brain.

Bill Clinton, an Illuminati handler of slaves, and a good liar, has his speeches prepared in such a way that they take advantage of the brain's natural functioning to manipulate it. Bill Clinton, when he gives a speech will initiate it by pushing everybody's green buttons. He will say a number of things that everyone wants to hear and will agree with. This is called "generating a YES SET". There will be a number of these, the number of these often desired is 3. Then the second stage is to bring in TRUISMS that are facts that after the audience has already been mentally saying yes, the audience will probably accept these facts without any disagreement. Finally, after the approx. three YES SETs, the approx. three TRUISMS, Bill will plant the suggestion, such as "support me in such and such."

On important points, Bill will move his left hand, to help imbed certain commands to his viewers. He will also use some subtle hand signals/codes to trigger mind-controlled slaves too. He will ask during his talks for people to imagine or visualize what he wants for them. Again this is manipulation directed at the right brain.

One of the most crucial things that protects the mind-control of the Illuminati is the frame-of-reference and world-view they build into people from the cradle to the grave. Our previous experience and the information we have available directly influences how we assign meaning to information we receive. The Illuminati's control over so much of society allows them to create people's frames-of-references. Fragments of information that people receive which do not relate to the person's frame-of-reference will be discarded. A person needs a place in his frame-of-reference to hang information on. The person may puzzle over the tidbits of incongruent fragments, but being unable to

relate them to his world view, he finds himself unable to file the fragments away in a meaningful manner.

Some of the front alters of very well controlled slaves have had world views (frames-of-references) that believe, a. there is no such thing as Satanic Ritual Abuse, b. there is no such thing as a conspiracy, c. there is no such thing as absolute truth, d. there is no such thing as sin. e. There is no connection between God, living a moral life, and finding Truth. f. there is no such thing as Multiple Personality Disorder. g. My religious organization can do no wrong.

Making a fundamental change in our frame of reference is a frightening task. This is why victims of total mind-control who have been A. programmed not to believe that a New World Order conspiracy exists, and not to believe Satanism and SRA exist, and then they are B. placed in a culture that reinforces this programming, end up being extremely hard to break free of their mind-control.

Conferences where mind-control victims can begin to see the significance of all the fragments of clues that they discarded are very valuable. This author has met a number of mind-controlled victims who didn't know what their problem was, but had countless clues in their life. But these clues were useless fragments of information until they were given a framework to use them.

For instance, one victim of Illuminati total mind-control knew nothing about the significance of the Illuminati bloodlines, nor who the bloodlines were. She stated that her relatives were so and so, and it was then pointed out to her that she was from Illuminati bloodlines on both sides, and the significance of the bloodlines was gone over. Now a meaningless piece of information (her genealogy) had been given a framework of meaning. But this was just one area of many which the establishment has carefully controlled us to have misunderstandings about. Understanding her heritage, allowed her to understand why she was selected for mind-control, when it seemed to her that others might have been better candidates.

Occult philosophies by their very nature create frames of references that make it hard to see reality and to see the Truth in Jesus Christ of Nazareth. The New Age, Witchcraft, and Hindu idea that all paths lead to God, is utter nonsense. The idea that Christians are narrow minded is nonsense, but is a common idea taught by many people. It is narrow minded to insist that Christians must go to the same place Hindu's end up, if Christians seek truth. The New Agers see only one track for truth seekers, since they hold all paths lead to God. The concept is even illustrated by the wheel in India's flag. All spokes on the wheel lead to the same center point of the circle.

The Biblical Christians see two tracks for truth seekers--some don't find God and Truth, but rather find an imitation of the truth and end up eternally lost, while some do find God and Truth. Perhaps at this point the reader is getting slightly upset because he or she is thinking, "Fritz is preaching what he believes," and is also thinking "there is no absolute truth." That is exactly my point. By accepting the lie--the programming lie--the frame of

reference--the paradigm that there is no absolute truth, then every time a fragment of absolute truth comes to you, you will reject it.

When I showed evidence to two followers of J.Z. Knight (J.Z. Knight was/is a mind-controlled slave, who has set up an Illuminati front religion in Washington State where converts are subjected to mind-control techniques) that children were being sacrificed by Satanic covens and that this was evidence of Satanic ritual abuse, their world view could not accept the concept of absolute wrongs and sin. They responded, "These satanists may well be killing their babies, but that is not abuse, that is only your idea. It's just your idea that it is abuse. It's not abuse to these people."

In review, one of the hardest shells protecting the programming of a total mind-controlled slave is when the front part of their system, which holds the body regularly, has been indoctrinated into a frame-of-reference that will not allow them to see the reality of what is being done to make and keep them in slavery. A final example of this, are the zealots of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation who are mind-controlled zealots. These zealots, who are launching a counterattack against books like this, have had their world-views carefully constructed by a combination of several techniques of persuasion, a. mass indoctrination, b. subliminal messages via the T.V. and other places in their lives, c. controlled education, and Neuro-Linguistic Programming, in addition to all their regular trauma-based programming. It's like their world-view is the hard varnish that is first seen & heard, protecting people (even themselves) from realizing that the underlying motivation of these zealots is not their world-view, but Total Mind Control Programming.

Within witchcraft, the cosmology that is taught is that a person was originally swirls or vortexes of energy. This coupled with a belief in reincarnation, allows the mind-controlled victim's witchcraft alters to believe that they began with some molecules of energy forming, and that death is nothing, because everything continues on a vast wheel of reincarnation. The beliefs that are inserted into people via witchcraft are conducive to locking the person into their servitude. European culture, which has been based on Christianity, has had a respect and value on life way beyond the oriental view. For centuries Europeans have marvelled about how little value human life has in the oriental view. This is because these Oriental views are identical with what is now called New Age beliefs, which are also about the same thing as witchcraft. Gnosticism/witchcraft philosophy justifies seeking and having power. Persons, who are power hungry, gravitate to this philosophy. Persons who are inculcated with the desire for power rationalize their behavior with the witchcraft philosophy which they are raised in, or programmed to believe, or "discover" to set their minds at ease.

B. INTERNAL COMPUTERS

Internal computers are elaborate arrangements of dissociated parts and memories built into the slave's mind to cause the victim's mind to have mechanical computer-like responses.

For years, the internal computers escaped the detection of the therapeutic community. The illustrated Guidebook introduced the subject to readers and the Vol. 2 gave the first major & so far to date the only comprehensive expose of these computers. This Deeper Insights book will provide a number of pages to deepen the readers understanding of this important subject. This is all fresh (never been exposed) material so don't write and ask what book it came from. You may have to refer back to our previous books for a complete understanding.

Installation of the Standard Programming.

The Illuminati take a screen about 6' by 6'. On the screen is a grid with a Greek or English letter. In front of the screen are colored flashing lights. The flashing colored lights prevent the conscious mind from seeing the screen, but the subconscious mind sees the grid. An Alpha symbol or capital A with tails at the base will be shown on the grid screen for Alpha programming. A Beta or B will be shown for the Beta Programming screen. The programming that is placed in using the different programming associated with various Greek and English alphabets can be read about in Chapter 4 of the Volume 2 Formula book and Chapter 4 in this book. The victim is strapped into a chair with their head locked in place and their eyes forced open. They must endure the flashing lights and the subliminal grid and letter on the screen.

There is a paper trail that they are using flashing lights for hypnotic control of a subject in order to place in messages at the subconscious. One of the pieces of the paper trail was an article "New Device To Induce Hypnosis Developed" in the Chicago Tribune (June 7, 1959). The article was about a Dr. William Kroger, who had tested the use of flashing lights on 200 obstetric patients at the Edgewater hospital in Chicago. Interestingly, this Dr. Kroger lived in Beverly Hills, CA and worked with a Sidney Schneider of Skokie, IL.

Schneider was skilled in electronics and Kroger was an obstetrician. The article said, "The pulsing pattern in reality an electronic brain wave 'achieves control' of the brain's alpha rhythm, thus inducing a drowsy state, according to Dr. Kroger." "The apparatus...operates on the principal of subliminal and photic stimulation of brain waves...about 30 per cent of the subjects who had received no explanation or had no knowledge of what the brain wave synchronizer would do were hypnotized to various degrees." Now these type of machines are available to any bozo who knows where they are sold.

Another piece of the paper trail is a government study by the Defense Intelligence Agency of July 1972, entitled Biological Effects of Electromagnetic Radiation (Radiowaves and Microwaves) --Eurasian and Communist Countries, ST-CS-01-169-72. DIA., July, 1972, pp. 77-86. This study, of which this author has a copy, in part VI is written about "Light and Color as a Means of Altering Human Behavior." Although the report claims the communists are the ones who are using flashing light and color to alter human behavior, the real inventors were the Illuminati, and both the Americans and Russians are using flashing colored lights for

programming.

This DIA study also reports on an American symposium held in the at Tulane Univ., Covington, LA in 1957 concerning the effects of flickering light on the brain. The participants of the 1957 American symposium drew up a paper with 11 conclusions, which included a. flickering light interferes with the human nervous system, b. flickering light can put a person to sleep or into a trance, c. flickering light can interfere with the brains s alpha waves, and d. "photo driving of the EEG by periodic flicker is a well known phenomenon although many subjects do not show the effect..."

During the '50's through at least the '70's, the Illuminati used flickering lights to place into the subconscious the grids used for the various computers. Each block on the grid would have codes, programs, memory and alters attached to it. In other words, dissociated parts of the mind become parts which are built into computers. The mind of victim is hijacked by the programmer.

To fully understand what the computers are, we must understand the mind-set of the programmers. The programmers are looking to Lucifer for their inspiration. An imitation of God's Book of Life for people, is for Lucifer to construct an internal computer that will contain all the history of all the alters. It might be helpful if some items that were in the illustrated Guidebook and in the Vol. 2 book were briefly touched upon again, as we discuss how the internal computers are made. Remember, that a computer is placed one per layer (section) and that they also build in back up computers, and that the computers have coded memories stored in them, as well as coded programs.

The deepest computer is called the Beast computer, and it has an eye (the all-seeing-eye) that opens and shuts like a camera lens. It can go behind the veil, and this is in mockery of the rent veil of the Holy of Holies. When the internal computers are built, the Illuminati use a doll house with different colored rooms for the child to visualize what is being done. Each room in the dollhouse has a different color. Each family of alters (a group of alters that are on the grid together) has the exact same color code. In the Vol. 2 book, we showed the color coding differently--we showed the color coding running diagonally across the grid, it can be done in any fashion, but generally the color code for a single family (alters a-through-in on the chart) is the same, and the cover program to hide it is that the colors run diagonally. What that means is that an entire family of alters, say alters Mary 1 through Mary 13 will all be connected by a color ribbon alter (who works just for them) back to that same color of computer room. All the family get the same programming, although they hold separate memories.

This will help therapists understand the behavior & programming patterns of various alters. The Beta and Delta alters, who as the readers realizes live in entirely a deep trance imaginary life, have entirely negative programming in their computer section. The Betas and Deltas have two ribbons per alter, which is an exception to the rule. This is so they can function together--espionage, seduction, and assassination all go together. Another type of alter who gets two ribbons are the 13th alters which connect two levels. These poor alters have so much programming going off, and mixed signals, that they

are real basket cases.

When a system is seen in its entirety, the more powerful system hierarchy and Illuminati hierarchy alters will be coded with Platinum, Gold, White, Purple, Bronze & Silver. Front alters who will be helpful will be coded pink and yellow. Orange alters will be perceived as helping alters, but they are actually guards, protectors, and they protect sections of the system below them, which they usually can't see, and often don't know that they guard. Alters coded brown, tan, grey, or clear will give the therapist & support team fits, because they are full of deceptions & cover programs, and illusions. Host alters or key front alters may have a clear or white diamond as their gemstone. Alters who cover things up may have obsidian as their gemstone. Other alters who play along with the programming may have such gemstones as Fire Opal, Topaz, and Turquoise. (Also see Vol. 2 , p. 328-29.)

Front Programs of Front Computer.

The front computer that is linked to the front section will be different than the deeper computers. It's big difference is that its programs (which are linked to all the front alters) are logical. The logical programs of this level provide the alters with logical reasons and excuses to believe the lies, and to reason their life out. Of course they draw false conclusions from good logic using faulty information.

Misinformation Computers.

Misinformation computers are laid in on the 3, 6, 9 and 12 levels. Thousands of demons are placed into the Misinformation computers to not only run them, but to dispense misinformation. Since the demons are not under drugs or hypnosis, they are under full awareness and are very crafty in their deceptions. When memories are too clean and too complete, the therapist should suspect that they are getting a demonic false memory. Bear in mind the child is in a drugged state during much of the programming and has blurry eyes and may have their eyes rolling in the back of their head. They have their short term memories splintered by electro-shock, and are fed lies about their memories via hypnosis. Real memories are in bad shape when retrieved. (This is why some persons apply "hypnotic correction programs" to restore the memories back closer to the original event, such as reversing the hypnotic air-brushing/blurring of faces that was programmed into deeper alters. The mind put in the distortion program and seems in some cases to be able to reverse the distortion program.)

Beast Computer.

End time names such as Gog, etc. are believed to be given to some of the computers within recent years, to represent the names of the 10 countries that will make up the global government of the New World Order. For years the computers have been called "Beast" computers with the big important Beast computer laid in at the bottom of the mind in the hell pit. Remember that the core is at the bottom of the mind below the hell pit--but she is almost always never connected to the Beast computer. This is because

the core receives very little programming. The core is told she is sleeping beauty and that her father Lucifer, who she is married to, will someday return for her and wake her up. Lucifer wanted the purest virgin bride he could get, so he marries as his top bride within the system the innocent core. The core is told she belongs to Lucifer. The core is protected by the false trinity in the pyramid and the Grand Druid Council. The core is linked to the Grand Druid Council, but not the carousel. In the VoL 2 book, we reported the cover program, which is that the core is in the carousel. If therapists want to take out computers they need to take them out from the first computer that was laid in, the Beast computer (at the bottom of the mind), and take them out in the sequence they were put in.

Programmer Access to the Computer Areas.

When the external programmer wants to put information into the computer he opens up the various "rooms" (areas or programs so to speak) and then the internal programmers take over. The story line used to build in access to the computer is the King's Chamber story in Alice In Wonderland. The king comes to the chamber and he has the right to make 3 wishes (the 3-part access code). If he doesn't make 3 wishes, everything disappears like in the Alice In Wonderland story. 3-part access codes are usually DATE, COLOR, ALPHA-NUMERIC CODE. But they could be three objects within the room, or they could be a sound, a touch, and a third-sight signal. Generally, the Illuminati have used the actual date that an alter (a part) or a family of alters was created as the actual code for that chamber of the computer. That chamber will then be linked to all the alters of that family. So lets say a family of alters was created on 4-30-64. This would normally be written on the charts as 43064 or because the Illuminati often work with things backward, some programmers will write it 46034. Which ever method, forward or backwards, will then be used consistently as the first part of the access to that family's computer chamber.

There are 26 rooms in the dollhouse, or in other words, 13 families of alters on a grid with 13 mirror images to mirror those 13. This was very standard for years. When the programmer places the information in it is put on a mental imaginary "computer disk" or in the older models "spools". The reader needs to remember back to the hypnotic surgery that we discussed in the Illustrated Guidebook and the Vol. 2 book, to remember that the victim has their insides hypnotically removed and the spools or computer disks placed inside of them.

Let's say a therapist touches one of the misinformation computers, which are the most assessable. These computers will then activate mirror images and lots of demonic activity. The therapist may end up integrating demons, and working with constructs and mirror images, and the proper excitement by the real alters is even programmed in. These are what may be termed "FALSE HOPE PROGRAMS". The system will rest and relax and the therapist will declare everything finished. (For years, the two authors have tried to explain this, but it seems to be a hard subject for therapists to understand.)

Finally, a very important warning, tampering with the computers is serious business,

from the co-authors experience in working with therapists, we strongly advise them not to tamper with the computers, because the self-destruct programs are so strong. The self-destruct programs will turn the person into a vegetable, or into pure insanity if the victim survives the suicide programs. The skill level among the therapeutic community is not yet at the level needed to tamper with the computers, but we hope with the publication of this book and with more experience that that will someday become a reality. This author, Fritz, is aware of therapists that have tried to tamper with the computers, but the programming has beaten both them and this author. For instance, it took lots of work to discover that this author's week of work with a front computer actually was only playing with a misinformation computer and its FALSE HOPE PROGRAMS.

C. INTERNAL HIERARCHIES

OVERVIEW.

The internal structuring of alter systems are built with alters being arranged in hierarchies. Often the hierarchal arrangement is a mirror of the group carrying out the programming. The CIA and other intelligence groups use SECTIONS. You will find the grids of alters arranged in SECTIONS. The Illuminati have a Grand Druid Council and other councils, which will be mirrored within the system. Alter families will be set up as mini-covens within the system, often with 13 to an alter families. HUBS will be created in reflection of how Satanic groups are organized into hubs.

THE INTERNAL HIERARCHIES form RATIONALES

Some of the structures within the programmed alters reflect the philosophies of the ancient occult world. The structures are buttressed by the occult beliefs that are connected to them. Cisco, who has helped me co-author two books on mind-control, pointed out how the ancient world had a god which could only be adored by one family. Each city had its own gods, and religion was tied to the family and the city units. This was the Religion of the Hearth, as some have called it.

The Roman Gens was an extension of this, the Gens were political associations of several families who collected into a religious union, as the Illuminati families have done. When we see how the ancient religious customs were, we see how the internal Illuminati structuring parallels this thinking. Each internal city or world is assigned a god (demon) during the programming. The Illuminati families have collected themselves into a Gen. This is an example of how the internal structuring is buttressed by some occult philosophy which will in turn buttress itself by its claim to antiquity, as if length of practice makes a mistaken superstition valid. The myths of the occult world and their symbology are very extensive. The programmers have many items to choose from as they construct the deeper internal worlds of an Illuminati slave. There is a twisted logic to many of the names they give.

The Magna Mater is the sybil, the symbol of truth, a goddess who can take the form of a

city in the occult world. To apply the name MAGNA MATER to a part of the mind then creates a triple or quadruple pun--we have something that can be truth, a city, a goddess, and a sybil. The programmers thrive on puns. The personification of the stages of spiritual life which are called fairies are named White Ladies, Green Ladies, and Black Ladies. Dissociated parts of the mind can be given the name Green Ladies, and then the secret meaning attached that they are fairies that connect to the system's spiritual development. The possibilities seem endless. Since cabalism is behind much of the Illuminati programming, and double images are so important--some systems may incorporate the dual being known as Metatron on top, and Samael on the bottom. This is the occult concept that all phenomena has an essential ambivalence. This is the Gemini concept.

Another Cabalistic concept that appears in programming is the silver palace also known as the silver thread that connects man to his origin and to his end. The palace in the occult world was to have secret chambers (dissociated areas in the subconscious) which hold treasure (programming truths). In the occult world's beliefs, it has been said that the palace of glass represents the magically appearing ancestral memories of mankind from the Golden Age. In Druidism, the horse was linked to the solar wheel, which had more wheels within itself.

During programming: Concepts are linked in series, Concepts are mirrored, and Concepts are related to the whole. The function of occult symbols lends itself to such applications.

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about the pic

Barbie Dolls are used for the mind-control programming. Interestingly in 1995, while fighting over Barbie dolls a 6-yr. old girl in Modesto, CA stabbed a 7-year-old playmate with a knife while telling her she was going to kill her. Police did nothing with the girl who had used the knife except to have the parents take her. One wonders what was this all about. Meanwhile Barbie Dolls have drastically changed and are now very occultic.

CHAPTER 12 SCIENCE No. 12-EXTERNAL CONTROLS

Advertising & Trauma-based programming.

ASSET CONTROL

SURVEILLANCE.

HARASSMENT

CAR COLORS

TELEVISION

BUILDING FAMILIES AND COMMUNITIES THAT HAVE INTERWOVEN
PROGRAMMING

ISOLATION

BOARDING SCHOOLS & BODY PROGRAMMING.

When controls fail, THE FINAL SOLUTION.

The Programmers

Advertizing & Trauma-based programming.

The Oregonian newspaper, Sat. Mar. 9, 1996, (p. E1) ran a story about women entitled, "She sells, She purrs, she percolates, she's a power player: Ads reflect society's view of women." At the top right is an ad with a Marilyn Monroe type of model with puckered lips selling cigarettes. Below her is a picture of a girl with the caption, "You were born a daughter. You looked up to your mother. You looked up to your father. You looked up to everyone. You wanted to be a princess. You thought you were a princess."

The themes in this article match the thinking within Monarch type programming scripts. Is this coincidence, or just a sign of the times, that so much in our lives echoes programming scripts? Some of the ads in today's magazines are obvious manipulations of the Monarch trauma-based mind-control. For instance, Royal & Sun Alliance Insurance Group controlled by the Rothschilds had an add in a recent popular magazine which has nothing but an entire page of violet-blue haze with an eye [an allusion to the All-seeing eye] staring out of the haze along with the big caption "YOU HAVE OUR ATTENTION." This would reinforce many of the mind-control programs. Ostensibly, the ad was for insurance.

Another ad that is an obvious manipulation of mind-control programming is an Aveda ad placed in Vogue & Vanity Fair magazines, where a woman's face is broken up into 4 pieces and put into a glass bottle along with a white daisy type flower & a yellow flower. The caption reads "You, bottled." the subcaption reads "what would you be if you came back as a pure-fume?" Notice the play on words that the programmers love.

Another more subtle example is a Virginia Slims ad which is designed to hit the subconscious of the Monarch slave. This ad has three thrones across the top of the page. In front of the three thrones is the Virginia Slims lady. The first two thrones have a chubby queen sitting on them & the third on the far right is vacant. The 3 queens are an allusion to the 3 hierarchy queens and the maiden-mother-hidden crone sequence in programming. The queen holds a scepter which adds some more power to this as a subconscious trigger. The caption reads, "Virginia Slims remembers the shortest reign of a female monarch. Queen Katrina of Valenski was crowned at 10 past the hour, lit a cigarette at 12 past the hour and was dethroned at 13 past the hour."

The hidden meaning behind this is that the front woman, remembers on a subconscious level the threat that if you don't remember the authority & power (thrones), and the power structure (the triad), then you shall remember the programming threat. This ad

subtly reinforces the programming threats to slaves.

Other ads that manipulate programming use Wizard of Oz, Alice In Wonderland and Star Wars themes. They use allusions to the programming scripts and show subtle occult symbols. The hypnotic eye is very popular in ads. Some ads simply seem to be a reflection of how our culture has become part of the programming, for instance a Sportsman device that is sold by an add with a big caption "Split personality", or a Merit cigarette ad that sells its product with the caption "Split personality." A watch ad for Bulova has an empty chair with a banner over it "Personality of the year" and the caption "Is your watch making you a missing person?"

During the programming, shifts in time certainly do make certain alters disappear, so although this ad is may not be a direct attempt to manipulate programming, it certainly is a product of today's mind-controlled society.

>>>On the next pg. is an ad appealing directly to the thinking of a programmed multiple.>>

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ASSET CONTROL

SURVEILLANCE.

Over the years of watching the Illuminati manage their slaves, it is clear that they like to have their slaves under constant surveillance. Often times they use friends of the slave to keep tabs. For instance, the teams that they put together are great for using to monitor other team members. If they find that the acquaintances and friends of the slave are not contributing enough, they will send out people to keep tabs on the slave.

Surveillance of a slave is done either to let the slave know that he or she is being watched (obviously as an intimidation device), or is done in line with common intelligence/police type tactics. Many times the Illuminati surveillance is so obvious, that this author has to conclude that it is intentionally so. For understanding undetectable surveillance, Hollywood movies are not teaching manuals. To watch someone's house the people working for the Illuminati will often try to maintain about 2 blocks distance. If they have to they can use battery operated bugs or bugs installed using the wiring in the house. If they want to get high-tech they can use fiber optics or even go to satellite-ground antenna monitoring of what a person is doing. If you are looking for a bug, get a counter that will go up into the higher ranges, & expect them to stick bugs away from equipment like refrigerators and air conditioners which make a lot of noise.

They also have directional microphones called bionic ears which can be used to pick up outside sounds from a distance. Sophisticated filters can be placed on their listening devices to screen out background noise. Lasers beamed onto windows can be used to listen to conversations within a building, but these have the drawbacks of picking up building noises, & noises from the street. Laser listening devices are going to function better at night. Telephone taps are commonly done by the Network to control and monitor their slaves. There are low-tech and high-tech ways to do this. The bottom line is that all telephone conversations in this nation (U.S.), all CB-radio traffic, all radio traffic has been totally monitored since before the 1970's. It is a given that anything you say on the telephone will be fed into a large computer which has words to watch for. Unless you believe you are a high-profile person, who is monitored 24-hours a day, it is best to stay away from mentioning trigger words in your conversation.

Often times, the people monitoring slaves team trail the slave. Teams of people can track a person on foot or in a car. Using a team is the best method in many situations. Often they tag team follow a person. They also have team formations that are used to keep track of a person, such as one person on the opposite side of the street, and one immediately behind and one far behind. Having a distant tracker allows the close one to avoid being caught if the slave tries to take evasive action or to ambush the stalker.

If the person watching the slave gets really concerned they may end up using special headlights called "blackout lights" to shadow the slave at night, which are shielded to keep the beams of light from showing in front or to the side of the car. These special lights light up the road in front of the car only, so the car remains unseen by the stalked mind-controlled victim.

There are a number of secret devices to aid the abusers in their control over environment that the slave must live in. The intelligence groups often use a radio device called AGENT ALERT which looks like a ballpoint pen which sends out a continual beeping when it is activated.

Besides their Global Positioning Satellites, intelligence has Pegasus, a ship that can monitor & record electronic transmissions while sailing offshore. After reading the mind-control significance of Pegasi, it clearer the Navy picked an appropriate horse to record electronic transmissions. Even though all slaves have Reporting Alters, & are tracked in other ways, the Illuminati often has redundant safety features to monitor their "human assets".

Because the slave is monitored from so many different unseen methods, it does begin to seem hopeless to some to ever be free of Big Brother. If you add to all this, that the slave has been programmed repeatedly that there is no escaping their All-seeing eyes, then it is easy to see why so many slaves acquiesce & just comply.

A Vol. 2 reader, who caught onto to what the book is about, pointed out how the new film The Juror reflects their approach to control. The movie shows a controller who is obsessed with who he is controlling. This holds true in real life for the programmers too.

Even though Dr. Mengele programmed thousands of people in his lifetime, he had his "pets" (Lieblings), pet slaves that he was obsessed with. In the movie, the controller says, "Do what I say." and "If I can keep you scared, I can save your life." These could have come straight out of a programmer's mouth. He picks out a juror who is creative & intelligent to control, which are the criteria for selecting victims in real life. The movie illustrates some of the concepts which actually happen that this chapter 12 is trying to describe.

HARASSMENT

One of the things that the Network does to any slave that tries to break free, and the Illuminati does to any of their hierarchy slaves (like this book's co-author Cisco) who tries to get free is to harass them constantly.

Stephen Knight who researched the Freemasons wrote a chapter in his book *The Brotherhood, The Secret World of the Freemasons* about how they harass any opposition. (See chapter 16, pp. 140-149). When Knight interviewed ex-Masons they were in abject fear of the Masonic system. They didn't even want to talk about how much power the Freemasons have to ruin careers, spy, and harass people. Since Knight's book is available for the reader, and since there are a number of books (like those from Loompanics) that are very detailed on harassment techniques, this book will only briefly touch on the subject. However, just because it is only briefly mentioned please don't mistakenly think this is a minor topic.

The Illuminati and their co-workers the Freemasons, the Mishpucka, and CIA put outrageously great amounts of efforts into harassment. It is not unusual for a recovering victim of mind-control to find their favourite pet killed, or human faeces in their oven, and other bizarre harassments that show the warped character of the controllers. The CIA, the Masonic leaders, and the Mishpucka keep extensive files on everyone for purposes of blackmail, and coercion. The Masonic leadership of Freemasonry in a given area will have thousands of "blackmail" files on essentially everyone of importance in their area. Upper echelon people such as judges, lawyers, and politicians are generally controlled via IRS infringements, and many of the lower echelon people are controlled through weird sexual items. This is where the Delta and Beta Monarch slaves are so helpful to the Illuminati. The Freemasons can have a sexual alter seduce a man, contrive a scene, and then an alter that is in a death trance takes the body so that the target of blackmail thinks he has killed the woman. It works great for blackmail. (This information comes from several witnesses who are informed about the blackmail files & their methods for blackmailing.)

CAR COLORS

The Vol. 2 book apparently neglected to relate how the colors of cars are used to access victims. Some victims around the U.S. are programmed to red & white cars. Autos with both colors will arrive. Red & White are the great mystical colors assoc. with the 2 headed eagle & Janus. White cars are for high ranking slaves. Very specific

sexual slaves are picked up in red and black cars. In N.Y. brown Volkswagens were frequently used for accessing slaves. Two tone cars will be used to trigger particular alters to come out. Another common practice that is occurring across the U.S. is for the draconian enforcers to borrow cars from dealerships so that they can't be traced. The license plates of cars are also used as access triggers for some slaves.

TELEVISION

The all pervasive television, which has been so common place in the lives of Americans, is used a great deal to manipulate trauma-based mind-controlled slaves. Tests by researcher Herbert Krugman have shown that TV watchers used their right brain twice as much as their left brain and released Beta-endorphin into their brains. In other words, TV watching trains the mind to go into an altered state. If a blank black frame is interjected every 32 frames on a show, a 45 beat/minute pulsation is created that puts a person into a hypnotic trance. In Vol. 2, it was brought out how the Lawnmower Man movie, displayed the symbols used to program many of the slaves. The movie was advertised with the slogan "God made him simple...Science made him a god." This is a slogan fitting for an Illuminati member who has been programmed to think he is a god, and yet he must serve his superiors.

BUILDING FAMILIES AND COMMUNITIES THAT HAVE INTERWOVEN PROGRAMMING

The Illuminati has increasingly wanted to keep their members within Illuminati family settings. They have had more problems with placing their members into families which are not part of their mind-control than they have had with children which are raised within Illum. or cult type settings. If one or both of the parents have programming, the Illuminati often weaves the programming together so that the entire family becomes one programmed dissociative mechanism.

For instance, on a ritual night the child as it is being tucked in bed will say to the mother, "MAY I HAVE A DRINK OF WATER." This is the code trigger for the mother to give a drug in a drink. The child is to say another trigger to the parent when they get the drink, then is programmed to drink the drug. The second trigger causes the parent to switch to a personality that feels compelled to get the family into the car and drive. The family all mechanically click into a series of alter switches and end up at a ritual. They mechanically trigger and reinforce each others programming as they return from the ritual, and end up at home with everyone's front alters not knowing what the family has been involved with. Here we have an entire family whose testimony could reinforce each other that they did nothing but sleep at home that night!

There are some locations, for instance, two entire towns in southern Utah that are a strict offbeat shoot of Mormonism, which are entirely programmed multiples. There have been some television shows about entire towns being caught up in secret satanic rituals. It is true, but they also have occult mind-control programming along with those rituals. Here we see how an entire city can trigger each other's programming and all be

involved in the insanity of all this without full awareness. This is in fact, where the entire world is headed very rapidly.

ISOLATION

While control mechanisms are put into place world-wide, the Illuminati still must keep their children isolated from the world. To successfully raise a child slave, the mind-control's success depends upon isolation. Children involved in cult rituals do not talk to other children. If they are caught talking, the standard punishment is to tie the child to a dead child. They want their children to shut down, and only do what they are told. They want the child to respond only to the Programmer and its Mother of Darkness. They heap lots of guilt upon any child that breaks the rules of no communication. Children still manage to learn to speak with their eyes and fingers. They become skilled at this even though they know the punishment will be severe if caught.

BOARDING SCHOOLS & BODY PROGRAMMING.

Most people would naturally think that this topic would belong to this chapter. Actually, this topic DOES NOT belong here. But it was placed here on purpose, because its placement here will emphasize its point, while not detracting from the Cranial Manipulation and Genetic Manipulations sections of Chpt. 8.

Boarding schools not only give the elite a chance to isolate, educate, and indoctrinate their children, but it is also a great way to layer in body memories that instill a subconscious ethic of elitism. It is an attitude of elitism that allowed the Pharisees to crucify Christ, the Nazis to kill Jews, and Moslems to kill Hindus, etc.

How does this layering of body memories happen? The memories of our bodies are buried within the cells of our bodies. Therapists have known about body memories for some time now. Cellular level body memories are way beyond the grasp of the consciousness. Buried into a deep unconscious repression are the body memories of the social values (elitism) that are contained in how the social elite walk, hold a spoon and knife, how a person must stand up straight with good posture, and how the person holds and uses their facial muscles. The boarding schools teach an entire world of elite mannerisms such as "keep a stiff upper lip" to "don't hold your knife in your left hand."

West Point performs the same programming of body memories, to insure that their West Pointers develop an elitist attitude. The effect of these body memories is to subconsciously encourage the mind into thinking that it is elite. The erect posture and military gait that this author was taught carry with them the implication of superiority. While the conscious awareness of this elitist indoctrination can be gotten in touch with and defused, there are none-the-less buried elements of body memory that resist tampering. This author would ask his fellow West Pointers, how do they feel if they walk like a general around civilians?

This type of body programming contributes to an ethic of elitism. How it is created and

how it works has not escaped the detection of the elite bloodlines. This is why the British boarding schools are so strict about "good manners." Through a plebe year of bracing, the mind develops body memories of how to stand in a military brace. Some cadets are so traumatized by their first year, they never return to a normal posture. A military brace has been proven to not be the healthiest posture. It's this author's contention that the military brace is insisted upon for mind-control, and not for health reasons.

Victims of mind-control have been placed in many humiliating body positions, as well as many painful body positions. It takes years of slow subconscious work as well as deep massage to pull these up and work with these body memories. For instance, during the tortures to create cat/kitten alters, the children often crouch like cats. Kitten alters will retain their body memories of crouching (hunching the shoulders) like a cat. Sometimes when their masters begin to beat on kitten alters, they will reflexively crouch like a scared kitten. And what's with the woman called Queen Sheri who has been managing the two professional wrestlers Macho King and Randy Savage? Both of these professional wrestlers are part of a "family" called the New World Order. Queen Sheri walks around in a cat costume and facial makeup that makes her look like a real wild cat. Is this wildcat a Monarch wildcat?

When controls fail, THE FINAL SOLUTION.

The World Order can send out teams of professional killers. (What's new?) These killers often emotionally distance themselves from their victims by thinking of their "targets" as inferior forms of life that they are "liquidating", "terminating", "cleansing from this planet", etc. In 1996, a 4-member hit team took out the entire Bill Mueller family (Bill, Nancy, and 8 yr. old Sarah). Bill was a member of the Special Ops Group SOG of the Navy Seals. He had become a Patriot and a big gun dealer living in Arkansas. Someone decided he was too much of a threat and sent a team in to take not just him but his entire family out. Booz-Allen & Hamilton, Inc has been hired by the NWO to infiltrate the militias. This author has known in this area several disobedient slaves, and one therapist who lost their lives to assassins, as well as another one who committed suicide according to programming. But anymore what isn't dangerous? Crossing the street and eating at a restaurant can kill you too. The reader knows this. This author also knows of several who were going to be killed but escaped. One troublemaker was to have been sacrificed but broke free and hid, another was ritually tortured, buried alive, and left for dead, but managed to survive.

The Programmers

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APPENDIX 1 - PROGRAMMERS/RESEARCHERS

DIRTY PSYCHIATRISTS involved with MIND CONTROL
DIRTY RESEARCHERS

DIRTY TAVISTOCK CONTROLLERS
SOME OF FREEMASONRY'S MIND-CONTROL PEOPLE
REMOTE VIEWING MIND-RESEARCH
ODDS & ENDS
LIST of PROGRAMMERS (continuation from the list given in Vol. 2)
A FEW random CIA/INTELLIGENCE MEN involved WITH MIND-CONTROL
Anton LaVey--Profile of a trauma-based mind-control programmer
WHAT TO LOOK FOR.
MICHAEL AQUINO, a military/cult mind-control programmer
HIS CAREER
PERSONAL HISTORY.
UNDERSTANDING The CHURCH OF SET
UNDERSTANDING SOME OF AQUINO'S PROGRAMMING.
BACKGROUND
SEQUELAE OF ABUSE

The Illuminati set up the Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation to direct some of the mind-control its research, and its financial affairs. Harold Abramson became one of its leaders. One of the Macy Foundation's directors has been military intelligence chief and relative to Winston Churchill, Gen. Marlborough Churchill. Both Winston and Marlborough are of the corrupt Illuminati Marlborough family.

DIRTY PSYCHIATRISTS involved with MIND CONTROL

Dr. Van O. Austin, Utah
Dr. George Brock Chisholm, Tavistock
Dr. Lawrence D. Ginsberg
Dr. Robert G. Heath
Dr. Paul Hoch, Scot. Rite Mason
Dr. Robert Howell, Utah
Dr. Nathan Kline, Columbia Univ.
Dr. Nolan D.C. Lewis, dir NY State Psyc Inst. & Scottish Rite Mason
Dr. Amedeo S. Marrazzi, Missouri Inst. of Psychology
Dr. Sudha Tayi

DIRTY RESEARCHERS

Dr. Ross Adley, formerly of the Brain Research Center at Univ. of So. CA, now at Loma Linda Univ. Med. School, CIA, worked on ELF waves and the brain, and EM radiation.

Dr. Emmanuel Donchin, head of Psyc. Dept. at Urbana-Champaign's Univ. of IL, worked on thought-controlled machines.

Dr. Wayne O. Evans--U.S. Mil. Stress Lab, Natick, Mass

Dr. Dave Morgan, Lockheed-Sanders, worked on the syntel

Dr. Arthur Upton, head National Cancer Inst.

DIRTY TAVISTOCK CONTROLLERS

W. R. Byon

Richard Crossman

H. V. Dicks

Ronald Lippert

Brig. Gen. Dr. John Rawlings Rees

SOME OF FREEMASONRY'S MIND-CONTROL PEOPLE

Dr. Robert Hanna Felix--33°, dir of psyc. research for Scott. Rite, oversaw the Lexington KT programming facility

Dr. Franz J. Kailman-jewish Nazi who did research at NY State Psyc. Inst. while at Columbia Univ.

Seymour Solomon Kety- exec. of Scot. Rites psychiatry experiments, & nat. dir. of American Eugenics Soc.

Winfred Overholser- overall leader of Masonic research into mind-control, sup. of St. 'Elizabeth's Hosp. a mental hospital in Wash. D.C.

REMOTE VIEWING MIND-RESEARCH

Private organizations doing research into RV in the U.S. are run by "retired" intelligence people.

Joe McMoneagle -- "retired Intelligence officer" left govt.'s Stargate to set up "private" RV research.

ODDS & ENDS

· Hillary Clinton, who is a Grand Dame in the Illuminati, started in the early 1960s a group of mind-controlled slaves which is called Royal Project. She reportedly exercises power in the White House via 16 staffers who have been given authority over the different departments of government. One mind-control victim claims that one of Clinton's talks gave triggers for him to kill. One of Clinton's never mentioned cronies, who works closely with him, and travels to meet him at various locations is Charles Whitmore of Arkansas.

- One of the big areas where a great number of mind-controlled slaves congregate are MUFON meetings. An example of a slave handler, who is also a programmed slave is Dea Martin, who tells people she has worked for the government and who does aura readings. She controls her sidekick Jim Courant, a commercial airline pilot. An example of a programmed multiple with "alien" programming was serial murderer Robert Moody. Film taken of Moody in jail shows his MPD (DID).

- Kleinknecht was National Director of NASA during the Moon Flights when lots of mind-control programming was being done by both the Masonic lodges and NASA. C. Fred Kleinknecht was not only director of NASA but the Sec. General of the Scottish Rite 33°.

- The Doors Singer Jim Morrison used the occult code name Lizard King and The Exterminating Angel. He was involved with mind control.

- Col. John Alexander, (also called Doctor) who has been living in Arizona, and who has been in charge of making psychic warriors for the U.S. Army, has the inside reputation of being the Illuminati's top mind-control programmer.

- James Monroe. It turns out that there have been two James Monroes involved in programming. The first one was bn. perhaps in the 1920's, was 6' tall, and he was the CIA man who set up the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, a CIA front for mind-control. He had a very polite front in spite of being a sadistic programmer. The second one was James Monroe Martinez, bn in 1938, 6' tall, who was busy setting up underground bases such as the one at Los Alamos under the cover of working for GE. One report said he died in 1965. His mother owned a Catholic half-way house in Albuquerque, NM.

- There are all kinds of events happening around us that show evidence of mind-control. One example, is the case of a Catholic man quitting the monastery and becoming a NASA physicist.

- Part of the success of the mind-control lays within their child procurement abilities. The' corrupt Finders group, which consisted of FBI/CIA men who helped procure children, were led by Marion Pettie, who was called "the Stroller" and "the Game Caller" by Finder members.

- * The establishment allowed CIA programmer Dr. Louis Joyon "Jolly" West to examine Jack Ruby in his jail cell. When Ruby refused to admit to insanity, West labelled him "paranoid and mentally ill" and Ruby was placed on pills, which were called "happy pills". Ruby believed he was being poisoned by the establishment.

- Part of the success of the mind-control lays in the fact that there is such a widespread network of pedophiles. On Channel 5, May 6, 1996, during a show "Priestly Sins," it was stated that "at least 3000 [catholic] priests are sexual abusers of children." The program

stated that 600 priests have been reported to law enforcement within the last few years for complaints of sexual abuse of children. The show stated that catholics are silenced and punished if they speak up. Priests who speak out are penalized. For instance in 1985, a senior official at the Vatican's embassy in Wash. D.C. discovered rampant sexual abuse and wrote a report on how it should be dealt with responsibly. The church promptly buried the report.

LIST of PROGRAMMERS (continuation from the list given in Vol. 2)

Stephen Aldrich

Morse Allen

Dr. Charles L. Brown

Col. Campbell

Dr. Cleghon

Hillary Clinton

Jack F. (Uncle Jack) & Jill Coogan

Sen. Alan Cranston

"Gen." Earman

Don Ebner

Dr. Charles Evans

Dr. Tom Fox

Floyd & Mildred Frost & dau. Carol Frost Buls

Dr. George S. Glass

Dr. Goldshe

L. Wilson Greene

Dr. James Hamilton

Dr. Robert G. Heath

Richard Helms

Dr. Paul Hoch

Dr. Hyde

Dr. Korim (sp. not known)

Dr. Lowenstein

Mateland

Dr. Gary E. Miller

Dr. Moore

Dr. Martin Orne

Dr. Rosenberg

Dr. Woolsworth Russell

Cpt. George White (nickname/cover name Stormy)

Dr. Robert E. White

A FEW random CIA/INTELLIGENCE MEN involved WITH MIND-CONTROL

John Bacon

Tennant (Pete) Bagley

Col. Matt Baird

Bill Brown

Richard L. Conolly, Jr.

Burt Courage

Cong. Bud Cramer

Jerry Droller

Robert Feldman

Jim Ferguson

J. Peter Grace

Cynthia Hausman

Richard Helms

William J. Hood

Jack Kindschi

John McCone

Charles McKay

Cord Meyer

Comm. John R. Miller

Herbert Quinde
Wade Thomas

Anton LaVey--Profile of a trauma-based mind-control programmer

When someone coined the phrase "dynamite comes in small packages" the phrase was an apt description of Anton LaVey. (Released photographs of LaVey prevent people from realizing how short his is.) In a personal letter which Anton LaVey wrote, "With my swastika, I'm strong. My Satanic amulets give me power. I'm not a misfit anymore, with pimples and a heart murmur and flat feet."

Anton LaVey is famous for having started the Church of Satan. He chose Walpurgisnacht, April 30, 1966 to start the Church of Satan in San Francisco. Previously he had began holding midnight magic seminars in 1960. He and his occult friends held Magic Circle meetings until he founded the Church. His Church of Satan is officially recognized by the U.S. government and the military.

He turned an old Victorian House, at 6114 California St., San Francisco into what has been called "the Black Castle". It was for years indeed black on the outside, and LaVey would drive a hearse. Anton LaVey kept a full grown 400 lb. Nubian lion named Togare from Ethiopia at his house (which was allowed both inside & outside) that scared the neighbours when it roared. He also has kept a black leopard.

LaVey loves to play his Hammond organ music in his black castle as if his house were a stereotypical horror house. Inside the house are rooms used for rituals, occult books including books on cannibalism, coffins, a maze of secret passageways, and LaVey's private saloon called the Den of Iniquity. He called his satanic covens "Grottos."

This author is aware that the Church of Satan got Grottos going in the following cities: Amsterdam (Magistralis Grotto, Neth.), Boston, Chicago, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Edmonton (Can), Indianapolis, Kansas City, Las Vegas, London (Eng.), Los Angeles, Louisville, New York, Paris (Fr.), Phoenix, Portland (OR), St. Petersburg, Seattle, Silverton (OR), and Vancouver (Can).

Undoubtedly, there are other groups, as well as a scattered following of individuals. The Church of Satan has had many Ph.D.'s. The church has had a high percentage of professionals such as: doctors, lawyers, teachers, former FBI agents, IBM executives. Cult underground film maker Kenneth Anger was a member of the Church of Satan. An ex-high priest of the Church of Satan told this author how he was recruited for the position of high priest. He was promised anything he wanted in life, any woman, any money etc.--and they made good on much of that promise. As high priest, he micromanaged everyone's lives in his grotto. His people came to him for permission and advice and orders for everything. It wasn't just mind-control, it was total control of their lives. But giving orders and micromanaging the lives of many people became a drag.

One of Cathy O'Brien's abusers was LaVey's High Priest Merle Kilgore, father of Steve

Kilgore. LaVey (bn. April 11, 1930) comes from a Rumanian bloodline from Transylvania. As he grew up he love the story of Frankenstein. As a teenager he loved the occult. He dropped out of high school to be part of the Clyde Beatty circus.

LaVey likes to work from dusk to dawn. Like his ex-right hand man Michael Aquino, another mind-control programmer, both LaVey and Aquino are fascinated with the Nazis. (Michael Aquino's wife Lillith Sinclair was formerly the head of the Church of Satan's NY Lillith Grotto.) LaVey sports a Van Dyke beard, and a head shaved in the same fashion of executioners during the middle ages. Most of his followers never see him. Although LaVey has gotten wide press coverage, thanks to William Randolph Hearst's newspapers and his publishing companies like Avon, LaVey is a very secretive person and very rarely shows himself to even his high priests, or even talks to them.

His Church is a collection of self-sustaining dictators. He exaggerates the numbers of his church, apparently by claiming people who come in contact with his church. Before we discuss more about his organization and their rituals, let's touch on his role as a trauma-based mind-control programmer. Anton LaVey has openly advocated the creation of android humans. Even more startling is a music video shown on TV in which Anton LaVey personally gives a graphic description of how Anton LaVey intends to make the listener into his "mind-controlled sex slave". The audacity of this is mind-boggling. But then LaVey has tended to be more frank than other occult figures. The approach seems to be "I'll shock you so boldly, that you will not believe what I am saying, but will think its an act."

Taking inspiration from Orwell's 1984 LaVey wrote, "Up is down, pleasure is pain, darkness is light, slavery is freedom, madness is sanity..." This is actually the language that is used at times in the mind-control programming! Anton LaVey has been the mind-control handler/programmer of a number of Hollywood actors & actresses, including Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe, who both serviced him as sexual slaves. Jayne Mansfield, who was a High Priestess in the Church of Satan, shocked people when on a USO tour in Vietnam she asked for a satanic religious service. Sam Brody, one of Mansfield's handlers, had a bitter struggle over who would control Jayne, and one of LaVey's followers claimed to have tampered with Brody's car. Anton LaVey has also been the programmer of his daughters such as Karla and Zeena and his son. An ex-member of a satanic cult in the Ozarks said, "If LaVey says jump, you jump." Some of his followers call him "Uncle Anton" as if they were programmed by him. LaVey's cover is that he is simply a showman, a buffoon. His cover has fooled many people, the truth is the man is not to be trusted and has a lot more evil power than people have realized.

LaVey has always had what some describe as a "warm relationship" with police. In fact, he was on the police force in the 1950's as a photographer. The police were reluctant to question LaVey about the death of Jayne Mansfield (4/19/33-6/28/67) who was one of LaVey's high priestesses and slaves in his Church of Satan. Her color was pink. Anton LaVey has been seen going onto military programming bases, and was at the NORAD area in Colorado for a while.

Dick Russell interviewed Anton LaVey with his approval. Russell wrote up the interview in "The Satanist Who Wants To Rule the World", (Argosy, June 1975, p. 41) that the Anton LaVey believes that he and an elite force of Satanists will rule the world. LaVey took an obscure occult tract from the 30's and some thoughts from HG. Wells' book The Island of Dr. Moreau for a ritual. From this, he came up with a ritual which includes these stanzas:

"Man is God. We are men. We are gods. God is man."

When the reader is done reading this book, he will see how this ritual can fit in perfectly with trauma-based total mind-control. In fact, when people attend the Church of Satan's secret rituals, once people enter the ritual room two hooded guards prevent people from exiting prematurely through the closed doors. The rituals have been reported as being very disgusting. It was publicized that LaVey uses naked human altars for rituals, after photos were published of his satanic baptism of his 3 year old-daughter Zeena in May 1967. Does the Church of Satan involve summoning demons and worshipping Satan. Yes, most definitively. For instance, here are some of the words of an important invocation used by his satanic rituals:

In nomine Dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsi! In the name of Satan, the Ruler of the earth, the King of the world, I command the forces of darkness to bestow their Infernal power upon me!...By all the Gods of the Pit, I command that these things of which I speak shall come to pass! Come forth and answer your names by manifesting my desires! Hail Satan!"

LaVey's book The Compleat Witch (NY Dodd, Mead, 1971) p. 266 advocates that one achieve self-understanding and "embrace and cherish the demon within him." In LaVey's book The Satanic Witch (LA: Feral House, 1969) he states that a witch to be successful must make a pact with the devil. His church loves to chant "Hail Satan". They like Crowley's law, Do What thou Wilt. LaVey & some of his members teach that at the core of each person is a demon waiting to be released.

LaVey loves Black Masses and desecrating anything sacred to Christians. LaVey urges people in his books and talks to bring out their "darkest" urging. He hints at human sacrifice in his Satanic Bible, by having a section on it, but is careful not to go too far out on a limb publicly. He always publicly denies that Satanists should do human sacrifices. One of the doctors of the San Francisco Church of Satan is said to have brought LaVey's church a severed human leg from the hospital he worked at, which was basted in Triple Sec and eaten by LaVey and his group. Most of the rituals are done in secret, there are no way to confirm rumours that they eat human flesh, but knowing the mentality of some of his church members, they would do it just to check it out as a new experience.

Illuminatus William Randolph Hearst gave Anton LaVey some big help. His Avon Publishing published his Satanic Bible in 1969 (it was first released in Dec. '69). Since

then it has reportedly gone through over 30 printings. LaVey's next book *The Satanic Rituals* also was published by Hearst Avon in 1972. It talks about the power that blood sacrifices give the magician. Hearst's papers also gave him publicity.

LaVey is always thinking of ways of promoting his theology. Years ago, he had a topless witches Sabbath on San Francisco's North Beach. In 1990, the Church of Satan went into the Heavy Metal music business. The Church of Satan puts out a monthly magazine *The Cloven Hoof* which for most members is their main indirect communication from Magus LaVey.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

One of the most asked questions is, "Fritz, what does one look for?" One of the best covers for Illuminati kingpins is religion. Another is philanthropy. Philanthropy ties in with Illuminati beliefs that your good deeds must balance your evil deeds to gain power--it's a Gnostic cabalistic view point. The Illuminati kingpins are great philanthropists even though much of their philanthropy is self-serving.

Perhaps giving an example of a family that is suspect due to their circumstances would help illustrate this point. There is such a family which has gone almost undetected for years, and although some people fear them, they have not been reported on. Just because the police place a person on the suspect list, does not mean that the person is guilty. Everyone deserves the right to be treated as innocent, until proven guilty.

One of the groups that concern this author are the rich ultra-secretive ultraconservative Talmudic Jewish groups. This exclusive group keep their children away from contact with the outside world and send them to exclusive, semi-secret schools. An example of this would be the Reichmanns of Canada, who are billionaires, and have had some connections to the Rothschilds of England. It's not that this author has problems with people observing their religious beliefs strictly (or in the ultra-conservative Talmudic groups, "ultra-strictly" better describes their extreme strictness). It's great that people have standards of belief and conduct. However, the author sees the same patterns of legalism and secrecy that pervade Old Order Amish groups, -- except in the case of families like the Reichmanns, the potential for mischief is great, because they are not involved with milking cows, but international banking.

While most people are simply ignorant about the Amish but are not fearful of them, people who know rich billionaires like the Reichmanns are scared to death of them and a heavy cloak of secrecy envelopes them. Renée Reichmann was the great matriarch of the Reichmanns of Canada who are Talmidim Chakham, followers of the Talmud. They are not Hasidic. She is a descendent from King David, and King Solomon. She lives in Toronto. Her great-grandfather, a Gestetner, was one of the wealthiest men in Hungary. Most of her family lives in Montreal, two of her sons live in Toronto. Her children are Eva, Edward, Louis, Albert, Paul & Ralph. Samuel Reichmann is the father of the dynasty in Canada.

In 1929, his egg business made him rich. He learned how to work finances and currency exchanges between different countries to make money by tricks to circumvent legalities. Their family has also gotten Rothschild financial help, and during W.W. II they worked with Koppel, who ran the Rothschild's City Bank in Gibraltar. Their family did a great many things during W.W. II from the trading center Tangier in North Africa. Tangier was located in a position to trade between the Axis and the Allies. Also during W.W. II, under the direction of the Bank of Spain the Reichmanns and others kept the Spanish currency artificially high, by creating an artificial demand for the currency. The Reichmanns made perhaps millions of dollars on currency exchanges during the war years.

Don Eduardo Reichman was the administrator of del Real Estate & Commercial Bank of Tangier. Eva Reichmann married a British merchant banker. Albert Reichmann is President of Olympia & York Developments Ltd. Paul sits on the board of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (CIBC) & on the board of Rockefeller Center Properties, Inc. (a real estate investment trust for some of the Rockefeller properties in Manhattan.) Albert sits on the board of the Mt. Sinai Hospital in Toronto, and on the board of Landmark Lands Co., Inc. which owns some of the great golf courses in Palm Springs, CA. The Ontario Ministry of Consumer & Commercial Relations has offices in buildings owned by them. They tried to buy banks in Israel. Their sect of Judaism has a Yesodeh Hatorah school for ultra-orthodox boys. Their children have very little exposure to outside world. Their children do not have access to newspapers, television, or radios. Ralph and Paul were privately educated in England at Gateshead. It's a perfect setup for trauma-based mind-control.

Samuel Reichmann is known among his kind of Jewish sect as a philanthropist who supports Torah institutions. These Talmudic families consider pedigrees and genealogies very important, which is very much in line with the Illuminati's mind-set. The reason that this family is mentioned is that the Reichmanns haven't been mentioned in my previous books, and the circumstances that pervade the family have the earmarks for what this book is about. It may be that this family of billionaires consists of only wonderful people, but it is a given that most of the readers would be considered animals by these strict Talmudists, who would never allow any of us of the wrong bloodlines to be accepted into their "in" group. Obviously the Rothschilds are of the right bloodline.

Likewise, international bankers tend to be a Machiavellian clique, (that is not this author's opinion, but the opinion of honest hearted person who have ran in those circles.) Why has this clique accepted a family like the Reichmann's from such a narrow-minded judgemental sect into their fold? This paragraph is not written toward anyone specifically, it simply calling our attention a family of billionaires that no one knows about, which lives in veil of secrecy, and a religious setting that would make mind-control as easy as imaginable. (The Reichmanns would deny what's been written here.)

There are victims of mind-control coming in to therapists from conservative Jewish groups, and at least some of these are Illuminati. The religious front could just as easily

be Christian. Some of the readers of Vol. 2 reported back that the book helped them unveil the religious fronts that had helped derail their suspicions of puzzling situations that don't add up. The next programmer to be written about uses the front of being a leader of a Satanic Cult. I say front, because Michael Aquino has created a public image for his satanic cult, and hides behind that public image. Anytime someone wants to reveal the ugly truth about him, he hollers to the effect that he is being persecuted by a wild witch-hunt. He hollers that people are just having a knee-jerk reaction to his satanic occultism, and that he is really safe.

MICHAEL AQUINO, a military/cult mind-control programmer

An OVERVIEW. Michael Aquino has been a trauma-based total mind-control (Monarch) programmer for the DIA Psychological Warfare Division. He is also a prominent public satanist. A photo of Aquino in his military uniform is in the center picture section of Carl A. Raschke's *Painted Black* (San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1990.) Other books contain various pictures of him in satanic garb with ritual items. Most of the programmers have chosen to remain in the background, Aquino with his enormous ego, has chosen otherwise.

Senator Byrd (KKK leader & Freemason) and Aquino have done a great deal together over the years, and have been like a team. With the legal expertise of U.S. Sen. Robert C. Byrd, Aquino established the Temple of Set, a satanic cult as a legal religion recognized by the U.S. government and the U.S. military. This exclusive cult was designed to give these unchallenged criminals of the Network:

A. a legal organization whose membership consists of a mixed group of slaves and handlers, B. a market outlet for their illegal drugs and porn, C. a good public, legal, openly satanic front with which to attack all media coverage of ritual abuse.

The controlled media could now excuse itself from covering ritual abuse, by saying that they had been threatened to be sued by the Church of Set. Although the Church of Set has had the entire power of the establishment protecting it from investigation and criminal prosecution, the climate of control over the United States is still not complete enough for Satanists to openly get away with their mind-control. By identifying itself so intimately with the Church of Set, U.S. military intelligence has given the world an open trail of clues to help whistle-blowers expose the mind-control that has been going on throughout most of this century. Michael Aquino openly associated with men like President Ronald Reagan at the White House, again giving us the leverage to expose the secret satanic philosophies of America's leadership. Most of these men lead double lives, and due to the mind-control it has been hard to establish (except for eye-witnesses) that they are secret Satanists.

HIS CAREER

The army has known about Michael Aquino's Satanism from the beginning, clear back in 1968. Aquino (and some of his satanic lieutenants) received a High security

clearance (reportedly level 6), and he served with the World Affairs Council.

A dozen leaders within the Temple of Set were Military Intelligence officers (for instance, Capt. Willie Browning and Intelligence Officer Dennis Mann). Aquino wrote "From PSYOP to Mind War: The Psychology of Victory" published in the establishment's prestigious Military Review magazine. Aquino writes in this "From PSYOP to MindWar..." article, "...we shall create MindWar. The term is harsh and fear-inspiring, and so it should be: It is a term of attack and victory..." Aquino is a sadistic programmer, who loves to inflict pain on others.

Aquino has a doctorate in political science. He has two masters degrees (one is in political science, Univ. of CA, Santa Barbara, where he also got his doctorate). Aquino is Airborne qualified. He studied at the U.S. National Defense University. He was in Military Intelligence in Vietnam & Germany, and the Presideo. He was a Defense Intelligence Agency attache, and taught political science on the university level. He reported directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and worked one on one with the Secretary of Defense Cheney. He is a pseudo-intellectual whose ego and astronomically-large pride gets in the way of real learning.

He was the former national commander of the Eagle Scouts Honor Society. (The Boys Scout system is heavily influenced by Freemasons and contains unfortunately some perverts that try to take advantage of the system for their own perversions.) There was a massive coverup in the Presideo Day Care scandal in which Aquino was involved in. There were hundreds of witnesses of the abuse. The military and intelligence put strong pressure on the San Francisco police to get them to back down from doing anything to Aquino. During that time period, the Pentagon transferred Aquino from the Presideo back to the National Defense University, Wash., D.C. (And later he wound up in the St. Louis area.) During the investigation of the Temple of Set, the FBI claimed they had no record of such an organization. The military at the Presideo, had a spokesperson tell the press that Aquino was a good soldier who did his job. Aquino hides behind his religion. In his Scroll of Set Aquino accuses the father of the girl who pointed him out as her abuser as persecuting him because he is a Satanist. Aquino writes, "Also relevant is his profession as a Christian clergyman; I certainly doubt that he would have made such an outrageous accusation against any Lieutenant Colonel who was not known to be a prominent Satanist." (p. 4 Oct. XXII)

The truth that everyone will realize on their own is that any loving, caring father when he discovers some pervert has severely sexually molested and tortured his daughter is going to go to the police no matter what religion the villain belongs to. In 1985, U.S. Army major Grady McMurtry of Berkeley, CA and Kenneth Grant's OTO got into a legal battle over who was the actual chartered OTO lodge in the U.S.

Col. Michael Aquino of U.S. Military Intelligence watched the legal battle, and wrote these comments in the Scroll of Set Vol. XII no. 5, Oct. '86, "While sitting in the courtroom watching Judge Legge preside sternly over the slug-out, I couldn't help wondering if he had any idea he was ruling on which group had legal claim to anal sex

as the supreme religious sacrament in the United States." Witnesses report that one of Aquino's favorite types of sex is necrophilia, which of course can also be carried out with alters that are in a death state.

PERSONAL HISTORY.

Michael's father was an Italian Catholic. A Canadian police document that this author has indicates that Michael's mother was Betty Ford. Michael's wife is Lillith Sinclair. Besides being a Satanic High Priest & Ipsissimus, and an Military Intelligence Officer in Psychological warfare, Michael was a stockbroker for a while. In 1970, he joined the Church of Satan, and led a grotto in Kentucky. Michael gave lectures on Satanism at the University of Louisville, and used his house in Louisville for rituals. Aquino claimed to be anointed as the Second Beast, the one that Aleister Crowley prophesied in The Book of the Law. (See Aquino's The Book of Coming Forth by Night.) While LaVey shaved his head and wore horns to look the part, Aquino cut his hair in a widow's peak, plucked his eyebrows, and had a 666 tattooed under his scalp.

UNDERSTANDING The CHURCH OF SET

His Temple of Set was set up using ranks borrowed straight from the secret Illuminati--Priests or Priestesses, Adepts, Masters (Magus or Maga), and Ipsissimus or Ipsissima. (The Order of the Golden Dawn also uses the rank of ipsissimus. His cult uses new terminology such as Setian for Satanist. It's a common tactic of cults to use new terms to separate the cult followers from the external world.

In Aquino's bi-monthly periodical The Scroll of Set (Vol. XIII, No. 5, Oct. XXII, 1987, pg. 2 Aquino states, "Christianity is finished as a serious contender for the minds of intelligent humans." Aquino's brand of Satanism attempts to pre-date Christian ideas and goes make to Egyptian Hermetic magic and mythology for its symbolism.

Aquino also studied the Black Order and the SS in Germany and attempts to incorporate Nazi occultism and symbology into his satanic orders. The Temple of Set advertised in occult magazines, computer bulletin boards, and ads in the San Francisco Yellow pages. When the Temple of Set expanded to Britain, David Austen from Kent, England, became Aquino's High Priest in Britain.

To let the reader see just one more example of collaboration behinds the scenes of the Network, a Jesuit member of the Temple of Set continued teaching at a Catholic School after he joined the Temple. Aquino coined the word Xeper (pronounced keffer) to mean the process of evolving a higher consciousness. Scientifically conducted research by Graphoanalysts has determined that a preoccupation with x's means a preoccupation with death. Aquino and some other Satanists show their preoccupation with death by their fascination for words that begin with the letter "x". Aquino's girlfriend Linda Blood has supposedly left the Church of Set and was at a conference that this author attended. She was very antagonistic toward the victims of mind control at the conference, and acted in every way like a cult plant. She was very disruptive of what the

victims of mind-control were trying to gain at the conference.

He has written in favour of black magic and left hand path, but since most people don't know what black magic & left hand path is, buzz words. Aquino stated on Ophray's show that Satanists work "for the good of humankind." How? By exploring the "freedom of the will." The undercurrents of his writings in his publication The Crystal Tablet of Set is that he and his followers have power while the rest of us are basically wimps. Witnesses report how actual human sacrifices have been alternated with faked sacrifices in the Temple of Set so that it is difficult for witnesses to tell the real from the fantasy. The Temple of Set, like the Illuminati have strict rules that members are not allowed to keep incriminating items. Their precautions to go undetected resemble the Illuminati's precautions.

UNDERSTANDING SOME OF AQUINO'S PROGRAMMING.

Like so many programmers, Aquino flies all over the country, and has victimized people in numerous states and military bases. Michael Aquino's programming is standard military-type programming. Aquino puts in his own spirit guide into people. He likes to use his own version of Star Wars, with himself as Darth Vader, for his programming scripts. He programs in sexual and death (suicide) programs--such as the Rivers of Blood suicide protection program, and all the rest of the various types of programs.

His Temple of Set functions as a programming vehicle. The rituals are designed to break the practitioners grip on reality and logic and take them into the world of visualization, and creativity. Members of Set take on a magical name, they attempt in rituals to become another persona, which is a magical double of the person called "KA". And this ka work is done on the astral plane. Aquino is friends with Paul Kantner who is part of the mind-control scene and who put out an obvious programming song entitled White Rabbit.

In the Vol. 2 book, the significance of Leviathan was covered. The Church of Set has an Order of Leviathan headed by James Lewis VI^o of Baxley, GA. Michael Aquino is familiar with all the standard programming, the Wizard of Oz and the other fairy tale themes. He is very proficient at programming, having many years of experience. In 1981, he used Cathy O'Brien to make two HOW TO films for training military officers in the skills needed to program slaves. These two training films were entitled "How to Divide a Personality" and "How to Create a Sex Slave." (See Cathy O'Brien's monograph "Dick Cheney and Reagan's 'Hands-On' Mind Control Demonstrations" written/released 6/92.) President Reagan respected Aquino and encouraged the military to learn his programming techniques.

Aquino likes to work with Catholic mind-control victims. He is proficient at manipulating the concept of hell and of doing satanic reversals like the Black Mass.

On the following pages are a little of the paper trail on Mind-control Programmer Michael Aquino:

- Some favorite photos of Michael Aquino in satanic garb.
- A two page letter of Aquino showing his fascination with Darth Vader. He rewrote his own version of Star Wars to use as a programming script. Programmers are given the freedom to decide what scripts they want to use.
- last page of a letter by Michael Aquino showing his preoccupation for Hitler and Nazi things.
- two pages showing the trauma that therapists discovered in children that Aquino had sexually traumatized at the Presideo Day Care Center. As readers are aware the Judicial system never pursued the case against Aquino.
- A page from the police report where the girl who claimed she had been sexually molested by Aquino was interviewed.

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..... of women, is as much an act of violence as it is a sexual violation, it is argued here that the abuse reverberates in a chain reaction of violence-related responses in the child victim, in his or her family, and in the mental health system that is meant to serve the child. The Presidio case was made particularly poignant by the setting (the U.S. Army) and by the necessity for the victims' families to face simultaneously the abuse of their children and the failure of goodness of the government that serves them.

BACKGROUND

At the Presidio Child Development Center. in 1986-87. a single incident of suspected child sexual abuse led to a full-scale investigation during which all the parents were informed that their children may have been victims of sexual abuse at the Center and were invited to come to the army's Letterman Medical Center if they observed any unusual physical or emotional symptoms in their children. Here the children received medical and psychological evaluations by U.S. Army representatives.

Over time, the army, the FBI, and the San Francisco Police Department became involved in the investigations. Accusations of ritualistic abuse were made against a teacher (G) and a lieutenant colonel ("Shamby") and his wife (Mikey'): Shamby was also a high priest of a satanic sect. It was attested that children had reported group sexual activities with other children and with a doll: playing 'games' in Mr. G's bed: and being

brought to a house with a black room, where sexual activities of an occult nature ensued with Shamby and Mikey. Both boys and girls reported acts of fondling and penetration by Mr. G. their teacher. Clearly, this was a newsworthy event and it was quickly picked up by the media across the country.

Three years later, the army had made out-of-court financial settlements with the families of the alleged victims and the teacher was reported dead of AIDS. This case-study analysis is based on the author's participation as an evaluator of and psychotherapist for the girls (boys were assigned to male therapists) who were alleged victims. The author's involvement began two years after the occurrence of the alleged events when a team of lawyers was filing suits against the army on behalf of alleged victims and their families. Using process notes and evaluation records from the assessment and treatment of two of the girls (aged 3-4 when they were allegedly abused) and their families, along with anecdotal evidence from other cases, this article addresses the consequences and sequelae of institutional molestation for the child, the father, the mother, and the family system (consultation with therapists of the male victims revealed similar overall findings). More specifically, it underscores the unique features of sex and violence in the nursery when the perpetrator of the abuse is that historic symbol of patriarchal protection, the military establishment.

SEQUELAE OF ABUSE

- All the victimized children who received a medical evaluation tested negative for the HIV virus at the time of their initial evaluation. Recent research, however, indicates a possible incubation period during which negative test results can be found.

Finkelhor and Browne (1985) proposed that the experience of sexual abuse should be analyzed in relation to four trauma-causing factors: traumatic sexualization, betrayal, powerlessness, and stigmatization. In addition, they recommended assessing both the preabuse and postabuse situations in determining the psychological effects on the child victims. In the case of extrafamilial abuse, this model is applicable to the victims' families, as well as to the victims themselves. According to Finkelhor and Browne's model, the preschool child who is a victim of sexual abuse is at risk of severe levels of trauma, of which, in addition to the obvious sexual traumatization, betrayal and powerlessness are particularly salient factors.

Often, when a child enters a day care center, it is his or her first contact with the institutional world outside the family. At a young age, the child is asked to trust a stranger for care, succor, and daily guidance. The child relies on the parents' assurance that this unfamiliar situation is safe and healthy. Given such assurance, the child typically allows an attachment to develop with the day care provider or teacher and literally puts him- or herself in that person's hands.

At the Presidio, it was that very person who victimized the children, first by violating them sexually and then by warning them that, if they ever told their parents great harm would come to them and their families, and that they would probably never see their

parents again. The majority of the children did not tell their parents, who did not find out about the situation until the Center sent a letter warning them that their children may have been abused.

As with incest, the preabuse situation in which the child has trusted an adult who then accosts that child creates great emotional and cognitive confusion ("If this person is caring for me and I am totally dependent on him, he couldn't possibly be doing anything bad"). In addition, it engenders strong feelings of betrayal when the child comes to recognize that this person did do something bad to him or her and that mother and father did nothing to stop it. The severity of the trauma for children at the Presidio was immediately manifested in clear-cut symptoms. Before the abuse was exposed, parents had already noticed the following changes in their children: vaginal discharge, genital soreness, rashes, fear of the dark, sleep disturbances, nightmares, sexually provocative language ("Go down on the doll-69." "Get it up the butt," "Lick the doll's twat," "Hump on the doll"), and sexually inappropriate behavior (a four-year-old girl grabbing her older male cousins genitals).

In addition, the children were exhibiting other radical changes in behavior, including temper outbursts, sudden mood shifts, and poor impulse control. All these behavioral symptoms are to be expected in preschool children who have been molested (Haugaard & Reppucci. 1988; Mac Vicar. 1987; Sink. 1988). Of particular note were the children's responses when they were first asked by their parents if something bad had happened to them at the day care center. One child screamed and ran out of the room. Another whimpered, "They're going to hurt you if I tell," and still another said, "I can't tell, or they'll kill you."

Only later, after they were reassured that they would be protected, were the children able to report that "Mr. G touched my private parts," "Mr. G had me touch his penis," "We passed around a doll and were told to touch the doll in certain parts," "Mr. G took me to his house to see his beds," "I had to do something embarrassing in front of all the kids."

These responses highlight the second salient feature of the children's trauma: their sense of powerlessness. The children had felt powerless to tell their parents because of the grave harm they believed would come to their families if they did. This was not paranoid or fabricated fear; a trusted adult, a representative of the U.S. Army, had actually told them so. But, left to the devices of their own fantasy lives at the age of magical thinking, the children elaborated on these rears, sometimes to a bizarre degree. Their only choice was to channel the anxiety and trauma into formation of symptoms, until their parents, on the basis of the warning letter, began to question them on the matter. Only later, once the children entered the mental health system, did the full cycle of trauma, terror, and rage unfold. This phenomenon can best be understood by tracking the children and their families through the postabuse process, from discovery to treatment.

p_presidio.jpg

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APPENDIX B. THE PROGRAMMING SITES

Some MAJOR MIND-CONTROL PROGRAMMING SITES with explanations of their programming. (Fritz Springmeier originally exposed many of these sites in 1993, so it is possible they have made some changes since they were originally exposed. Most of these operated for years, and may still be operating. We are aware of that some of their programming bases have been moved after exposure.) Besides these major programming sites, there are countless minor ones. For instance, some of the programming sites for water-beach tortures have been visited by the co-authors, but are not listed. The massive Boeing Plant in the Seattle, WA area with its large amount underground tunnels has been used for programming, as well as the ARCO Beaver Valley Plant in Pennsylvania. So has the chapel at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. which was built by A.W. Mellon of the Mellon Illuminati family via their Mellon Foundation. This list is not put forth as comprehensive. Without question, this list is only the tip of the iceberg.

29 Palms, CA-

Area 51 (Dreamland, Groom Lake), NV--Area 51 is also known as Dreamland. There are a number of extensive underground facilities in the area. This was one of the first genetic research facilities in the U.S. and perhaps the first major genetic research facility. The people/workers & victims are brought in by airplane and tube shuttle. The worst cases of UFO/alien type of Monarch programming is coming out of Area 51. The eggs from slaves are being harvested and weird genetic creatures are being developed from human eggs which have been genetically mixed with other things.

Bethesda, MD--The Bethesda Naval Hospital

Bingham, UT--A red brick house, which was a closed House of Prostitution. The building was used for KKK programming. Child porn was produced in the basement, and upstairs programmed child slaves serviced KKK members. The KKK activity in the area connects in with the Illuminati controlled Kennecott Copper Co. (aka Utah Copper Co.) Russell G. Frazer, head of Bingham's Klavern & doctor for Kennecott Copper Co. did the electro-shock to split personalities.

Black Forest, Germany--Because the U.S-U.K. and Germany do so much programming, and some of the people in the U.S. were programmed in the U.K., Germany or Russia, it is worthwhile to mention some of the German programming sites. A number of witnesses report about castles in the Black Forest which are used for programming & ritual. Basal, Sw. on the border with Germany is a important Illuminati center. Frankfurt, Berlin and Zurich are all important programming/ritual sites. The Jesuits and the Catholic churches are very active in programming in Germany.

Boulder, CO--The headquarters for EMC, a type of electra-magnetic mind control that is being broadcast to modify the thinking of Americans, and to control slaves.

Butner, N.C.--Center of Correctional Research, all types of mind control are carried out and experimented with on the inmates.

Camp Peary, VA--The CIA's The Farm is located on a narrow strip of land between the York & James Rivers near Williamsburg, VA, used for programming CIA slaves. It has red brick buildings, and looks similar to a small college. The official crytonym was ISOLATION. People who are brought in who don't know where they are for training are called Black Trainees.

China Lake Naval Research Base (Inyokern), CA--

This facility had a country store, and hangers, and a hospital (address for the hospital is the code- 232 Naval Air Weapons Station) which all provided sites for programming. This site has been operational since the early 1950s. Large numbers of children (batches of 1000 or 2,000 or 3,000 children were run through this facility at a time. This facility did much of the original traumas and mind-splitting tortures that created the MPD. Other facilities then specialized in further programming that was then layered in on top of the original China Lake programming. A great deal of dehumanization in cages was done to large numbers of tiny children at China Lake Naval Facility. Nimitz Hospital did drug testing of the children prior to their programming.

Colorado Springs, CO--The ALEX system programming and end-times Military programming is coming out of Colorado Springs and is connected to NORAD. One of the Colorado sites is doing alien programming with mock UFOs.

Dillsboro Nike Base--Monarch programming of many kinds

Disneyland, CA--Disneyland has been an off hour site for Illuminati and satanic rituals for years.

Programming has gone on using Disneyland as one big prop for programming. Many of the Disney movies are used for programming, and some Disney scripts are especially tailored for Monarch slave programming. The Peter Pan programming can use the ship. The space programming can use the space props. The satanic programming can use the castles. Lots of mirror programming is done at Disneyland, and Disneyworld. There is also Magic Mountain programming, and programming using the Around the World Dolls, and its theme song. Some of Wizard of Oz and the Cinderella programming was also done at Disneyland using costumes. Preverbal children are taken to Disneyland to get them ready for the scripts.

Disneyworld, FL--Disneyworld was created as the eastern counterpart to the Disneyland programming site. One of the rides in Disneyworld plays "It's a small, small world" which is Disneyland developed programming theme.

Ft. Campbell, KT--Base programs are placed in here.

Ft. Detrick, MD--involved with medical/biological experimentation

Ft. Holabird, MD--This site is no longer in existence, but was the Army Intelligence School. CIC used the school. The place was known as "the Bird."

Ft. Hood, TX--programming involving military uses of Delta Monarch slaves was done here.

Ft. Huachuachua, AZ--HQ for Army Intelligence.

Ft. Knox, KT --The 1st Earth Batt. was developed here.

Ft. Lewis, WA--involved with the Psychic warfare part of the Monarch Programming.

Ft. McClellan--Ft. Meade, MD--The National Security Agency was created on 4 Nov 1952. Its headquarters were Fort Meade, VA. The National Security Agency (NSA) employs tens of thousands of employees and has a budget larger than the CIA. It has also been kept far more secret, while the CIA has been used as the fall guy to protect the National Security Agency's reputation. In the late 1960's, under Operation Minaret and Program Shamrock, the NSA and its British counterpart GCHQ began monitoring much of the communication within the USA and UK. The NSA monitors all American calls via computers using trip words, specific names, specific addresses, specific telephone numbers, etc. NSA has several computer to record all the millions of conversations which the computers have examined and deemed worthy of recording. How the NSA can get any use out of millions of recorded telephone conversations is beyond me? What intelligence agency could adequately process so much information?

These organizations now monitor all communications within both countries. At least one congressman got upset that his phone was bugged by the NSA. (see David Corn's article, "The case of the bugged senator" in Nation, Feb. 6, '89, p. 152.)

The NSA has developed a fiberoptics network called Internet computer network. An orange book is used to specify some of the NSA's security levels.

An informant in the National Security Agency states that establishment newspapers like the Wall Street Journal and the New York Times are used to communicate secret messages which are placed within want ads, buzz words in editorials, and via other methods. Because of some of what this person told me, I have given some possible examples in this newsletter of how people might be using the papers for secret messages. For instance using Michael Jackson with his hands making some type of sign might be a signal. Manfred Adler and the US Senate Committee investigating the CIA found that 90% of the CIA's secret messages are transmitted via the media, with the aid of coded texts and pictures.

A raised forefinger or two raised forefingers while a speaker is talking means that the message is a masonic message coming from a masonic speaker.

The Illuminati uses code words within the large establishment papers to warn their people what they are going to do with the economy. In this way, people in the Illuminati can take appropriate responses.

Goddard Space Flight Center--NASA mirror-theme programming

Grissom AFB, IND--

Hollywood, CA--One of the programmers/handlers in the Hollywood area is surprisingly Anton LaVey. This is one reason Anton LaVey has followers who will carry out his very wishes. LaVey's children of course were programmed too. His own girls have been participating in the nude in satanic rituals since little children.

Homestead AFB, FL--

Kirkland AFB, NM--Lampe, MO--This has been the site of a CIA near-death trauma center where slaves are programmed. It is an R&R center for the CIA where they can have any sexual perversion or drug they want. This has been a large cocaine supply depot also. Hal Meadows was director of this center which is deep in the woods surrounded by cabin chalets overlooking a small deep lake. A gravel road leads to the site which is fenced and well-guarded. Hal Meadows address was Box 27, Lampe, MO 65681.

Langley, VA-- Slaves for the wants of intelligence.

Las Vegas (sites in and around Las Vegas), NV--MGM's Grand Hotel and Theme park were built for programming, but there are also some sites outside of the city used. In the general area of Las Vegas in remote sites, the elite gather for slave auctions once a year where Monarch slaves are sold and traded. One of the favorite slave auction sites was 20 miles out of Las Vegas and 10 miles off the main road into the site. The Mob is involved with Monarch slaves in Las Vegas. A blue-eyed 11 year old girl will go for \$50,000. Toronto, Canada is another regular site for Monarch slave auctions.

McClellan AFB, CA - Very bad Child and adult porn using Monarch victims is distributed through this base as well as the other bases listed in this list. A T.W. Sanderson worked with Monarchs at this base.

MacDill AFB, FL --Near Tampa, FL

Maxwell AFB, AL --

Montreal, Que., Canada -McGill Univ., McGill Psychiatric Training Network, Allan

Memorial Inst., St. Mary's Hosp.- The Zombie Room (Sleep Room) in the basement, the Isolation chamber and the Grid Room at St. Mary's Hospital were used for programming.

Mt. Shasta, CA--Underground facilities around this huge mountain in the Lake Shasta area are putting out Monarch programming that makes the people think they are in communication with aliens. This facility is for torturing & reprogramming captured runaway Monarch slaves. People are brought into the area via helicopter, plane, or flying saucer. This site is probably the largest mind-control programming center. It is in a remote wooded area. It is heavily guarded, has fences, and a large contingent of black helicopters. Mt. Shasta is equipped with state of the art high tech programming equipment. Mind-controlled slaves who are soldiers are programmed and trained at the Mt. Shasta facility.

Nashville, TN--These sites work with the Country Western Music Industry which is actually a CIA front for moving drugs to finance their dirty black activities. Fiddler's Inn, Nashville fits in with the Monarch Programming.

Papillion, NE--

Patrick AFB,--Portland (Old OMSI, New OMSI, Bldg. Near Monarch Hotel at 8800 SE Sunnyside Rd., Mormon Temple, etc.), OR. The Old OMSI building had a back door on the west side in which slaves were taken in to the bottom floor and reprogrammed. Although security guards aren't visible, they are there with electronic surveillance. The people running OMSI are tied in the Illuminati. The DC-3 airplane outside of the building was used in the programming as a hypnotic trigger. The submarine docked outside of the new OMSI building is also used as a programming hypnotic tool. The new Mormon Temple has an extremely high tech underground tunnel facility for programming built underneath it. Witnesses have collaborated their testimony on this high tech programming site under the Portland Mormon Temple. Although building plans are to be public information, the city of Lake Oswego makes it very difficult to view the temple's building plans. The plans show that the foundation walls are far thicker than any conceivable earthquake would ever call for. The reason is that the foundation helps house an underground arena for the Illuminati & and their guests to watch perverse shows.

Presideo, CA (incl. Alcatraz, San Francisco)-- The Illuminati and various Satanic cults used the Presideo for their programming. Split-brain & other programming was done at Letterman hospital. Fort Point was used for Illuminati ritual & programming, as well as a number of churches, underground gun emplacements and the large circular Greek column art building at the Presideo. Alcatraz, abandoned as a prison, was used for water tortures and other programming. Tunnels connected buildings, and the Mule/Horse buildings and the cemetery also were used. This is one of the older programming sites. Psychic warfare activity also was experimented on in this area. Letterman Hospital has been used for the initial drug testing of the infants before programming. Lots of isolation programming in damp cold places was done at the

Presideo. Lots of porn and military programming have also been done here. Redstone Arsenal, AL-- San Antonio, TX-- Salt Lake City (Mormon Temple)--This underground facility works in conjunction with the Mormon hierarchy who are allowed to create slaves. The Illuminati put in base programming that still gives them ultimate control beyond the control that the Mormon programming has.

Scotty's Castle, Death Valley, CA-Mengele (Dr.Green) programmed in some of his "internal boxes" as well as other Illuminati programming was done at this site. Mengele had a large circular red bed in the castle which he stocked with his little girl slaves, who already had kitten sexual alters. Scotty's Castle is a castle located in Death Valley CA. It has a very interesting history. To reach the castle one is required to drive through many miles of desert. If one drives to Inyo County, CA, the same county that has China Lake Naval Testing Grounds, and Inyokern, and then you drive on Hwy. 190 into Death Valley National Monument (it is not a park or forest, dead valleys are called monuments), next you go north on a road after Stove Pipe for 35 miles.

The man who built Scotty's Castle was Walter Perry Scott (1872-1954). Walter P. Scott was the son of an alcohol distiller and horse breeder in Kentucky. Walter did not get any formal education. He left home and went west where he worked as a mule driver, and a water boy. From there he became a horse wrangler. Because of his talent with horses Buffalo Bill made him the feature rider along with Annie Oakley in Buffalo Bill's family show. The show travelled and Scotty was with it eleven years. During this time, Scotty made many important friendships with men of power and wealth. In 1900, Walter married and left the show. He got a loan from Julian Gerard, a NY banker, to go prospecting for gold which he failed to pay back. Julian Gerard was repeatedly sending people to hassle Scotty to get his money back. In 1905, Walter Scott ("Scotty") scattered gold nuggets and \$100 bills from N.Y. to L.A. Where he got all this gold and \$100 bills is a mystery, but it wasn't from prospecting. The idea of finding a secret mine was very obviously a cover for however Scotty managed to get his money. Scotty is well-known for his penchant to throw away \$20 gold pieces as if they were candy wherever he went. Nobody believed he had a mine, strangely the IRS never got interested in Scotty. Why? The IRS went after Charles Caughlin who was exposing the elite, the bankers, the Freemasons, etc. in the early 1930's on his radio show. There was no reason to suspect Caughlin of any cheating on his Income Tax, and the audits found the IRS actually owed Caughlin money.

However the national papers printed front page stories of the IRS investigation, and practically ignored that the man was exonerated. Yet, the IRS left Scotty alone. Hmmm. Although Scotty was married, he became intimate friends with Albert Mussey Johnson (1872-1948), a Chicago millionaire, who was v.p. from 1906 to 1926 of the National Life Insurance Co. Albert M. Johnson was born in Ohio, and lived in Arkansas and Missouri before moving to Chicago. Johnson came out and stayed in Death Valley. The stay helped his health, and he and Scotty remained close friends. In 1924, construction secretly began on a castle in Death Valley. The best of materials were used and the materials had to be hauled clear out in the desert by truck to Grapevine Canyon where the castle sits. Hundreds of workers were hired. The castle got its kitchen tiles from

Spain. Special rugs were made on the European island of Majorca for the castle. Tiles for the incompleted pool came from the Mediterranean. Many of the furnishing of the castle came from cathedrals and palaces in Spain and Morocco. Draperies made for the castle were hand-tooled in selected sheepskin leather. Sixty hand-carved panels, each of a different design, were installed in the music-room ceiling. A Welte Mignon organ reported to have cost \$160,000 --the finest of its kind in Western United States was placed in the music room, even though Scotty could not play the organ. Twelve bathrooms were installed. Several kitchens were installed. Tunnels and secret rooms were built under the buildings. Around \$2 million (dollars of that time period) were spent on building the castle, supposedly from Scotty's "gold mine." The castle became known as Scotty's Castle. It is ideal as a Satanic ritual site. It can accommodate numerous people. It is remote. It has hidden rooms and areas and tunnels.

Tavistock, England--This has been the primary programming center for England. The Rothschild programmers work out of Tavistock. A large number of slaves in America have been programmed there.

Tavistock has been doing mind-control since before W.W.II. Under the supervision of London's W Board & 20 Committee MI6 and MIS's Section BIA ran double agents and mind-controlled spies/couriers during W.W. II. MI6 has had an office at Century House, No. 100, Westminster Bridge Road. MI5 offices have been in part on Curzon St. MI5 has operated behind a number of fronts, incl. their fake travel agency Casuro Holidays. MI-5's address for mail is Room 055, The War Office, London. Special Intelligence Service (SIS) dealt with all types of mind control. Tavistock was under SIS. The British government has had their own telephone exchange with a 222 prefix, which was later linked to another secret exchange YTAN. Outsiders could dial 222 8080 to get into the secret govt. exchange. Men like mind-control expert/hypnotist Eric Trist worked for Tavistock. A six-man team which wore black berets also helped w/ mind control at Tavistock.

Two people who became terrorists after their visits to Tavistock are Angela Davis and Stockley Carmichael who went to a conference at Tavistock entitled Dialectics of Liberation in 1967. It's main building is a bland 6-story building. The address is The Training Office, The Tavistock Clinic, 120 Belsize Lane, London, UK NWs SBA. Tel. no. 071-435 7111. The chief exec. is Anton Obholzer. The Chair of Prof. Comm. is Nicholas Temple. Both are skilled in psychology. The Tavistock Clinic was founded in 1920, and in 1946 the Tavistock Institute was created as an independent body to assist the Tavistock Clinic. The Institute does more of the research. The Royal Free Hospital at the University of London works with Tavistock Clinic, as well as the Science Policy Research Unit (SPRU) of Sussex University. A large number of Britian's psychologist, social workers and police get their training at Tavistock. Tavistock has set themselves up as the authority on ritual abuse and MPD (DID). In other words, the primary programming site, is pretending to be the leading institution trying to solve the problem! That's a good cover.

Tinker, AFB, OK--Tinkerbelle programming is carried out here. This programming makes

alters think they are like Tinkerbell in that they will never grow up or age.

Titusville, FL--At the Kennedy Space Center. Mind control testing is done, and base programming such as the Wizard of Oz programming is done here. Also NASA high tech programming is done here.

Tulsa, OK—Believed to have an Alice In Wonderland theme to their programming. Oral Roberts University is used for programming. The programming to infiltrate and capture the Christian church via the healing/charismatic movement has centered around Tulsa and Oral Roberts University.

Utah State Prison--The prison has carried out mind control for over 30 years on their inmates for the intelligence agencies with the help of the U.S. government's power to cover it up.

Versailles, IL—Brain implants are put into Monarchs here.

Washington, D.C. area--The basement of the Pentagon and other facilities around Washington D.C. such as the Jesuit Georgetown Univ. Hosp. are involved with Mind-Control. Presidential Models are moving in and out of Washington, D.C. carrying messages and performing their sexual acts for the lusts of politicians. There is also a NASA Mind-control Programming Center in Washington D.C. Secret tunnels connect the White House to other buildings. These tunnels are used to bring in slaves. Some secret rooms in the lower White House are set aside for rituals.

Wright-Patterson AFB--Near Dayton, OH, Virtual reality programming is carried out here.

Youngstown, OH--The Youngstown Charm School has been run by Illuminatus Prosser Seward Mellon along with a U.S. Congressman named Jim Trafficant. The old stone building originally belonged to one of the railroad elite. This school is for Beta models and gives them advance sexual charm training. This school produces about 6 new Monarch slaves every three days. Mafia deals are carried out on the second floor of the charm school. A slave who is being trained/programmed at the Charm school will take a course that last a few days. The first day may be spent hanging in a dungeon which was once a basement wine cellar. The torture dungeon has all the traditional torture devices, a stretching rack, whips, hanging chains, etc. In the dungeon rooms were a black Nubian goat "Satan", a small donkey "Nester", and a small white pony "Trigger", as well as dogs and snakes. The slave is taught silence in the dungeon as they are subjected to bestiality.

[Click here for picture 1](#)

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[Click here for picture 13](#)

· We have just touched the surface of the vast network of programming sites. Two examples of an entire series of programming sites--1. the Coast to Coast campground resorts & 2. the Jesuit-run institutions, which are often programming sites incl. Jesuit College, WV. An example of the former is the Park City Diamond Caverns. KT Coast to Coast resort, which has had a sensory deprivation tank, headphones for state of the art harmonic programming. etc. These membership camp sites are used to program children. Nor have we touched upon the large numbers of programmed Russians & Eastern Europeans that are coming into this nation. When this book was written more people immigrated to the U.S. from Russia than anywhere else. Europe is teeming with prgmg sites. incl. the Vatican. Sebulun Zuflucht in Marienheide, Ger. is about the only european attempt at deprogramming.

[p_cloning.jpg](#)

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APPENDIX 3. CLONES, SYNTHETICS, ORGANIC ROBOTOIDS AND DOUBLES

PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED GENETIC EVENTS

Section A. The "Future Shock" that this topic subjects the common person to

Section B. Instructions on how to clone a person

A TECHNIQUE--INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO CLONE A HUMAN

Section C. The four types of "clones" that are used by the Illuminati,

1. actual clones,

2. synthetic people,
3. organic robotoids,
4. doubles (look alike) How the memory of a person is transferred for the organic robotoids

Section D. Secret cloning sites (See also Appendix B, where D.U.M. bases are listed.)
Simon Wiesenthal

OREGON'S UNDERGROUND SECRET CLONING FACILITY
FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS AT DULCE'S UNDERGROUND CLONING FACILITY
SUMMARY OF THE FOUR METHODS.
FINAL NOTES. Clintons

PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED GENETIC EVENTS

1890-- A rabbit embryo was successfully transplanted to a foster mother rabbit's uterus.

1944-- A human ova was fertilized in vitro, that is in layman's terms an egg was artificially inseminated in a test tube.

1952-- Briggs & King in Indiana University clone a frog.

1970s-- Rand Corporation predicts that "para-humans" will be genetically created to do menial tasks in the future. In a totally different affair, Lord Rothschild, who is a physiologist who has studied genetics, warned that self-centered fanatics might set up cloning shops privately. Lord Rothschild suggested to genetic scientists that a clone controlling organization with world wide jurisdiction to license cloning be set up to protect the world from evil men who might want to clone people for evil purposes. He called his suggestion 'Commission for Genetical Control.'

1977-- Announcement of the first successful cloning of a person, which was done for someone very wealthy. This whole affair came under strong attack by the establishment. The book giving the shrouded details came out in 1978. The author went into hiding, and our Congress had a parade of establishment research doctors testify at a hearing to debunk the book and to reassure the public that medical researchers were too concerned about ethics to clone people. The author was convinced of the veracity of the cloning event, although the media/establishment doctors claimed the author wrote the book merely as fiction.

1980-- Twinning (bisection of an embryo), which is a form of cloning was successfully done with horse foals, sheep and cattle had -already been cloned in this fashion in the previous years.

1981-- Mice are cloned. And embryo transfer for cattle becomes a thriving business.

1983-- A water buffalo embryo was successfully transplanted to a foster mother buffalo.

1984-- A human embryo was successfully transplanted and born with a human foster

mother.

1997--A successful human clone is publicly announced.

Scientists working in secret got serious about cloning in the early 1960's. Abortions began to be performed wholesale at this time to provide fetal tissue for their cloning work. The young generation of Americans are asking, 'When will cloning of people take place?' The answer is that it already has long ago. An article recently written by Andrew Kimbrell that was placed in many leading daily papers across the U.S. is quite revealing. He comes right up to almost telling people what has been going on. The article was entitled, "Science is about to Deliver." (June 22, 1993) "...most Americans are unaware of the real-life exploits of current genetic engineers, science facts which in many cases are as chilling as any science fiction....Pigs have been genetically designed to contain human-growth genes in the hopes of creating "super pigs" that would have more meat. "...U.S. government and private researchers have expended billions of taxpayer dollars in the creation of tens of thousands of genetically engineered animals never before seen....One prominent scientist predicts that we may soon see "five-ton cows and pigs 12 feet long and 5 feet tall. "Genetic engineers.. .have cloned higher mammals, including cattle....One writer notes that "genetic engineering has the potential to create a vast army of identical clones, each produced to some preset specification. Canon fodder, scientists, opera singers, all could be manufactured to order..." "The New York Times has editorialized, 'Life is special, and humans even more so, but biological machines are still machines that now can be altered, cloned, and patented.' " --(WOW! Readers do YOU REALIZE THAT BETWEEN THE LINES THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT BIONIC ROBOTIDS--the robots that are now being created to take the place of people in high places. And the chilling idea that human-like machines will be produced that will not be treated as anything but machines--that is a chilling idea too.

In this author's September, 1993 newsletter there were two articles by this author on cloning, one entitled "Clones, Synthetics, Organic Robotoids, and Doubles" and the other article "Dulce Genetic Research/Cloning Facility." In the month following my September '93 newsletter's release, the establishment came out with stories about humans being cloned. [I felt that this was confirmation that God's had directed me to publish the information I had on cloning 1/2 months before the secular media came out with their stories about the "first" laboratory duplication of a human embryo.]

This '93 cloning was the first publicly revealed & publicly accepted human cloning, but the truth is that it had already been done for about 30 years secretly. In December, 1993's newsletter I had a followup article on cloning where I reviewed what the media was telling people about cloning after the "first" human cloning had been announced. My article also discussed the novel Multiple Man which is about how exact copies of the President are made. The book has some surprising similarities with what they actually did with President Carter!

Finally in September of '96, this author's newsletter came out with its fourth article on cloning. This appendix is not the final word on the topic. The whole topic about clones,

synthetics, robotoids and doubles could have a great deal more said. This appendix is merely a review of what those four articles contained. Cloning also relates in a big way to the cranial/body manipulation that was introduced in this book. It also relates to the group mind/proxying that is being done. Perhaps at some point this author can go into the deeper intricacies of cloning, but for now this appendix will provide its information in the following format:

Section A. The "Future Shock" that this topic subjects the common person to.

What happens when a technologically backward people are suddenly confronted with a technologically advanced people? What happens is that people are called on to change, in many cases the stress is what Alvin Toffler described and called "Future Shock". The overstimulation of new ideas, new decisions, new ways of looking at things can cause great distress to the mind and body. Radical changes to adapt to the new situation are demanded. In the case of the Navajo, one can see pickups parked beside hogans. In Nepal where I lived, the Nepalese had never gone through a horse and buggy era, so they had no word for drive in their language. When cars suddenly appeared--the first was carried into Katmandu on the backs of porters, they had no word for "drive", so they used the words they had "sit and go." So where we say "Let's drive to town." They would say literally, "Let's sit and go to town."

The American people have in general been kept in the dark about the limits of scientific developments. The known reasons people have not learned are varied. The Cold War was one reason. Capitalist corporate advantage is another reason. They call it trade secrets. Scientific pride and the ability to outstrip other researchers is another, and for the public just their technical jargon is enough to prevent people from closely watching the level of research going on.

But underlying most of the coverup is this: that the overall satanic plan is to keep people ignorant of these scientific advances BECAUSE they are being used quite often to control and manipulate the world. What has developed is a situation where the American people are no longer in touch with where the elite's secret technology is. It is clear that the elite know this and are aware that some of the "Future Shock" needs to be reduced if they don't want to self-destruct society. You need to be aware (mentally prepared) that most of the readers of this will experience future shock when they read that cloning of humans is possible & has gone on for decades. The elite had a dilemma. If society isn't moved forward to match their secret scientific advances, it will soon be like cave-men meeting modern-day men. Society won't be capable of adjusting--only self-destructing. On the other hand they certainly can't tell us what they are already doing, because they are using this technology against us to control us. For this reason they are giving us movies that show us things that they have already invented--but these are put forth as fiction in these Hollywood films. They hope to lessen the Future Shock, which their own secrecy has greatly contributed toward creating, while maintaining control over the general population.

SOME OF THE FILMS THAT SHOW EXISTING TECHNOLOGY:

Clone--cloning; Jurassic Park--cloning

Genesis II--underground genetics laboratories that are connected by tube shuttles.

Terminal Man--brain stem implants

Star Trek--various items. In addition to some of today's secret technology being shown, the attitudes and beliefs shown on the two series, especially Star Trek the Next Generation are the attitudes the Satanic elite want people to have.

READERS PREPARE FOR FUTURE SHOCK

The Scriptures give strong indications that genetic monsters, the half-breed Nephilim will exist in the end times. God's Word also forecasts that the mark of beast will be needed for buying & selling.

One item conveyed by the Bible's book of Revelation is that totally unexpected sudden change will characterize the end times. Christians need to be prepared for unusual big changes. So great will these changes be that the nations will be distressed, and men's hearts will fail them for fear (LK 21:25-27). The Bible predicted that knowledge shall increase in the last days before Christ returns. (DN 12:4) But that knowledge will be used for evil, because the Bible also says that the world will be totally corrupt as in Noah's time (MT 24:37)--which was a time of the genetic monsters, the half-bred Nephilim. It also says men and horses will be out of work. (ZEC 8:10) And it is believed that Nahum 2:3-4 must be describing automobiles, and that Isaiah 31:5, and 60:8 are describing and prophesying airships in the last day. The description of the "mark of the beast" is startlingly accurate in describing the microchip which is being inserted into people's hands and foreheads.

The information that is allowed out for the public to access has been heavily censored. Still in spite of all the intense secrecy, if a person takes the time to dig and to find key items written by scientists, enough of a shadow picture develops to allow a person to realize that they already can produce several things the public is unaware of. Many times the articles will discuss only a tiny aspect of a larger process, or will say we have the knowledge to do such and such but the actual doing is years away. And somehow people swallow that we could have the capability to do it, but aren't. For instance, in a book that was published in 1979, Robert Gilmore McKinnel, Professor of Genetics and Cell Biology, College of Biological Sciences, University of Minnesota, wrote "It has been reported that mice and some large domestic animals have been cloned. Humans have not. Because the reproductive biology of humans...is similar to that of mice and other mammals, it is likely that humans could be cloned." Some of the men who know what is actually being done, are afraid to tell what they know. However, I do not have neither a professional reputation nor a job to guard. I have never taken any oath of secrecy to any of these organizations of the establishment. I can simply tell you the truth without fear.

Section B. Instructions on how to clone a person.

For those who want the medical description of just one way that cloning of people can be done (and this capability has been around for at least a decade--and much longer secretly.) The idea that we don't have the knowledge to do it is simply a myth for public consumption. Any microbiologist worth anything knows that we have the knowledge and the means--they can only claim that cloning of humans hasn't happened because supposedly no one wants to do it.

A TECHNIQUE--INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO CLONE A HUMAN:

The ovulation and ovaries of the woman can be monitored. Just before natural ovulation, there is an increase of luteinizing hormone which is called the luteinizing hormone surge. This can be detected by either blood or urine samples. The growth of the follicle can be monitored by visualization with ovarian ultrasonography. Ultrasound diagnosis will reveal on which side of the woman's ovaries the ripening follicle is found. This procedure will allow people to know when the follicle is ripe for the retrieval of the oocyte.

When the time is appropriate a hollow aspiration needle is inserted into one or several ripe follicles under visual guidance of the laparoscope. The oocyte is removed with some follicular fluid. Experienced laparoscopists have a success rate over 90% in recovering the oocyte. Prior to this, it is likely that the woman will have been given Clomiphene citrate, or this drug used in combination with another drug so that there will be several eggs that can be retrieved at one time.

The oocytes obtained from the ripe ovarian follicles are not fertilized when retrieved, although another process would be to fertilize first, before extracting. If they don't fertilize first, then they can take the harvested oocytes and incubate them in a culture medium for several hours to get maturation. They need maturation because they have been taken from the ovary before ovulation, and are not as mature as spontaneously ovulated ova.

Thawed or fresh semen is washed and centrifuged so that it will be diluted to the proper concentration to fertilize in vitro. The in vitro fertilization is carried out. After some amount of hours, (about 12) both pronuclei are identifiable for enucleation. The enucleation is accomplished with either one of two well-established methods. One method is to surgically enucleate it with a micropipette, another is with a bleb of cytoplasm containing both the male and female pronuclei. Either method has worked fine. These nuclei by the way have been obtained from the inner-cell mass of an early human embryo. This again is a well established practice.

Let us digress slightly and explain the method to obtain the nuclei. The zona pellucida must be removed from a cultured embryo, the trophoctoderm separated from the inner cell mass, and then, the cells dissociated with an appropriate enzyme in a calcium-and magnesium-free salt solution. Going back to the cloning process, there are several

methods for doing a donor nucleus (obtained from its source using the just mentioned method) with enucleated cytoplasm (obtained from the woman's in vitro fertilized ovum). One might be to surgically implant it with a micropipette, another is fusion with an inactivated Sendai virus. Whichever way is considered most viable by those performing this will be used. And then the human nuclear transplant will be cultured until it can be placed into a human foster mother.

When the clone has reached the 8 - to 16 cell stage it will be transferred into the foster mother. If needed, the transfer can be done later, and the clone is simply frozen. When the transfer takes place, the clone is drawn into a fine plastic tube (a catheter) which, then in turn, would be introduced through the cervical canal into the interior of the uterus. --- This is just one process for successfully cloning humans. Other more refined techniques may well be in use.

Section C. The four types of 'clones' that are used by the Illuminati:

C1. Actual Clones. This is a person who has been grown from a test tube (called "in vitro") or implanted womb, which has the identical genetic makeup to another person--an identical twin so to speak in terms of genetic makeup. The genetic coding has reproduced, and a new person who is an identical twin is now in existence.

C2. Synthetic People. These are "persons" who look everybit as real as a real person, but simulate human beings. Certain tissues extracted from cattle are the starting point. (This is part of the reason for cattle mutilations.) The process is an advancement of a process discovered in the late 1950's. This 1959 experiment was reported in a book in 1968 called *The Biological Time Bomb* by Gordon Rettray Taylor. Taylor describes the experiment done in France, "They had extracted DNA from the cells of the khaki Cam phells and had injected it into the white Pekins, thinking that just possibly the offspring of the latter might show some character derived from khaki Campbells. To their astonishment the actual ducks they injected began to change. Their white feathers darkened, and their necks began to take on the peculiar curve which is a mark of the khaki Campbell." The scientists working under the auspices of the Rothschilds, (who are directed by Satan himself) developed this process by working at secret breakneck speed. They developed an advanced development of the process they discovered with the DNA chicken experiment. By the late 1970's, synthetic people could be produced by the Illuminati.

C3. Organic Robotoids. This is an "artificial life" form that is created through processes that are totally different than cloning or synthetics. Organic robotoid technology is being made to make exact as possible copies of important people such as Presidents and some of their staff. For instance, the Jimmy Carter who came to Portland a few years ago who I stood two feet away from and examined visually was not the Jimmy Carter that had run for President.

On Easter, 1979 the first robotoid model of Jimmy Carter replaced the man Jimmy Carter. By the time "Carter" was seen by me, they must have been on at least robotoid

no. 100. This is why a friend of mine who was recently in Washington D.C. almost bumped into President Clinton jogging. My friend was surprised by the lack of security.

Kaiser Aluminum News which is put out by Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation put out a series of articles to a specialized audience in the 1960's. This material was also published under the book title *The Dynamics of Change* (Prentice-Hall: Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1967).

Under the title heading "GENETIC MANIPULATION" we read, "The ability to control the formation of new beings may be one of the most basic developments of the future. Recent discoveries about the nucleonic acids, the basic building blocks of life, have led to the belief that man may some day be able to treat genes in such a way that desired characteristics can be realized..."

Under the heading "MAN-MACHINE SYMBIOSIS" we read, "...Computers exist which can learn, remember, see, seek goals, reason, walk, sing on key, talk, be irritable, play games, grasp, adapt to an environment and even design improvements in themselves.. .man-like computers may one day contain plasma circulating through a viscera-like envelope, allowing them to be self-healing."

Under the heading "HUMAN ROBOTS" we read, "...An electronic circuit that imitates two neurons, the cells of the human brain, has been built, and has enabled a robot to deal with some unexpected situations, but the neuron structure was bulky. The brain has billions of neurons, meaning an incredible miniaturization job will be necessary before truly 'human' robots are developed." As the reader knows since the 1960's when this was written an incredible miniaturization job has been done in computers. What the public knows of that minituration is incredible and that is only part of what has actually occurred. In fact, scientists are now able to manipulate DNA to create computers.

A basic thing that is needed to create a computer is material that will consistently change given some type of "signal". This is because the computer works off of base two--or what is simply an on--off switch system, or a 0 or 1 system of numbers. Living biological material is superior to other material for making computers because the heat created by the methods in conventional computers slows the speed. For super-computers to work at great speeds they need to use biological material that will not heat up. This type of miituration has already been done. It creates computers far beyond what we are familiar with. Organic robotoids are amazingly humanlike, so humanlike that it is hard for the scientists who have created them to get used to the idea that they are not humans.

Biological computer brains for the robotoids came as a result of research into holograms. If you tear up a conventional photograph you ruin it, but if you tear up the film that produces a hologram, each piece still contains almost all the same image. This is why part of the brain of people can be removed and the brain regain what it had lost. A holographic image of a person's brain is made, and then when the brain of a robotoid is made, the biological computer in its head is caused to form according to the

holographic record of a person being copied. Some deviations from the holographic record are needed, because the "person" is a robotoid and not a person. The brain of the robotoid has almost all of the correct memory of the person reproduced, but the robotoid brain is really a computer made from biological material which is programmed, it is not a human brain.

First, "Clinton" has the energy to jog because it may well be a robotoid, and second thing, an assassination of a robotoid is not so serious. These robotoids have a biological computer-brain that is programmed. They can think in the sense a computer thinks, but secret advances in understanding the human brain, have allowed the makers of organic robotoids to have the memory of a person at a given point in time transferred to an organic robotoid. The key then for making what appears to be a clone--but they are not a real clone--is to capture the person to be copied and make a holographic copy of the brain memory and transfer that to the robotoid.

How the memory of a person is transferred for the organic robotoids. In order to successfully make human organic robotoids--in a sense to make bionic robots--the ability to simulate the personality of the person being copied was necessary. The only viable solution was to learn how the brain coded memory and duplicate that process. The brain is entering into its memory about 10 million bits of information a second. The incredible storage capability of the human brain which weighs on the average 3.25 lbs in human males and 2.9 lbs in human females is incredible. The brain can easily store 100 million billion bits of information. It's no wonder we don't use it all.

All the computers in the world put together do not compare with one intelligent person's brain. Numerous tests and experiments from many different angles all showed investigators that the brain stored information as a hologram. The place in the brain where a memory is stored isn't in just one location. Memories are stored in synapses in sequence, but they are stored in a holographic method. From what I understand, rhythmic pulses radiate from a small area of the brain like a stone creates ripples in a pond. Waves go through the cerebrum, in the way that laser light is used to create a hologram. Different frequencies are used by the brain and different neuron impulses are used to reference (tag) the different details. These tags are the brain's own codes or reference standards for cataloging information. The brain has to be able to access the encoder/decoder (holographic code standards) for a particular piece of information to be retrieve for the conscious.

Brain injuries can destroy one decoder, and leave other decoders for a memory intact. When a multiple (a person with MPD/DID) is created layers and layers of amnesia walls (actual walls) are built into the brain, and then specific codes are created which cause the mind to bring these compartments of memory to the surface. Each compartment is built into an alter (personality) or a functioning part of the System (built somewhat like a series of computers). Where a normal person may be aware of a conscious and a somewhat subconscious track running simultaneously, the mind of a multiple runs several tracks at once.

On a local level within the brain, researchers have called a memory's storage unit an engram. Polypeptidenucleic acid holds a piece of information, such as a trauma memory. Proteins and other substances are involved in the memory process. How a person eats can influence their mental abilities. But it must be born in mind that a memory is retained holographically in countless locations in the memory storage area of the brain, just as the ripples of a stone dropped into water flow throughout an entire pond. The mind will have a number of reference points from which a particular memory can be decoded. The information that is stored in the brain is both dynamic and holographic. It is not stored like a book. If the dynamic impulses of the brain cease, so do the memories. Freezing and reviving a human brain will serve to erase its memory.

I will try to explain things in clear terms if the reader will bear with me. The reason that we recognize objects so quickly is that the brain performs what is similar to what researchers call a Fourier transfer. Messages are transmitted through Fourier-transform messages. What is a Fourier-transform message? A Fourier transform is a mathematical method where a complex wave, or a complex pattern is broken down and converted into a basically longer, but precise signal of simpler frequencies. In other words a squiggly line is hard to communicate, but via the Fourier transform it becomes a string of numbers which is quite easy to transmit. In other words, a complex squiggly line and a straight line after the conversion are both just as easy to record. The brain stores information in a form similar to a Fourier transform, so that when it must look for similar patterns, it can quickly overlook everything but another identical Fourier transform pattern. A mental comparison is done so quick that it gives the ability to the brain to "instantly" recognize people who one hasn't seen for years. The Holograms of memory that the brain makes are transmitted through Fourier-transform messages. Holograms are hard to destroy, for each piece contains the whole. Rip a holograph in half and you still have the same picture. Rip it in half again and the same picture remains. After a great many cuts in half the holograph begins to get a little fuzzy, as it loses some of its detail, but the entire picture is still there. That is why memories begin to get somewhat fuzzy, because we are only puffing up a small piece of brain that recorded the memory. However, if we can pull up more of the holographic image of the memory we get a more distinct detailed picture.

It was secret research into holograms that gave Illuminati scientists the ability to copy the memory of an entire brain. A holographic image is made of the host's brain and that is transferred into the biological matter functioning as a brain of the robotoid. Since the body and brain of the robotoid are not identical to the original person being copied, adjustments have to be taught and programmed into the mind of the robotoid. The entire process is sophisticated, but then so are many manufacturing processes today.

C4. Doubles (look alikes). There is an ongoing program to find look alikes for prominent people, as well as a program to create secret identical twins (which are separated at birth and never see each other).

George Bush's double was promiscuous, while George Bush is a pedophile. His double was living in France after Bush was no longer President. By the use of doubles, (or one

of the synthetics or organic robotoids) the elite are able to sneak away and perform satanic rituals. On certain occasions, if Clinton or Bush only needed to do low level tasks in front of the public, they could have their double substitute for them. The Illuminati working with several organizations has had a look alike operation where doubles of certain key people are found and then used.

In the book Desert Shield and The New World Order pub. by Northpoint Tactical Teams, Tipton, NC, if you look on page 32 you will see a picture of the original FDR who had a mole over his eyes and then you will see a picture of the double of Roosevelt who they used, who had no mole and had different ear lobes. Roosevelt may have died prior to when it was actually announced.

Over the years I have seen numerous photos exposing either the Robotoids or the doubles that they use. This author's previous S' '93 article had some pictures about the dead Pope Paul VI, who my Be Wise As Serpents book said was murdered. This recent Pope was replaced with a double who had had plastic surgery. As a double gets older the plastic surgery will not look as convincing, because time changes people differently. One ex-Catholic said the whole thing sounded like science fiction. It does sound far out at first, but the evidence is there for people to see. For myself, the ex-Illuminati have told me about the double's program. From what I understand the double or look-alike program has been more successful than the robotoids and synthetics. The reason is that people live longer and are more dependable in some ways. The project to find look alikes for prominent people has been very successful. Plastic surgery has also been done to help touch up the doubles.

Section D. Secret cloning sites (See also Appendix B, where D.U.M. bases are listed.)

Ada, Oklahoma's underground facility is being used to clone humans. The other cloning facilities are turning out weird creatures. Due to the processes involved they give off lots of gamma radiation (Gamma is at the far end of the electromagnetic wave spectrum--it is even a longer wave than ultraviolet). Because they give off Gamma radiation, these facilities must be deep underground. The cloning is done at level 7. The average depth (according to one of the men who built these Deep Underground Facilities - D.U.M.) is 5,600'.

The secret government has been building them no stop since W.W. II. I personally have only been in an underground city in Oahu, HA, but I have spoken to others who are wanting to save humanity and stop the NWO, and these witnesses know a lot about the underground facilities.

One of the men who betrayed the human race and helped with the cloning was Austrian born Simon Wiesenthal. Simon Wiesenthal, was a US intelligence agent with a photographic memory (perhaps a scarred brain stem). Wiesenthal seriously hunted Nazis that were not on the CIA's payroll or CIA associated groups. Simon Wiesenthal, under the disguise of being a great Nazi hunter, actually assisted protecting the FBI's and the CIA's agents who were Nazi criminals. Wiesenthal tried to stop CBS from doing

a show exposing the FBI-Nazi connection.

Jewish Intelligence (the Moussad) knew all about the hundreds if not thousands of Nazi War criminals that worked for American Intelligence and the FBI, but never went public about it. Instead they occasionally used the information as leverage against American intelligence. One of the code no.s for Simon Wiesenthal given by a Monarch slave was something like 063 097. If someone else knows the full and correct code for him, go ahead and share it.

Unholy Trinity is a book written about how the Vatican, the US State Department, and MI-6 smuggled Nazis out of Germany at the end of WW II. An entire book could be written about the thousands of die hard Nazis who have been working for American intelligence, however Simon Wiesenthal's name is mentioned here because he helped start the cloning for the worst elements of the NWO.

OREGON'S UNDERGROUND SECRET CLONING FACILITY

In at least one of my newsletters, the secret cloning facility at Bull Run near Mt. Hood, OR was discussed. Bull Run is a large tract of forested land with some water reservoirs/lakes that is set up to help provide water for the Portland Metro area. My house on Lincoln St. was also near 8 reservoirs that were built at nearby Mt. Tabor. These reservoirs at Mt. Tabor were for Portland drinking water too. The Mt. Tabor reservoirs have simple single fences on their perimeter, and people are able to throw garbage into these reservoirs if they want to be nasty. However, the Bull Run water supply which is very isolated is extremely well protected. It is rare that people would stray up into the area anyway. People are told that this large tract of land is simply for Portland's water supply, and yet several years ago a Patriot military unit reconned the area after getting info from me. They were able to identify 3 strongly guarded rings of defense at the Bull Run reservoir. The area has lots of electronic surveillance, etc. It is either the most valuable water on God's green earth, or there is something else in the vicinity of Larch Mountain (south of the famous Multnomah Falls which sit on I-84)--something besides a water reservoir. Of course, those in the know, know that it's an underground facility which the CIA use. It's not an accident Tektronics here in the Portland area does work/research with holograms.

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS AT DULCE'S UNDERGROUND CLONING FACILITY

My article about Dulce [which I investigated in person on foot] also sparked a small group of dedicated Christians to try to retrace my steps and find the Duke facility. They reported back to me that they found nothing and that the reservation police and the local people claimed they'd never even heard of any underground facility. All I can say is that, doesn't that strike you as fishy that all kinds of people have been up in that area looking for the site, interviewing the Jicarilla Apaches that live in the area for years, talking about Dulce over Art Bell's Radio show, etc. and locals have never heard anything about it?? At the very least they should know that other people looked for the site. The reservation and town of Dulce, NM have a small population. There is little that everyone

doesn't know about what goes on in the area, and yet they are surprised by the topic of an underground facility? The whole thing smells like the key people in the area have been convinced to keep their mouths shut & pretend they know nothing.

My comments: sometimes when you're looking for a rat, you'll smell it before you see it. According to someone who has worked in the Dulce Underground Facility the openings on the north and SW face (Aztec Cliffs) are still in use. Actually the cliff that has a face that looks like an Aztec on Mt. Archeleta has been cemented shut because hikers kept straying into the area. A deep needle detector which could detect metal or magnetism deep down could reveal the Dulce Underground Facility--but people who get this close often disappear.

SUMMARY OF THE FOUR METHODS.

This Appendix covers 4 different methods that have been used to make copies of people, these were cloning, creating synthetic duplicates, creating organic robotoids, and finding look alike doubles. [Programs for all four of these methods have had almost unlimited funding by the intelligence/Illuminati elite.]

Next, the basic principles for creating a synthetic human were covered. Synthetic humans were in some ways found to be superior to the robotoids that were created. The first few years of robotoids were fraught with problems. [Since my inside information is somewhat dated, I cannot give readers the status of current robotoid abilities, however, I believe from what I've seen that the program continues.]

The synthetics were people who had their genes altered to look more like the person they were to copy. The robotoids were the formation of new beings that look human but are actually bionic robots. Their memories were created by using living "brain tissue" which is some type of programmable living biological matter, and programming this material as a sophisticated computer. In order to get the memory of the person being copied, a holographic image of the person's brain is made and transferred to the robotoid. Because the robotoid "brain" is not functioning like a human (although the end result is nearly identical so that viewers have to know what differences to look for), there are of course some adjustments that have to be made after the holographic image of the host is transferred to the living biological matter that will function as the brain of the robotoid. Lord Willing, this author may write some more on this topic later. The ability of the Illuminati to copy people using the 4 methods listed above, are not going to be the deciding factor in their moves to control the world, but it does give them a great deal of flexibility in their operations. This author frequently reflects on the words of the Illuminati Grand Master who told Cisco, who was then a child, while touring a cloning facility, "Never, never think you are seeing who you think you are seeing.'

FINAL NOTES.

As this author's reflects back on what's gone into this first part, he can't help thinking about how God will reveal all things that are secret. (See Dan, 2:22 and other verses).

The prophet Daniel called him the revealer of secrets." The secrets which are revealed in this book are minuscule compared to what God Almighty will reveal in His day. And as this author reflects back he realizes that there is so much more that could be said.

This author has neglected to get my information about the Clintons into this. For instance, this author interviewed a woman who went to school with Hillary, and two of Hillary's mind-control victims. Our establishment media have neglected to tell the American people about Bill Clinton's roots & ties in Hot Springs, Ark.

Hot Springs is a city that has forty-seven thermal springs which have brought the jet set from all over the world. The mafia syndicate & their nightclubs made Hot Springs a hot bed of vice, gambling, prostitution. During the 1920's the territory so popular with organized crime, that they classified the territory "neutral ground" like they did Hollywood. In the early 1960's, Hot Springs had the largest illegal gambling operations in the entire U.S. Billy's uncle Roy was a politician in Arkansas's legislature connected to all this mess. And Bill Clinton's uncle Raymond Clinton, who had a Buick dealership, was tied to all this corruption.

Bill & his brother Roger's cocaine habits are well known by those familiar with them, as well as their wild parties at the Coachman's Inn, Little Rock, Ark. What are not known are Hillary & Bill's membership in the secret Illuminati.

And for some reason some of their more intimate associates are also not known, such as Charles "Chip" Whitmore, a Satanist & programmer. Chip & Bill have met often on a weekly basis over the years. This continues, for instance when Bill was in England so was Chip, when Bill went to Florida so did Chip. Chip played drums with mind-control programmer Jerry Lee Lewis. He was also a friend of Jack Ruby. (It's a small world at the top of corruption.) Chip owns Cash McCool's Tavern. He is 5'6, glasses for his poor eyesight, has good hearing, and has a filthy mouth. He changes the car he owns & drives every 3-5 months. Chip had a programmed girl murder a man, and then the Network got him off of his murder charges. Chip's family's Villa Mare in Little Rock was pictured in the opening shots of Designing Women.

Chip Whitmore has been in charge of assassinations in his area, and controls the local law enforcement in Arkansas. Jack Stevens, said to be the largest investment banker in Little Rock, is CIA/part of the Network. He exchanged information with Chip via their mutual black cleaning lady. Further, Whitmore & Stevens tie in with a string of corruption that extends into the Assembly of God churches & other parts of Churchianity.

Over Chip is a Dr. Paul Palmer. The media just gives us glimpses of the depth of occult corruption. For instance, Insight magazine Feb. 26, '96, page 48, in an article by Suzanne Fields had a photo of Hillary's backside wearing what appeared to be a golden dragon on her black coat when she went to court to talk about the Rose Law Firm billing records. She has sometimes been called the Dragon lady for good reasons. Will today's modern equivalents to shamans, our psychiatric community help protect us from

murderers like Chip Whitmore? Not likely.

The Biographical Directory of Fellows and Members of the American Psychiatric Association reveals that in 1957 there were 7,104 American members in the American Psychiatric Association. Of those 7,104, a total of 1,253 had moved to America from Germany and Eastern Europe. This helps us understand the enormous influence Operation Paperclip had on America. Operation Paperclip was the CIA's project to smuggle Nazi criminals into our nation, some of which have now made Penn's campus infamous. No wonder the False Memory Spindrome got started at Pennsylvania University. We were warned by a psychiatrist in a Weekly World News story of Jan. 9, 1996 about a strange new sleeping disorder where people die after seeing a hooded robe figure chase them. This new "Deadly Dream Syndrome" sounds strongly like mind-control. Perhaps there is no way to have given the readers anything but a drop in the bucket.

Some of the details that got left out on the way include:

the Seventh-Day Adventist church's secret cooperation with the government to supply young men (1,500) for government experiments called Operation Whitecoat;

how the Dept. of Energy set up hotlines for victims of radiation experiments, in other words the fox is in control of where the victim goes for help;

Peter A. Petito, "Mr. Intelligence" in Italy, and his connections to the Network;

William Randolph Hearst's costume parties and his half dozen homes like San Simeon;

Torrance, CA's Penthouses and Disney's mind-control;

the Masonic peace sign of uplifted hands with wrists crossed in the film 1984;

the movie Army of Darkness with its mirror image programming, "London Bridges falling down" programming ditty, etc.;

how FEMA works with the 6th Army that Aquino was part of, how Voodooism uses Waterfalls for healing such as at Sardo, Haiti;

how Mothers of Darkness alters are trained to love a marble, fed the marble, care for it, and then to shatter it with a hammer until its fine like salt and then to repeat the process and only split the marble but not crush it as part of their training to program;

how a certain torture is done to make the victim think they have a butterfly as a head with the head of the butterfly in their third eye area;

how scribbling is used to anchor programming in child victims;

programmed soul-ties to aliens;

Mr. Greenjean's (of Capt. Kangaroo) talk of Mr. Moon & how it was used for programming;

the blood sacrifices under the Temple Mount on March 13th this year;

the Masonic corruption in Arcadia, FL and the G. Pierce Wood Memorial Hospital;

how secret meetings of the CIA have studied how UFOs could be used as "clever hostile propaganda" trick to take advantage of the populace's gullibility; how Mengele's family never claimed his bones--they knew they weren't the real ones, and how the International Red Cross gave him an I.D.S. to travel with; South Africa's occult Shu Shung Palace... maybe someone else will pick up where this author has left off, the mind-control is all around us!

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by Mark Phillips and Cathy O'Brien

NINTH PRINTING

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Since the first printing of TRANCE was released in September 1995, many of the hard-to-comprehend details have been verified and miraculously managed to surface through our controlled medias. Please help us any way you can to provide this book to anyone who will further research its contents and thus shine the light of truth on the psychological warfare plan that is being silently waged against humanity.

Please remember, for as long as your thoughts remain free, and consider the psychological annoyance power of a single mosquito in a room with no light.

This book will remain in a print until justice prevails, the technological antidote for Kelly is provided, and unbiased, uncensored mass news media attention is given to the contents of this book. Thank you for your support.

FOREWORD

by Mark Phillips

"... with liberty and justice for all"

Preamble to the United States Constitution My name is Marquart (Mark) Ewing Phillips, born May 17, 1943 in Nashville, Tennessee, I have no criminal record and I have never been adjudged insane, I am not a scholar, professional writer, or mental health physician. While I lack the official published academic credentials, I am recognized internationally by mental health and law enforcement professionals as an authority on

the secret science concerning external control of the mind.

The purpose of Part I of this book is to document how this reputation was gained. This brief and highly condensed contribution is intended to provide an understanding of why, when, and where I embarked on a study of the most secret technology known to man: Trauma-based mind control. Through the publication of declassified United States Government documents, our U.S. Department of Defense (DOD) admits that this ancient wizard's mechanism for control is so dangerous that most information pertaining to it must remain Classified as TOP SECRET. As the employee of a DOD subcontractor with exposure to mind-control research, I was required to sign an oath of secrecy.

To this day I am restricted by law from revealing certain specific information that directly pertained to my employment as, among other "sensitive" exposures, a U.S. DOD subcontractor in mind-control research.

This super secret technology is an evolved system of remote human physical and psychological manipulation that has only recently been officially recognized by accredited mental health physicians for what it is, absolute mind control.

My first encounter with mind-control research began in the late 1960s in Atlanta, Georgia on the Emory University campus at the Yerkes Primate Center. It was there that I learned about primate behavior modification-the basis for human mind control. Part I of this book is my attempt to impart an understanding of how this and other exposures would prepare me for the Challenge of a lifetime.

What I witnessed, in terms of technology, at the Yerkes Primate Center and Other government sponsored research facilities, combined with years of personal research into this science of mind manipulation, did not adequately prepare me for what I would be exposed to in 1988 through an unexpected chain of events.

This exposure came in the form of personal acquaintance with the human results officially entitled by DOD as, among other cryptic file titles, MK-Ultra.¹

1 Weinstein, Harvey M., M.D., *Psychiatry And The Cia: Victims Of Mind Control*, American Psychiatric Press, 1990.

I have outlined this noxious introduction in hopes that the material provided by one MK-Ultra survivor, Cathy O'Brien, will incite a legitimate federal investigation of her claims.

I was able to liberate MK-Ultra victims, Cathy O'Brien and her daughter, Kelly, from the invisible grip of this U.S. Government secret weapon of control. In the process, I also helped Cathy recover her mental and physical health. However, I have not been successful in enlisting the cooperation of my government to pursue the justice issue. There is a reason for this failure to obtain justice that you, the reader, NEED TO KNOW. I have been told repeatedly, "Justice is not obtainable, For Reasons Of National

Security."

This book is primarily the autobiography of Cathy O'Brien, who did not volunteer for service to her country, but was used her entire life against her innate, voluntary will for perpetuating criminal activity by many so-called leaders within the U.S. Government. These "treasonous leaders" did volunteer for political "service" to our country. They must be held accountable for their actions.

Together, Cathy and I have dedicated our lives to the pursuit of justice and rehabilitation for her and Kelly. All avenues for justice and rehabilitative relief have been blocked For Reasons Of National Security. The question arises, whose security? Cathy O'Brien provides the logical answer. Perhaps after reading this work, you will inspire others to read it. Collectively, as patriots, we can make a positive difference for Cathy and Kelly, our government, and humanity, by having our voices heard. In my opinion, our great United States Constitution does not need to be amended it needs to be enforced.

The grim reality we must all embrace is that there is, in human terms, no justice, and no revenge adequate to equal what these two, and many other victims of this U.S. Government secret weapon experienced. The only remaining remnant of opportunity for justice for these survivors would be derived from a public forum expose of what they experienced. What these survivors need to witness is the mass dissemination of their story and a radical, positive change in their government's management of secrets. This would be an acceptable, though belated, substitute for justice. Their hope lies in the belief that-

"Truth lives a wretched life,
but always survives a lie,"

CHAPTER 1

Sometimes words, or groups of words, found in the English language have many definitions or meanings. Within each meaning there may be different logical and Literal perceptions of the application of a given word. However, the words mind control usually conjure up a single response. This is most unfortunate due to the vast differences of perception contained within the reference.

For example, if you have access to a late 1980s Random House or later Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary and reference mind control, you will notice there is a conspicuous absence of a listing. Should you go one step further and secure a college professor's teaching copy of Oxford's Companion To The Mind (Oxford Press 1987), you can reference practically anything concerning research of the mind without a reference to mind control. Perhaps you may now realize that through Random House, Webster and Oxford Press omissions, you are a victim of information control.

Mind control is sometimes loosely defined as information control. This being one of many accepted ways to define the term should immediately raise questions of distrust

towards your information sources. Since what we think is based on what we learn, manipulation of a mind, or a nation of minds, can be accomplished through control of information. With thought control being a result of information control, many avid researchers of mind sciences simply label it "soft" mind control.

These days, we live in a world in which the continued existence of multinational businesses and governments depends upon instant communications.

However, with consideration to the so-called problem of information overload, it would appear to most people that we hear and see enough to make rational decisions concerning our individual lives.

Unfortunately, this is not true. What we don't know, as evidenced by mind control atrocities, is quickly destroying society as we have known it.

The answer to this problem is glaringly apparent. We, as citizens of a supposedly free country, should not permit our government to restrict any information that protects criminal activity under the guise of National Security.

Secret knowledge equals power, with the end result being control.

Therefore, despite the deliberate efforts of those persons in control of national media information management (who are not media employees), results of secret mind-control projects gone awry have been leaking out for years through the media. People are literally waking up to the mind-control reality because there is an obvious lack of logical explanation for certain sensational news events. What really happened at Jim Jones' Jonestown and with Sirhan Sirhan, John Hinkley, and Lee Harvey Oswald? And, more importantly, why did it happen? The simple common denominator existing among these persons has been publicly slated by the media, based on research of their medical histories, is mind control.

In reality, information control is but one component of mind control.

Whereas "brain washing," a term coined by an investigative journalist writing about Korean War P.O.W.s around 1951, described the results of what the Chinese regarded as thought reform.

The term brainwashing denotes to most people the destruction of a person's memory. This slang term continues to be used by the news media in place of the all encompassing term, mind control. In reality, applied brainwashing techniques are similar to those used in trauma-based behavior modification.

During the past three decades, a significant number of religious groups worldwide has been cited by the mainstream news media as destructive cults.

An emphasis on the word destructive is necessary in defining these groups as cults.

Random House Dictionary defines cult as "a particular system of religious worship". By this definition, the word cult would encompass all religions. These so-called destructive cults have been publicly denounced by the news media for using brainwashing, thought reform, and mind manipulation tactics on their believers. However, there is an obvious lack of expressed concern by these same media as they fail to address the underlying issues of mind control, the power basis for abuse.

Perhaps the reporting news media can not, for some reason, publicly open the proverbial Pandora's Box. Is it plausible then to consider that closer scrutiny, by the media and the public, of these destructive cults' leadership could reveal a solid connection to government sponsored mind-control research?

These are questions that, in themselves properly addressed, would provide important answers to this social epidemic involving physical and psychological abuse. The answers that an in-depth professional investigation would provide could be the first step in resolving the rash of problems that destructive cults, serial killers, and sexual child abusers, thrust upon society.

As consumers of national news media supplied information, we continue to invent half-truths which, in this case scenario, is seeing and hearing only what results from mass mind manipulation.

Historians provide us a glimpse into the future through recorded events of the past. It appears that throughout recorded history, man has, towards the end of each millennium, returned to a focus on certain types of bizarre human behavior. For example, there has been in the past 150 years a resurgence of wide spread interest in the occult "black arts" which include satanism or Luciferian religions. These constitutionally protected "religions" use trauma to control the minds of their followers.

Mind-control practices within the occult groups (according to survivors adjudged credible and law enforcement officials) have been accredited with bridging the gap between applied science and Shamanism. Occultism as a manner of religious expression has been around for thousands of years. Only in the last 150 years has science aggressively pursued the truths regarding mind manipulation hidden within the occult belief systems themselves.

According to the Random House Dictionary, occultism "is the practice of alleged sciences claiming knowledge of supernatural agencies which are beyond the range of ordinary knowledge." Once again, it is a reminder that secret knowledge equals power.

In 1971, the New York Times reported a story on the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and occult research, the basis of which was gained through a collection of documents released by the U.S. Government Printing Office under the Freedom of Information Act. This was a report to Congress and clearly showed that the CIA was interested in the cause and effect clinical findings that occult religious practices have on the Black Arts practitioner's and/or the observer's mind. Of particular interest to the CIA were the

heightened levels of suggestibility that certain occult rituals produced in the minds of the practitioners. Cannibalism and blood rituals were ranked highest in the order of importance to their research.

Behavioral psychology teaches us that control of human suggestibility is recognized as the fundamental building block for external control of the mind.

This suggestibility factor alone potentially creates a human rights legal issue when we consider constructing laws to protect people from overt or covert mind-control practices. Consideration to the human suggestibility factor could result in all forms of consumer oriented service and/or product advertising becoming illegal. Advertising and the marketing of services and/or products through communications can be justifiably defined as a type of psychological manipulation, (nought reform and/or mind manipulation which results in a form of behavior modification, A patriot friend, Steven Jacobson, published his book entitled Mind control in America² in 1985, eloquently exposing the science of mind manipulation through advertising. The basis for successfully modifying human behavior requires mind manipulation techniques that, when expertly applied through advertising media, become a form of "soft" mind control.

Factoring in suggestibility through the tactile senses as the "Achilles' heel" of the human race renders everyone vulnerable to becoming, on some level, a victim of soft mind control.

The controversy of what is and what is not mind control rages on among scholars in the schools of law, human rights, and mental health. All the while the confusion of issues provides a form of legal protection for practitioners of trauma-based mind control, the only known form of remote human control that is absolute. All other forms of mind control, including chemical and electronic manipulations, are considered by mind-control experts as temporary.

There are laws protecting U.S. citizens' rights to practice their religious beliefs and freedom of speech. There are no laws which specifically protect leaders of destructive cults and/or practitioners of trauma-based mind control.

However, because of the U.S. Government's use of mind control and the broad diversity of legal opinion concerning the accepted limits of free speech and religious practices, the legal loop holes for criminals employing mind-control techniques on their "flocks" for personal gain remain open.

For every problem there exists a solution.. The formula for problem solving, rests firmly on the quality of the supporting research information concerning the nature of the problem. Legislating laws specifically to protect people from mind-control abuses would be futile. Practically every civilized society in existence has some law and/or group of laws which would protect the people and punish the practitioners of mind control. Laws are enforced according to lawmakers' interpretations of the specific legal language. The lack of enforcement of laws already on the books that could protect us from mindcontrol

abuses stems from applied legal interpretations and cover-ups of survivor testimony by the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA) For Reasons Of National Security.

Mind-control atrocities, if committed by anyone who could be linked to government sponsored projects, are typically ignored and covered up. Access to the courts by these hapless survivors is thus stonewalled by government paid so-called legal experts who receive their orders from the National Security Agency.

Defining the term "mind control" is akin to defining the limits of the 1947 National Security Act. The basis for the solution to the National Security controversy is simple. It is known as: Truth logically applied.

It is an obvious truth that the National Security Act has been interpreted, not to guard the integrity of military secrets, but instead to protect criminal activity of the highest order.

Repeal of this Act and replacement with the established rules of military conduct concerning National Security that do not infringe upon the constitutional rights of America's citizenry or the rights of its allies would result in compliance with the Constitution.

CHAPTER 2: SALESMAN, AD MAN, MIND MAN, PATRIOT. MY PERSONAL EVOLUTION

"Every revolution, bloody or bloodless, has two phases. The first is the struggle for Freedom; the second the struggle for power. The phase of the struggle for Freedom is divine. He who has participated in it invariably feels, physically, that his best and most precious-inner self has come to the surface.

We know that being faithful to the TRUTH stands higher than our own participation in governing the country, and that is why we must not have a society that would reject ethical norms in the name of political mirages."³

3. 1991 Roman Catholic Weekly

As I was saying to my grandmother, Mamaleen Johnson, "My life has turned into a nightmare and I'm wide awake," tears were streaming down my face, dripping off my chin onto her patent leather shoes. She affectionately patted my shoulder as she listened.

The words we exchanged, the room's wallpaper and furnishings, my beloved grandmother, Mamaleen. even the taste of my tears combined with a feeling of overwhelming grief-it is all there etched into my memory.

This was the summer before I was to enter my second year of school in 1950. The first year remains a blur with cause.

Life for me and my family had changed dramatically over the previous year.

So radical a change that it had taken almost a year for me to realize life was not becoming any easier to live. My stuttering was getting worse. The rare moments I could speak coherently were limited to short sentences devoid of the word "you", and then only to my mother and grandmother. Occasionally when angry I could speak clearly, or when alone in the woods while talking or singing to trees. Apparently my frustration with oral communication due to stuttering had been intensified by a trauma I experienced the previous year. Little did I know then that this trauma would positively and negatively influence my future and the lives of others I would know for the rest of my life.

On a hot and sticky Tennessee July day in 1949, my father helped boost first my mother, then me, into the saddle astride our four-year-old high-spirited "gift horse" Wojac. This was to be my first ride on the back of an animal. The excitement of the moment combined with stuttering rendered me, literally, speechless. As I recall and from photographs taken at the time, I was wearing a sweat-soaked, pale yellow cotton shirt, dark tan shorts, brown socks, and dirty tennis shoes. At six years old, I was very thin and did not take up the remaining saddle space behind my mother.

With the reins in my mother's hands, the horse responded to her polite command of "Come on, Wojac. Giddyup." He began slowly walking down our driveway to the narrow crushed limestone road beside our property. Upon reaching the gravel road, the horse turned or was guided left, momentarily disappointing me as I knew we were only going for a short ride. It was only about a quarter of a mile to the busy paved intersection that would be dangerous to cross. (Had my mother decided to go in the opposite direction, we could have ridden for a couple of miles before reaching any automobile traffic.)

As quickly as the horse made the turn from our driveway onto the country road, my mother nudged his flanks with her heels. With another command of "let's go," the horse responded with a mild jerk of motion and he began a fast trot down the middle of the road.

The horse's speed, in retrospect, was too fast for safe travel on gravel. Not knowing this then, I was not scared until I saw the crossroads looming closer, I can hear myself half shouting "BBBBBetter slow down. MMMight BBBBe a CCar CCComming." Before I could enunciate the last words, my mother began a slow sideways slide off the saddle. I could not see her face as she disappeared under the horse, and the reins disappeared with her. The horse bolted full speed ahead. In the blink of an eye, my realization of being alone in the saddle with no way to control the horse washed over me. Quickly, I tugged on his mane to no avail. It was in this instant I determined that the runaway horse was not going to stop for the crossroads. I jumped. As I recall, the fall was swift and my abrupt landing in the sharp rocks was not painful, though it seemed that my body would never stop rolling. Panicked and with the dust beginning to settle, I sat up, blinked the dust and sticky blood from my eyes, and looked about for my mother. She lay in a disorganized heap beside the road. I ran to her. The first mental impression I

experienced was that she was just wide-eyed dazed from her fall. Then I noticed her eyes weren't blinking and around her head was a thick puddle of blood. Not wanting to leave her in the road for fear she would be run over, and not strong enough to pick her up, I began screaming in the direction of our home in hopes that my father could hear me. Almost immediately he responded by sprinting to us", all the while shouting, "What happened? What happened?"

For the "life remaining in me" I could not answer for, as usual, I was speechless. As he knelt down to speak to my mother, he stopped mid sentence when he apparently saw her eyes in a fixed gaze and that the back of her skull was crushed inward. Instantly he picked her up. and as we were running back to the house, he commanded my eleven-year-old sister to call an ambulance.

To this day I cannot recall how we got to the hospital.

The grisly scenes of this tragedy were not my nightmare. It did not play over and over again in my mind, for I had dissociated from it. I had voluntarily and autogenically created a memory barrier of this trauma. This is a normal human response. Had I been tortured after the trauma, I would not have been able to voluntarily recall either the accident or the torture. Hence the basis of this book.

The nightmare began during the subsequent recovery year when we realized my mother would never be herself again. She had lost over a quarter of her brain when the horse stepped into her skull. Permanently gone was her ability to smell, taste, and hear in one ear. These were the physical handicaps she developed. Her resultant emotional condition would become evident to me many years later. As a child, this new awareness of my mother's condition had minimal impact on me compared to the fear I lived with, moment to moment, due to my father's chronic alcoholism. Years later my sister would follow his lead into a losing battle with the bottle. I was safe, as alcohol made me stutter.

After being told so many times during my developmental years that my mother's condition was attributable to her brain damage, and that my stuttering was because my brain was not working correctly, it occurred to me at some point to learn about the brain. For years after the accident, I overheard adult conversations about my mother's brain. My curiosity peaked about the brain and the resultant invisible mind and had set the course for my life's interest.

Somewhere in this time period, I fantasized I would learn enough about the mind and brain to help my mother and myself.

As a child, my attention span was regarded as abnormal. I was considered very bright, yet my grades in school reflected something different. Although not properly diagnosed, I was most likely suffering from what is now termed Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD). The handicaps of stuttering and ADD were to become my first personal improvement challenges once I was out in the world on my own.

This "on my own" objective came at an early age. I was barely sixteen years-old when I left home to begin my pursuit of happiness. My first efforts resulted in total failure. However, I could not return to my parents' home because they were now divorced.

Young, broke and rejected, I was able to determine two things. First, I must learn how to communicate if I were to enjoy any success in life, I went about this task methodically, first by enrolling myself into a local night college.

In the classroom I studied speech, business law and psychology. At the library; I studied brain functions and their effect on the mind. I was not degree oriented because I could not earn enough at two jobs to attend the required classes to graduate, but my studies were slowly providing me a usable skill. Secondly, somewhere during this period of learning I began to realize I possessed a natural ability to sell. Perhaps this ability to persuade others resulted from my childhood experience of having to "read people" through their body language rather than talking with them.

My first real job in sales was so successful that my client base was reduced by my employer. I responded to this action by moving on.

The Vietnam War was heating up and I was eligible for the draft. No longer in school, I knew that my number would be drawn soon. And it was.

Little did I know that my prayers for a deferment would be answered and would afford me an exemption from military duty. I would soon be working for the Ampex Corporation and with the U.S. Department of Defense in a civilian capacity. The defense work closely associated me with top research scientists working in the area of primate and human behavior modification. Ironically, I learned more about the mind from my casual relationships with these scientists than I did working at the various research sites. The sites included teaching hospitals, state mental institutions, military bases, National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) facilities, and the Yerkes Primate Center.

The following years of my corporate employment in national and international sales evolved into sales and marketing management positions in an executive capacity. My personal life, in terms of loving relationships, was again in shambles but my career and ongoing mind, brain, human behavior research was rewarding enough to compensate for my lack of emotional expression. The secrets I had learned so well concerning powers of persuasion, both conscious and subliminal, had long since become a functioning part of my mind's arsenal of defensive and offensive tools of control. I resolved then and there to become a "control freak". Instead, my fantasy was not to learn what I could control but what was controlling me.

Then, around 1986, a peer friend of mine observed that I had arrived in the proverbial "comfort zone" in terms of presenting profitable ideas for others to set upon, and advised me to go into business for myself. Shortly thereafter he provided me an excellent example by resigning his six-figure executive marketing directorship and

nominated me as a candidate for his replacement.

Ironically, for the first time in my life, the nomination was rejected because I did not possess at least a master's degree in business management or communications. His assistant was given the position, and I was subsequently offered the assistant's vacated position with no hope of promotion, which of course I refused. Soon thereafter, my friend, free of his corporate golden handcuffs, established his own firm which became a very successful business.

Around this same time a childhood acquaintance, long since socially separated from my life, reappeared long enough to introduce me to his country music entertainment friend, Alex Houston. From this introduction I learned this acquaintance, Ray Myers and his wife, Regina, are alleged pedophiles who reportedly sexually molested Cathy's daughter and their own children. It seemed that Houston was looking for someone with international business negotiating skills who could assist him in putting together a large enough sales deal to finance a manufacturing operation. After spending a few days of complimentary consulting time with him, I had made some rather interesting and intriguing observations about the man and his ideas. First of all, Houston did have a legitimate, potentially profitable idea concerning the manufacture of an electrical capacitor device that could increase energy efficiency for large industrial consumers. Secondly, Houston favorably impressed me as a calculated risk-taker. Thirdly, Houston agreed to finance my production of a marketing plan for presentation to potential foreign buyers. And finally, Houston agreed that I would run the company as President, if and when I sold that plan, I thought. "No problem!"

The intriguing part of this "budding" relationship was my awareness of Houston's propensity for dishonesty. I felt an urgent need for legal advice on how to insure contractual protection from Houston. Within days, Houston and I had conceptually and contractually agreed to start up the business. I designed a logo and assigned the name UniPhayse. The contracts we entered bound both of us to our respective areas of commitment and was iron clad. Houston's willingness to participate in my legal protection maneuver further perplexed me, because of the obvious "honesty type" clauses contained in the agreement. At the time, in my mind, I had determined that if Houston could "keep it clean" and perform his role, we would be able to make this company successful. If not, I owned the company lock, stock, and barrel and could still make it work.

Months later, with business and marketing plans in my briefcase and a demonstration model of the proposed product in hand, Houston and I boarded an airplane to Hong Kong. We were met upon arrival by a tall, well-dressed, Korean gentleman who introduced himself as William Yoon. He owned an international shipping company. His ships carried practically everything from scrap metal to Chinese silkworm missiles all over the world, Mr. Yoon, as he preferred to be called, in keeping with Far Eastern protocol, was interested in negotiating a joint venture company with his friends in the most populated nation on Earth, The People's Republic of China. All arrangements had been made by Mr. Yoon's staff for Houston, myself, and him to fly to Beijing the

following day to begin negotiations with the Mining Ministry. After several days of exhausting discussions through an interpreter almost entirely between myself and the deputy director of the Chinese Mining Ministry, it appeared as though we had a workable deal.

An elegant banquet was ordered by our gracious Chinese hosts, and it was there I learned that the Mining Ministry was a part of the Chinese Ministry of Defense. Feelings of patriotism welled up in me for the first time in my life. I was aware that China was engaged in supplying missiles to Libya, a Middle Eastern country with whom the U.S. was in conflict. The Chinese were swapping missiles and other weapons for cheap Libyan light crude oil. The Chinese were about the only country in the world who dared defy the Reagan Administration's trade embargo. These fleeting thoughts of being involved with the Chinese military felt treasonous to me. Although uncomfortable with the idea of a business venture with such potential for political disaster, I reminded myself that hundreds of other U.S. companies were already in China. Houston refused to discuss the subject.

During the return flight from Beijing to Hong Kong, I confided my patriotic concerns to Mr. Yoon knowing that he would soon become my business partner. He eloquently relieved my fears of potential disaster with a complicated explanation that made sense at the time. This man politely informed me that we could not lose money as he and I would have interim control over all product sales revenue generated outside of China. By Chinese law for joint venture companies, 60% of all manufactured product must go outside China.

Houston and I returned to Tennessee and I briefly met his wife, Cathy, for the first time when she greeted us at the gate. She appeared to me to be young, beautiful, very dumb, and dressed like a prostitute. I paced my walk to be several steps away from her as we headed to the baggage claim area.

Within a few weeks of this visit, a delegation of Chinese electrical engineers and finance experts were flown to our Tennessee office for more negotiations and to collect technical production data (we held) for future manufacturing purposes.

Soon after the delegation departed for China, I received a mysterious phone call from someone at the U.S. Department of State, aka the State Department.

It seems someone in my Chinese delegation had earlier been refused entry into this country due to his being identified as an international weapons supplier for terrorists. This telephone voice assured me that there were no problems that would arise and that this information was not to be publicized. I thanked him and assured him the information was secure.

A couple of months later, my new Hong Kong partner, Mr. Yoon, invited me, my wife, Houston and his wife, Cathy, to come to China for the official signing of the Chinese joint venture agreement. When I asked Houston if he and his wife would attend, he flatly

replied, "No". He had already booked his "act" and could not cancel. I then offered to escort his wife and mine to China.

He responded "no" again, that it was too far and too expensive for a pleasure trip. I was relieved because I had already learned enough of the Chinese language to know our partners did not like or respect him, and Cathy's demeanor embarrassed me. I later learned that Houston's "gig" was to "trancesport"/transport Cathy and little Kelly to the infamous Bohemian Grove for prostitution.

My trip to China with all the pomp and circumstance went well as expected, even though my wife and I were in the process of separating for a divorce.

However, just before I was prepared to return to the U.S., I received some extraordinary information from a man who showed me Chinese Ministry of Defense credentials that gained my full and complete attention. This man was in possession of a file on me that could have only been gained through a thorough investigation of my past professional associations. His English skills were only strong enough to roughly, nervously translate some of the file's content.

This man had photographic proof of a U.S. Department of Defense security clearance I once held. He acknowledged that the "Chinese knew all about me". Thoughts of blackmail raced across my mind. These thoughts instantly disappeared when he began to voice his government's true concerns.

Their concerns were about Alex Houston and his involvement with the CIA, drugs, money laundering, child prostitution, and the big one he saved for last, slavery. No mention of mind control was offered, although he did comment that Houston was a "very bad man" and his crimes were "of the White House".

Disbelief was in order but not possible, due to the wide array of "Eyes Only" stamped and initialed (official) CIA letterhead and U.S. Government documents he slowly flashed before my eyes.

My first response to this "officer" was that Houston was too stupid and crooked to be connected to U.S. "intelligence". This comment was quickly countered with a gut wrenching photograph of Houston. He was smiling a demonic grin while apparently having anal sex with a small, very young, frightened Black boy. Later he was identified to me as being Haitian.

When confronted with this horrific information and the apparent validity of it, I asked, "What do you (your government) want me to do?" He replied, "Get rid of him, distance yourself from him and all of his associates".

I responded by asking him how he thought I could accomplish this task. He stated, "Any way you choose". I told him that regardless of what he had seen of American television concerning violence, the only way I knew was to force him out by purchasing his

company stock, and I needed money to do it. He said, "Give us the figure and make the arrangements. It is done."

I had returned to Tennessee with a Chinese government contract for products valued at thirty-one million dollars. Stapled to it was a telex letter of credit made out to me and the company from Houston's bank connection the New York branch of the now infamous Bank of Credit and Commerce International (B.C.C.I.). The amount was one million dollars in U.S. funds.

The contract was worth approximately ten million dollars in gross profit for Mr. Yoon and me.

Given the charge by the Chinese to immediately discharge Houston of his duties, I knew exactly what my plan of action would have to be. Any other approach to resolving this problem could backfire and all would be lost. And since a former, indirect employer of mine (when I worked for Capital International Airways), the CIA, was implicated, I knew one mistake and it could cost me my life. A comforting thought prevailed and I reminded myself Houston was not only corrupt, but stupid. The CIA must not have respected him either. Otherwise why would he have had to go outside his circle of powerful perverts to recruit me for an international business deal.

I drove to my office to begin the process of discovering something Houston "must have done" that would breach the performance contract he and I had signed when we started the company. Houston was out of town supposedly doing one of his entertainment gigs, so I had complete, unobstructed access to all files, his included. As I had mentally predicted during the long flight from Hong Kong, the entire ferreting process took about fifteen minutes. It seemed that Houston and the old acquaintance who had introduced him to me were, as they say, "selling out the back door". I collected the shipping bills and, ironically enough, the bank deposit slip Houston had retained when he cashed and deposited the customer's check. There was even a letter copy where Houston had specifically instructed the customer not to discuss his account with anyone at our company other than Houston himself or his pervert friend, Ray Myers. Upon this discovery, I phoned the local Korean lawyer (whose business card I had been given by Mr. Yoon while in Hong Kong) to begin the stock transfer process. With pleasure, I wrote Houston's letter of resignation.

With this problem in the process of being resolved, I left the office to visit an old, dear friend (now deceased) who had maintained powerful U.S. and foreign intelligence connections. I needed answers I could trust with my life.

This "retired" Air Force General from the Intelligence division would be my source.

The word "slavery" delivered in broken English by the Chinese Intelligence officer shouted in my ears during the short drive to a local hotel lobby, a comfortable place my "spook" pal selected for us to talk in private. In the few short minutes of the drive, I had my questions (for him) mentally noted. I wanted so much to gain the most from our

meeting. The slavery word had triggered a dark question in my mind, blocking other constructive thought, as I was not comfortable with introducing the term mind control into my presentation. I knew I could speak freely about anything to this trusted friend.

I wanted desperately to avoid the words mind control, not for reasons of condemnation, but because they represented a secret I had patriotically maintained for twenty years.

After my arrival and the light chit chat of social niceties had been exchanged between us, the air changed to one of seriousness. I briefed him on my business involvement, and began a methodical line of questions concerning the file the Chinese Intelligence officer had presented on me and, especially, on Houston: shortly, my friend interrupted me in mid-sentence, smiled a toothy grin, and said, "Flash, you're still the same, and you know damn well what I mean."

"Yes", I replied.

The spook was referring to a '70s rock ballad titled "Still the Same" by singer Bob Segar that was assigned to me years earlier by mutual poker-playing buddies who identified with my passion for successful risk-taking. I despised gambling. My passion was "risk management" and poker gave me a recreational outlet for it. Although my friends each paid dearly, they soon learned my poker strategy was not so much "card counting" as it was my ability to read their body language. This included the micromuscle spasm responses around their eyes, Houston also lost to me at cards. The message the General was implying, roughly translated, was that I was once again "lucky as hell" to have survived my brief business relationship with Alex Houston.

The discussion went down hill from that point directly into the dreaded arena of mind control. After several minutes of listening to details concerning a huge, invisible CIA slave trade going on world wide, the talk became more regionalized to Tennessee. I learned that Cathy and her little girl were victims of trauma-based mind control. They were slaves and the "soul" property of my Uncle Sam. I learned that everything I knew in theory and application about external control of the mind was fully operational and encroaching on the private sector of society.

I was growing numb. The first words out of my dry mouth were, "How would you spring these people out of it?"

He smiled and said, "I wouldn't! What are you going to do with them if you did get them out?" Before I could answer, he interrupted and said, "Look, you're still the same, but nothing else is with Uncle. Now most of the CIA, FBI, and the MOB (Mafia) are the same, and they're making their moves on the military."

I responded, "I already know that, but how do I save these two people?" He said, "OK. Get the mother on the phone while her handler is gone. Use the usual hang up code of dial and ring twice, hang up call back, ring once, hang up and call back. Tell her you're God, Give her a biblical passage. They're all Christian based programmed around

here."

Understanding that this procedure would gain Cathy's full attention, the General continued, "She'll do anything, and I mean anything except toast Houston. That you command her to do. Remember, God commands. Find yourself a preacher who knows the Bible and get a double-bind verse. You know what to do for God's sake. And, listen, if you do this, you're on your own."

"Mark, this is nuts," he pleaded. Go to China and take them with you, Forget about this Red, White and Blue cesspool. It'll clean up. There's lots of good guys in the inside busting their asses to stop this mess, but you're not going to save the world."

I injected, "No, just my ass and a couple of people who Uncle considers something other than human," Then we briefly chatted about some fine points of the rescue and how to legally stop Houston from taking her back. I never saw this friend again.

Walking back to my car, I listened again in my mind to his haunting words, and my own life suddenly seemed like a scratched phonograph record with the needle following the same groove over and over again. The thoughts in my head were suddenly very unpatriotic - a far cry from the feelings I had expressed in China concerning Mr. Yoon's involvement in shipping Chinese missiles to Libya.

Now I felt pure rage for what my country had become during the years after I had bowed out of doing defense work. For once my own mind seemed to be my worst enemy. Hatred for everything consumed me, I loved what my country had once represented to me, but now I was ashamed to be an American. And unbeknownst to me at the moment, soon I would be ashamed of being a male, based on Cathy and Kelly's memories.

During the long, usually boring drive to my secluded house in the wilderness southwest of Nashville, I distinctly recall considering the inherent risks in the formula I was given for "stealing" two slaves from under the cokefilled noses of the CIA. My concerns were not of whether I could do it, but related to my friend's question of, "What are you going to do with them?"

My thoughts went blank as I muttered to myself, "Life is getting complicated again", I then consoled myself with the old adage of "first things first".

Within a few days, I had played God and coordinated the move of Cathy and her 8-year-old daughter, Kelly, out of Houston's house into a nearby apartment. All of this was totally unbeknownst to Houston. As instructed, I had deliberately placed the powerful coded suggestions into Cathy's mind.

These commands partially bridged her own amnesic true perceptions that Alex was going to kill her. Little did I know that the message I was provided to block Houston's former control of her was true.

Cathy and Kelly seemed to me to be very disoriented and somewhat disconnected from reality. In their new, sparsely furnished kitchen, I listened quietly to Cathy excitedly explain that "God had sent me" to her. She "knew" this was true because her hands seemed to automatically open her King James version of the Holy Bible to Psalm, Chapter 37, verse 37, which proclaims for the literal minded, "Mark, the perfect man".

Not only had I placed this biblical reference by a covert suggestion in her mind while playing God on the phone, but just now in her home moments earlier, I had broken the spine on her Bible so that it would "magically" open to that page. She said, "See, God did it again for you to see".

Using a deprogrammer's language trick, I replied in a "reversed" response, "Well, I'll be damned. You are right. That's the only explanation left that could explain all this", I was anxious to change the subject so as not to risk alerting any one of her observant personalities to my well contained laughter. I had been warned that programmed slaves were hyper-observant.

In retrospect, I could not have had thoughts of being sacrilegious. I was and remain deeply spiritual, but my earlier years of researching religions for life's answers had turned me cynical and cold of man's interpretation of the Bible, Koran and Buddha's teachings. This attitude I privately harbored towards organized religions did nothing to squelch the dread I felt wash over me for that moment.

In my attempt to change the subject from religion, I had remembered the Nazi mind-control research performed under Himmler's command on the families of northern European multi-generational Satanists. Christianity, particularly Catholicism, was Himmler's pick of the religions' litter for targeting "Chosen Ones" for his hideous mind-control experiments. These Chosen Ones were to be the robotic leaders of Hitler's New World Order. I then asked Cathy what religion she was before she met Houston. She replied, "Mormon, but I was a good Catholic before then".

My mind swirled from that shocking revelation. I again quickly changed the subject and suggested we go out to dinner and discuss her new job as my assistant starting the following the day. But tonight we would discuss her divorce plans.

Later that evening, I began my search for a secure phone to find someone from past associations I knew were CIA connected on an officer's level. I needed a get-well-quick formula or a clean mental health referral who could help these two wide-eyed unfortunates. I was informed there were none and that I knew more about "that mind stuff" than anyone who would talk.

I returned home to find my phone ringing with an anxious Alex Houston, who had returned from a "vacation" at Boys Town in Nebraska, on the other end exclaiming that he was looking for his wife. She had "disappeared".

I faked not knowing anything and suggested he come to my house the next afternoon to go over some urgent business. The next morning, I located a lawyer, for Cathy, and she had the divorce papers drawn up.

That afternoon I had Granville Ratcliff, a local Sheriff's deputy I partially trusted, who occasionally watched my house when I was out of town, waiting inside my house to witness and legally serve Houston with the divorce papers and his termination notice from the company. My last words to Houston which I recorded on tape were, "You could get hurt if you mess with me or them.

Alex, get out!" (Now, I hope Houston lives to be a hundred years of age.) Getting the legal jump on Houston to protect Cathy reminded me that I needed to attend to my own divorce needs. My wife mutually agreed her life could be more emotionally rewarding without me. She moved to Florida and set up house with her mother. We filed for a noncontested divorce. I agreed to sell the house and what remained of our joint possessions.

Still unable to secure expert help for Cathy and Kelly, I maintained their safety by moving them into my house until it was sold. It was during this time that I was approached by a neighbor who said he had seen someone through his binoculars wearing a gun and taking pictures of my house. Other such intrusive visits by unknown persons followed suit. I was getting real nervous.

I again called on a CIA operative I knew who worked within Nashville's corrupt law enforcement elite who, days later, informed me to "get my ass out of there now-someone wanted me dead!" When I asked why, he said, "You know damn good and well why!"

The house sold quickly and I had already decided to walk away from my company, my contracts, and the one million dollars on deposit as a letter of credit at B.C.C.I. in New York. Mr. Yoon came to Nashville. He purchased Houston's stock. I returned Mr. Yoon to the airport. My last words to him were, "Farewell, friend". He knew nothing of what was going on and I have never seen or spoken with him again. That afternoon I cleaned out my office, handed the keys to the landlord, closed out my personal and company bank accounts.

I had become angry beyond anything I had ever experienced. In retrospect, this was the birthing process of evolution from man to patriot.

I now only wanted answers to what was going on in my government. We needed to be safe while I searched for these answers. My next stop in this pursuit would be Las Vegas, Nevada, Once there, I met with some powerful, underworld characters I had befriended back in my aviation days at Capital International Airways while "packaging" gambling junkets for these characters.

I felt confident that these guys would protect me at least until I could find out what and

who Cathy knew. I was reminded by these men that they were a part of the CIA's new funding operations. One of them flippantly remarked while chomping his Cuban cigar, "You can't hide an egg in a hen house, fella".

My contact then coldly informed me that I had become involved in something that affected our National Security. I lied to this "wise guy" and cryptically responded, "Oh, well. I'll take them (Cathy and Kelly) to Alaska and play like a voiceless chameleon". In retrospect, this spontaneous lie must have worked to protect me from "red shining" myself to become the recipient of a CIA/MOB hit.

Cathy and I continued to stay "parked" in Las Vegas for a few more days waiting to retrieve Kelly from a last minute (suspected CIA) court ordered visit with her biological father, Wayne Cox. Later, I would learn from Kelly's medical reports that she had spent Christmas vacation "in hell."

I was now alone in my mind, scared, and going broke fast. Once again I felt totally alienated from everything and everybody in my life. At this moment, I began constantly reminding myself that I was doing the only thing I knew for sure was right. Realistically, I was astride the proverbial tiger and I could not get off its back and survive.

CHAPTER 3: THE RECLAMATION OF CATHY'S MIND

"The greatest gift anyone can give another is a good memory."⁴

4 Mark Phillips' motto

It was now the week after Christmas 1988. I was fulfilling half of my pledge to the Vegas mob. With all of our remaining personal belongings containerized and secretly in transit on a different ship, I, my "new family" and pets were ferry-bound for Anchorage, Alaska. The sixteen hundred mile trip through ice and snow would take about three days to complete. Unfortunately, it gave me time to think.

Due to our negative cash flow situation, realistically I knew there was no place to run or hide from the CIA. Cathy and Kelly seemed happy and believed they were safe. This was my number one priority! For me, I had to trust that my escape plan would convince interested CIA personnel that we no longer represented a threat to their security. The plan was based on an ancient psychological warfare formula developed by the Romans, I wanted to portray myself as akin to a character in a bad Reagan (western) movie and ride into the sunset never to be heard from again. Thinking to myself that where we were headed geographically, there was no sun to set, at least until spring. Late one night about mid way into our voyage, I sought the solitude that the outside forward deck would afford me. I was thankful for the wind-driven sleet and snow that stung and closed my eyes and opened my mind for focused thought.

At the time, I was psychologically "strung out" from a combination of rage and unbearable emotional headache.

To safeguard my precious teenage son, Mason, from being hurt and/or unwittingly used as a pawn to force me to remain silent, I had virtually destroyed our father/son bond. I loved and missed him very much, and still do.

The resultant emotional pain from the deception and separation seemed to be compounding within me and was consuming my being.

I had, in the course of rescuing Cathy and Kelly, shunned and insulted my son, collapsed my company, simultaneously orchestrated two divorces and sold all personal treasures. I worried I would never see my elderly mother again.

Her health was deteriorating. The tailored clothes I wore no longer fit me, as I had lost over forty pounds and looked skeletal. Chronic insomnia, a symptom of the severe depression I secretly felt, was slowly driving me mad. My own short-term memory was beginning to fail. I had noticed for the first time in over thirty years that I was stuttering when enunciating certain words. I knew this was just the beginning of a long and dangerous expedition in search of answers.

As I stood alone, with eyes closed, on the ship's ice-covered steel deck, a strange feeling of relief washed over me. I had somehow managed to remember from where I could draw "emergency strength." I began silently praying for inner strength and guidance through a meditation technique I'd learned years ago. Immediately, I experienced a feeling of peaceful self-assurance that we would survive to tell our story.

Suddenly I became aware that the icy wind was freezing my face and hands.

I was elated that I could feel again. Apparently I had repressed my tactile senses along with my emotions. For the first time since I learned of Cathy's and Kelly's mind-control existence, I felt functionally alive.

I opened my eyes to discover I wasn't alone any more. A voice was coming from somewhere. I looked around and saw, crouched down and wrapped in a dark green blanket almost beside me, the source of the voice. Again I heard, "Hey man, you OK?" This good man whom I later came to know and respect was Mark Demont. He was a classic example of what Alaskans term a "sour dough". Roughly defined, a sour dough was anybody from the "lower 48" (states) who was disenchanted with their home and low on money. We were both sour doughs and refugees from a sick society gone mad from CIA drugs, media violence, and uncontrolled greed.

I offered him a cigarette and my hand in friendship, something I had not done voluntarily in almost a year. We agreed to stay in contact after our arrival.

About two days later, we landed safely at the Juneau docks. We were told by the ferry's Captain that it was the coldest day of the decade. The ship's thermometer read a minus forty degrees fahrenheit. For me, this was an anticipated weather condition, and for

Cathy and Kelly, a physical challenge.

I had spent about two years in Alaska around 1980. It was then that I helped my former boss from Capital International Airways, George Kamats put a new carrier on line known briefly as Great Northern Airlines. I left Alaska back then, not because of the environment, which I loved, but due to my inability to cope with Kamats' daily tirades. This rigid fellow had a long, colorful history working for other CIA controlled airlines. Among other jobs, he had held top executive positions of authority with the infamous air support section of the U.S, Forestry Service, Air America, and Evergreen (CIA) carriers.

Now I was back in Alaska, unemployed, and knowing I was being tracked like an animal by the same organization I had previously indirectly worked for, the Central Intelligence Agency. Having slept the past couple of nights, I was feeling much better and the thoughts of being tracked did not concern me. I recall having more productive things on my mind. I could not allow raw fear to become any part of my daily diet of thought process.

Cathy and I dedicated every possible moment to locate a house we could call home. We finally found a fourplex apartment that was inexpensive, with two bedrooms and a heated garage. We had to have a heated garage for my three beloved pet raccoons and two dogs. Our new home would never have furniture beyond a TV, two beds, and a table and chairs. This inconvenience never was discussed. We were comfortable.

After settling into "our place" in the remote rural town of Chugiak, we immediately began doing normal things. We enrolled Kelly in a great public school, met our new neighbors, and played in the snow. All of this was being enjoyed in a traditional family way-something Cathy and Kelly had never before known.

Our remaining meager resources were disappearing before my eyes. The cost of asthma medication that Kelly now required to keep her alive was over \$400 per month. I strongly suspected that much of the reason for her declining health resulted from the two weeks "in hell" she had recently spent with alleged serial killer, Wayne Cox, She told me so, by detailing the hideous satanic rituals she and her four-year-old step brother, Jacob, had been subjected to, Fortunately, I had held onto my expensive Nikon camera, guns, and personal jewellery items. These were the last real assets I had remaining to sell.

I sold them and the proceeds paid our living expenses for five more months until Kelly's health needs and circumstances forced us on welfare. During this five-month period, with Kelly in school and no telephone to distract us, I began intensifying my deprogramming efforts with Cathy. Most stays, our work started the moment we returned home from taking Kelly to school. As soon as Kelly was in bed at night, after dinner and homework, we resumed our "session". We worked like this day and night, seven days a week, focused intensely on the deprogramming process, until I would pass out from exhaustion around three o'clock in the morning.

The deprogramming formula for pulling Cathy's fragmented mind back together was inherently free of problems. The small problems I did experience with the formula stemmed from having to "expertly" apply it based on my educated memory of almost twenty years previous. I had no communication with any recognized authority other than Cory Hammond to guide the initial therapy. My single greatest challenge was to learn how to control Cathy's constant state of trance as she journaled her memories.

In spite of reporting to the FBI that I was a hypnotist, I knew that if the FBI and CIA could prove through my admissions I was using hypnosis on Cathy, her testimony in court would be worthless. Therefore, the threat of reprisal from the CIA was averted. In fact, through my own intensive research of hypnotherapy I learned how to control Cathy's trance states. I regarded it as un hypnotizing her. Eventually I would be regarded by mental health physicians as an "expert" in the application of this little-used clinical tool for recovering memory.

Aside from my learned deprogramming skill, the balance of the formula I used consisted of elements which are actually rules of ethical therapy conduct.

Those therapy rules were strictly enforced, Cathy understood and agreed that, in order for her to have absolute control of her mind, she must place total trust in me and the therapy regime.

1. I maintained a constant vigil to ensure Cathy's physical and psychological safety from all outside influences.
2. No memories could be verbalized by Cathy until after they were written by her. The only questions I could ask were history oriented and directed to Cathy's presenting personality that was recovering the memory. Those questions could only address the who, what, when, how, and where of the memory. Even if I could have known the answers in advance, I could not inject. Our perceptions would have differed radically and could have created more memory barriers between personality fragments.
3. I fundamentally explained mind control to Cathy and she then understood that what happened to her was not her fault. However, she understood she was becoming responsible for her actions here and now. Through therapy, she was asserting control over her own mind.
4. We devoted many hours to "intellectual discussions" of Cathy's learned religious beliefs and they were "logically" debunked, just as if I were explaining how the illusions of a magician's tricks worked to confuse reality.
5. No expression of emotion by Cathy would be permitted during the memory recovery and journaling process. I never asked her "how does that make you feel?" This is as important as the safety issue for the rapid recovery of memories.
6. I provided Cathy adequate food, vitamins, water, and sleep to restore her failing

physical health.

7. I taught Cathy how to view her memories on a "mind movie screen" rather than re-experience them through the mind's "virtual reality" mechanism.

8. I instructed Cathy how to trance herself and control the depth of her trance state through a self-hypnosis technique (some regard as meditation). This was put in place to avoid possible contamination and/or confusion of her memories, which might have happened had I used a hypnotic induction technique known as guided imagery.

9. Cathy was not allowed to read books, newspapers, or magazines, to watch TV, or to discuss with Kelly anything she recalled. Cathy had experienced a lifetime of information control and therefore had minimal contamination of memory to sort through. This rule was also understood and respected by Kelly, whose memories were beginning to surface.

10. All behavior patterns and social habits Cathy exhibited were reexamined through logical discussion between us. All pre-established behavior patterns, including daily routines, were re-scheduled or stopped completely.

11. I required her to wear a wrist watch twenty-four hours a day, to alert me of any "lost time" she felt she was experiencing. Losing time, without trauma, is a strong indication that personality switching is occurring. Whereas being able to account for time is an indicator that recovery is occurring.

The memories Cathy was recovering were horrible beyond anything I had ever heard anyone speak about, I often wondered if I had fallen in love with Cathy as a result of my developing the psychological malady known as the Stockholm Syndrome. Those thoughts never bothered me for I knew I had grown to love Cathy. I had heard enough horror from Cathy and Kelly to know I was now suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The symptoms of this disorder went unnoticed by Cathy and Kelly because they too were PTSDed, and had been all their lives.

My own health began to deteriorate rapidly. My regained body weight began to melt away once again. I was experiencing incredible stomach pain, vomiting, and diarrhea. I was literally living on a patent medicine known to ulcer sufferers as Maalox. A "secure" phone call to a doctor friend in the "lower 48" produced the name of a local internal medicine specialist I could trust. Aware of my predicament, my physician friend made the appointment on my behalf for this doctor to prepare certain in-office tests. One of the tests, using a fiberoptic stomach tube, showed that as a result of a water borne parasite, there were holes in the walls of my stomach. He recommended emergency surgery. I replied, "No. How much longer can I live with this before surgery?"

He said, "It depends on how well you can follow my instructions"* "No problem," I said. Within a few days of feeding myself intravenously and taking the prescribed medications, I began to recover.

It was during this recovery period that I began my telephone search for answers to speed Cathy's recovery process. Again I was told by my former "well connected" associates that I knew it all. I was not convinced. However, my persistence soon paid off as one particular phone call resulted in my striking proverbial "pay dirt".

The medical books on clandestine experimental research for treating dissociative disorders mysteriously appeared "on hold" for me at the Eagle River branch of the Anchorage Public Library. I was covertly alerted to pick them up on a certain day at an exact time. I complied.

As I was leaving the library, a middle-aged woman with a grocery sack in her arms approached me. She asked if the library was open. I thought this odd since I was walking out the opened library entrance. My curiosity was short lived when she asked, "Have you read any good books by Dr. Milton Erickson lately?"

I replied, "No, but I am checking one out by (psychiatrist) Dr. William S. Kroger entitled Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis," "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm a real fan of Dr. Kroger and he is a real fan of Dr. Erickson who you know is considered the father of subliminal mind-control (theory) research. She began walking away and turned, smiled and said, "Enjoy your books and use the book, Mark."

I assumed she was addressing me by name while referring to the book itself. I also concluded from this comment that she was obviously the person responsible for delivering the books to the library. Soon I learned she was referring to a bookmark placed inside one of the books which provided me a desperately needed communications vehicle. Recorded on the book-mark" was a toll free 800# with a time and date to use it. I used this 800# and many others similarly provided me for a communications vehicle to covertly access the spooks' (spies) subway to information. For two more years, this method provided me with telephonic guidance through a maze of mind work with Cathy.

When I called the bookmark "800" number, it was answered by an electronic voice which said, in part, "Please enter your employee number now".

I complied, using a series of numbers that I had been previously "assigned" by someone who must remain anonymous because I do not know their identity.

The next sound I heard was that of a phone being rung. After exactly eight rings, my call was answered by someone I did not know. He asked, "What's the problem?" I felt like a vacuum cleaner salesman with his foot in the door, delivering a canned sales presentation. I began nervously emphasizing my desperate need for a quicker therapy regime for Cathy.

The voice asked, "Have you read the books?"

"Yes," I replied. "But many of the clinical terms were foreign to me."

The voice then instructed me to go back to the library and "pick up a psych reference book on term definitions". I then interrupted his instruction to ask if I could speak with somebody who could make this deprogramming process go faster. He said, "Well, there are only two deprogrammers in this country-one in Boston (Massachusetts) and the other in Phoenix (Arizona) and neither one could be of much help or be trusted with the kind of information you are getting (from Cathy)." He hesitated, then said, "You're going to need a referral, which I can't provide. But you know how to do it" I asked, "A referral for what?"

"To have the chance to speak with a doctor who knows about this and might be of some value," he told me, "OK," I said. "Who's the doctor?"

"Cory Hammond, out of Salt Lake City (Utah)."

"Gees," I said. "That's Mormon headquarters, and that was the last religious trauma base for Cathy."

'Yes!- the voice continued. "But you can trust this doctor if you're careful and don't give up too much (information) on yourself. He's paranoid like all the rest (who know about mind-control atrocities) but he could be of some help.

Oh, be alert. Everybody's watching this guy so anything you say, they (the bad guys) will know."

"Thank you very much," I replied.

Somewhere in the process of finding a referral professionally acquainted with Dr. Hammond, I telephoned dissociative disorders specialist, Dr. Bennett Braun, a well-known and published psychiatrist in Chicago, Illinois. I learned from our conversation that he had an entire hospital unit dedicated to therapy for people like Cathy and Kelly. I wondered at the time why his name wasn't previously provided to me for a consultation. As a result of this brief telephone encounter, I learned that Dr. Braun had a number of patients on a long waiting list for a "bed" within this facility. The doctor then provided me the name and telephone number of a "friend" he confided in, People Magazine senior investigative reporter Civia Tamarkin,

Contacting this People/Time Life magazine reporter was to be my biggest single judgement error in the pursuit of helpful information. I would soon learn she was indirectly responsible for nearly costing me my life, and did indirectly cost Kelly her chance for "expert" therapy- which is another book in itself.

When I first spoke with Civia, she dropped important names like a maple tree drops leaves after a frost. I audio tape recorded practically all conversations with this seemingly well informed source, then and in the years to follow, Civia first provided me

the name and phone number of the Boston "deprogrammer," an ex-Moonie programmer by the name of Steve Hassen.

Next, she provided the name and phone number to contact Jolyn "Jolly" West at UCLA. Reluctantly, she gave me the referral I needed to communicate with Dr. Cory Hammond. "The later contact being the only "briefly helpful" one with whom I would speak.

Maximizing my PTSD impaired judgement, I telephoned programmer Steve Hassen, for advice on how to help Kelly (only), which resulted in his coming to our home in Alaska. Apparently, his agenda was to traumatize Cathy by using a well-known code to trigger her to run for her life from me. The method he employed could have been effective, but fortunately for Cathy and Kelly, his robotic delivery like his moral ethics was very poor. I learned that Hassen's voiced and recorded professional respect for his UCLA psychiatrist friends, Dr. West and Dr. Margaret Singer, derived from sinister reasons. Little did I know that Dr. West had worked for the CIA in Project MK-Ultra mind-control research for decades, it seems some of Dr. West's CIA supported research had been exposed by a Congressional investigator of the MK-Ultra Project in the 1970s. However he survived the public scrutiny because the U.S. Government had, in essence, halted further investigation of him and his work under the National Security guise. His only reported crime was for killing an elephant with an overdose of LSD in the presence of school children. These facts I would learn after Cathy and I spoke with him by phone and subsequent disaster struck us. This too is another story in itself. The phone calls between Dr. Cory Hammond and myself were informative and supportive. He proved himself to be the single, most valuable live information asset I would know in my quest for expert therapy advice. Later Dr. Hammond delivered to the mental health community through a symposium presentation in 1991, the whole truth as he knew it on the topic of mind control.

His advisory instruction to me on a particular Erickson technique for painless, non abreactive memory recovery, called "revivification", literally saved my precious Cathy from reliving the horrors as she remembered them. This man is my personal hero.

Spring in Alaska was a very different experience from what I was accustomed to in Tennessee. The Alaskans just refer to it as "break-up". In place of hearing the sounds of chirping birds, I listened to the drip noises from the ice melting off everything. The streets had become an ugly brown mush. For spring as normally a welcomed seasonal change, it was depressing to say the least. The only good news was that the days had slowly changed from darkness to warm sunlight. With this seasonal change, a time bomb I did not know existed began its countdown. Kelly's asthma and behavior were radically deteriorating for no apparent reason.

One Friday morning in May, Cathy received a call from Kelly's school principal requesting we pick her up as soon as possible and have her examined by a doctor. The school nurse said Kelly was having a severe asthmatic attack that did not respond to the medication she had with her. We picked her up only to find that her condition

seemed to improve miraculously at the sight of us.

But this improvement would be short lived, The following Sunday, Kelly's coughing became almost constant. She had exhausted our supply of an important asthma medication which she regularly used in her respirator pump, I covertly substituted distilled water and sat with her while she struggled for her breath. Using an Erickson technique of guided imagery, I began telling her a story about a little girl who huffed and puffed and climbed a mountain. The story I told ended with the little girl reaching the top of the mountain only to be so tired that she fell asleep in a bed of wild flowers, Kelly responded by breathing normally and actually falling into a sound asleep for a few hours, only to awaken and repeat her coughing spell. I returned to her bedside and I asked why she coughed.

Kelly, somewhat agitated, responded, "I have asthma". I repeated the water substitution trick and she responded favorably and said, "Dad, Wayne (the father and alleged serial killer Satanist) told me I was gonna' die."

I said, "Well, he's not a doctor".

Kelly continued, "He really did say that over and over and over again."

I then asked, "When did he say this?"

"When school's out," she replied.

I asked, "What do you mean?"

She robotically repeated, "When school's out."

"Do you remember when Wayne said this to you?" I asked.

"In bed," she continued. "He thought I was asleep and he was talking on the phone to Alex (Houston) and then to me," I knew then Wayne Cox had programmed her to die using a clinical technique known as hypnosleep. Alex Houston was guiding Cox through the program.

I interrupted her (as I saw she was entering a deep state of trance) and responded, "Well, school's not out and tomorrow you will be well enough to go back to school."

As I suggested, Kelly did feel good the next morning and returned to school.

This day would be her last day in Birchwood Elementary.

Only a few hours passed before Cathy and I again were called, this time by the nurse who became agitated when Cathy truthfully answered her question, "Didn't you take her to the doctor?"

Cathy said. "No. but we will."

Later that evening, Cathy, Kelly and I would make the last of our emergency drives to seek medical help for Kelly.

At Anchorage's Humana Hospital, Cathy and I met with the young, very bright and beautiful physician, Dr. Lorrie Shepherd, who seemed perplexed and, perhaps, frightened as to Kelly's unexplainable deteriorating condition. I requested a private meeting and she complied.

After about thirty minutes of my explaining what Cathy and Kelly had been rescued from, I defined mind control for her. Learning this, Dr. Shepherd then consulted with a local female psychiatrist, Dr. Pat Patrick to evaluate Kelly. The evaluation was completed and Dr. Patrick invited Cathy, and eventually me, to her office for a consultation. This was to be Kelly's first official evaluation that indicated she suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD),⁵ a serious psychological disorder resulting from severe and repeated trauma.

5. The term Multiple personality Disorder (MPD) Is now clinically referred to by mental health professionals as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID).

I then asked Dr. Patrick if she could arrange for a sexual abuse specialist to verify if Kelly had been abused. She complied. The results were positive. Dr. Patrick and Cathy seemed almost relieved at this validation. The result sickened me.

Kelly's asthma stabilized at Humana and she was transferred to Charter North Psychiatric Hospital for in-hospital care. Dr. Patrick apparently provided the best care she knew. Unfortunately it was inadequate. Months passed and the State of Alaska welfare authorities began to realise Kelly was not improving and her ineffective care costs were mounting by thousands of dollars weekly.

Dr. Patrick, Cathy, and I, with the cooperation of the Tennessee Violent Crimes Claims Commission, began searching for a hospital that would accept Medicaid insurance. Finally, one was located in Owensboro, Kentucky which advertised a specialty in working with ritually abused children. Kelly was transferred to this facility and the State of Alaska paid all the bills for her move there. Later we would learn that this elegant hospital facility was nothing more than a human warehouse that collected whatever fees the federal and state governments would pay them per child resident. A pretty place to see, but the care for Kelly would prove to be "less than nothing".

During the summer before Kelly was transferred to this Kentucky hospital, and Cathy was recovering satisfactorily, I felt it was safe to leave their side so that I could find work. We desperately needed money to travel, to live, and to return to the "lower 48" with Kelly in the winter.

I quickly secured a job at Alaska Business College as an interviewer of prospective students. My sales "performance" resulted in my being promoted in two weeks from an admissions representative to Director of Admissions. I banked as much money as possible from my earnings over the next five months to provide for our move, to be closer to Kelly. The thought of the separation agony that would exist between Cathy and Kelly served as a reminder of my ongoing separation from my son, whom I had not heard from in almost a year.

Cathy, on ill advice from me, called her father and begged for some financial help for Kelly's sake. Her father wired \$500 to confirm our location and commented, "This is America. Unless you come back to Michigan alone, no more money!" It was this statement that triggered Cathy's repressed memories of her own tortured childhood by this alleged pervert and slave salesman, Earl O'Brien.

Soon the FBI telephoned Cathy and told her that she needed to "voluntarily" conic to the Anchorage FBI office for questioning. Upon arrival, Cathy was informed that she was under federal investigation for attempting to extort money from her father.

Cathy looked strangely relieved when she heard these charges. Later I would learn that she felt better knowing for sure she was not "crazy" or delusional and that her father did in fact do those things to her and her brothers and sisters.

The FBI Agent was openly sympathetic and reportedly the DOJ "inspired" investigation was subsequently dropped upon his recommendation. This agent went on to secure a cash donation through his Mormon church that enabled us to leave his jurisdiction.

It is noteworthy that during this same time; through another special agent at the Anchorage FBI office, I was interrogated for "what I knew" regarding an unrelated crime involving my ex-wife and her lawyer boss in Florida. I knew nothing, I now know that the FBI was, in effect, attempting to destroy my credibility as advocate for Cathy and Kelly through their investigation efforts of me. Their case against my ex-wife and her lawyer was solved, and her lawyer accomplice was convicted of first degree murder. My ex-wife became a state's witness and was acquitted.

However, days later I would "see" my ex-wife being arrested and processed on the popular national television show "Unsolved Mysteries". That unfortunate case involved only one homicide and made the national news for weeks to come. In contrast, Cathy's testimony, with proofs provided FBI officials, was filed and deliberately covered up友or Reasons of National Security.

The fall season in Alaska was now quickly giving in to winter and the "termination dust" (snow) was re-coating the surrounding mountains. The air was definitely becoming nippy. The change of seasons signaled another change within my new family. Kelly was going to be transferred soon to the Kentucky Valley Institute of Psychiatry (V.I.P.).

Cathy and I had been saving every dollar I could earn during my brief tenure at Alaska

Business College in preparation for our move back to the "lower 48".

I realized now that Cathy had gone into a state of recovery known as "fusion". She had long since stopped switching personalities and had become a beautiful, intelligent, and logical lady. She was no longer susceptible to anyone triggering her to go against or away from me. She continued to journal her traumatic memories and was professionally adjudged stable.

The passage on ships and ferries out of Anchorage to Seattle was booked solid for months ahead. They would only accept freight and/or vehicles. I purchased two, one-way tickets on Alaska Airlines and brought our family car, a 1976 AMC Pacer, and remaining belongings to the Anchorage docks for shipment.

Suddenly, as we packed our bags and were ready to board our flight, a nearby volcano erupted and halted all air traffic in or out of Anchorage for the following two weeks. We waited anxiously for the airport to reopen. We would leave first and Kelly and her nurse would soon follow. This would be the first step of what would be an endless journey in our pursuit of justice.

CHAPTER 4: TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES. JUST US PURSUED AND JUSTICE DENIED

Our much anticipated arrival into the Seattle (Washington) International Airport terminal heralded a new beginning. Cathy appeared to be openly optimistic that perhaps, at long last, Kelly would soon have her chance for recovery. Privately, I felt much less hopeful, I knew from past personal experiences and through my "insider sources" that mental health physicians from the private sector of society had little acquaintance with secret U.S.

Government mind-control research. The only mind-control information these doctors had access to for the most part was from the hysterical comments supplied them by their troubled patients. Hysteria, in this case, as a symptom of misinformation is highly contagious, and therefore spread throughout the mental health profession. Many practitioners displayed symptoms of the "ostrich syndrome" to me, their peers, and patients through fear and chronic denial.

It was 1990, the beginning of the last decade of this century and the millennium, and most mental health physicians remained in a state of denial concerning the existence of mind control. Mental health as a science is barely one-hundred years of age. Truly an industry in its infancy in relation to the other recognized healing arts.

Due to mental health's infancy and the fact that it is rooted in the archaic, mystical theories of Jung and Freud, combined with the non-availability of government controlled research information, the term "mental health" is viewed by patients and doctors alike as an oxymoron. Patients I have interviewed who suffer from dissociative disorders frequently refer to the profession as "mental hell," and their well-intentioned provider as

"the rapist". Unfortunately for all parties concerned, in many reported instances these cruel labels are consistent with the quality of the care provided. Whereas I strongly support, in concept, the healing arts existing in the fields of mental health that could be applied in the treatment of mind-control patients, I cannot foresee their application in meeting the needs of these patients without some radical changes in our National Security Act. Around 1970, I recall witnessing a "mild" case in point. I was overseeing the video taping of a TOP SECRET psychiatric experiment involving a young man who had suffered brain damage resulting from some type of severe head trauma. This patient was ambulatory. He could not remember anything, express himself, or for that matter, think. He was not brain dead. He was mind dead. Through the application of a combination of experimental drugs and hi-tech electronic technology involving harmonics, his brain was being "retrained" to permit constructed thought processes to commence. The brain scar tissue that was inhibiting his ability to think was being chemically and electronically by-passed. I equated this experimental procedure to the "hot wiring" of an ignition switch of an automobile to preclude the use of a key.

The extraordinary procedure and subsequent results of this experimental therapy was meticulously recorded. The record, tape, and doctor notes were dropped into a security envelope and were taken by courier to Fort George Meade, Maryland.

What made this case so memorable was the event that immediately followed.

I overheard the experiment's attending physician complaining bitterly to his nurse colleague that "his" patient in an adjoining ward, who was not a "DOD guinea pig," through application of this method, could "probably recover". The doctor's complaint addressed his being prohibited from applying state-of-the-art treatment for his patient by virtue of his DOD oath of secrecy. This doctor was frustrated at being forced to serve two masters. The DOD being one master held control over his career through his medical license, liability insurance, and the secrecy oath he had signed. The second master was the doctor's own moral and ethical standards, supported by the Hippocratic Oath he had signed upon becoming a physician.

Thus without benefit of the voluminous DOD research findings and technology developments, the medical field of mental health is in its learning curve for establishing models to provide patients state-of-the-art care. In other words, mental health providers themselves are quickly becoming the second group of mind/information control victims.

The mental health profession is in a state of crisis and has arrived at the proverbial crossroads of failure and success. The road to success through the application of available technologies appears to be blocked FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

As a direct result of DOD management of mind research secrets and the resulting federal information containment practices, mental health providers are on the defensive with their patients, the courts, and more recently with certain special interest action groups. These groups are attacking the mental health professional as a target for

destruction. Well-funded organizations with very questionable agendas, such as the False Memory Foundation (FMF) and the Church of Scientology, have publicly denounced mental health as a profession.

The Church of Scientology has emerged as the apparent leader in publicly denouncing the mental health profession. Through the church's Washington, D.C. based "human rights" lobby group, it has launched a massive negative propaganda campaign accompanied by numerous lawsuits against ethical drug companies and mental health providers.

Scientologists believe their church's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, has discovered a cure-all for mental illness through behavior modification.

Hubbard, a successful science fiction writer, allegedly acquired knowledge of subliminal mind control through his military service with U.S. Navy Intelligence. He named his behavioral modification program Dianetics after his first wife, Diane.

The False Memory Foundation is a lobby group which is primarily utilized by persons charged with sexual abuse. The FMF is desperately attempting to develop legislation that restricts therapy for persons suffering from dissociative disorders as a result of trauma. This organization's stated beliefs include that repressed memory is a myth. FMF has found the mental health profession's Achilles' heel.

To date, the model for developing an effective therapy regime for dissociative disorders (which are as a result of repeated trauma) has not been published by either the American Psychiatric Association or the American Psychological Association. The difficulty in developing a model is due to a number of factors. The primary factor involves national security secrets concerning classified mind-control research.

In the present climate, referring mind-control victims to mental health professionals for treatment would be tantamount to subjecting a patient needing delicate surgery to a surgeon who was blind-folded and hand-cuffed. The knowledge of these conditions produced the private opinion I withheld from Cathy when she professed optimism for Kelly's latest recovery opportunity.

Nevertheless, Cathy was nearing complete recovery and we both recognized we were doing all we could at the moment to provide for Kelly's needs. Perhaps identifying "who" within our government is interested in withholding vital medical research findings and technologies information from the mental health profession could provide a foundation of understanding.

From my personal experiences while working for Capital International Airways.

I formed a strong opinion that addresses this question. However, the answer that mirrors my perception was later eloquently provided by a Washington.

D.C. news correspondent and journalist, Linda Hunt, in her book *Secret Agenda*. The historical basis for this book are the declassified DOD documents identifying Project Paperclip as being the secret importation/relocation of Nazi and Fascist scientists into the United States over a forty-year period.

These brilliant criminal scientists were primarily focused on two areas of research, rockets and the mind. They were placed in positions of authority in, among others, prestigious universities, colleges, industries, and NASA. Over the years, these imported criminals have directly influenced our society with advanced rocket technologies and mind-control applications through U.S.

Government sponsored research. According to *Secret Agenda*, Nazism, as a philosophy and form of government, is alive and destroying our country, in part, as a result of Project Paperclip.

I can attest to this statement from personal knowledge gained during my employment at Capital International Airways, which is named as one of the primary transporters for Project Paperclip.

These were background facts for some of the thoughts that rushed through my mind on our long drive from Seattle to the Southeastern U.S. I was anxious to discover the end results of my telephone campaign in the pursuit of justice I had waged while in Alaska.

Our first destination would be Huntsville, Alabama. This southern U.S. city is famous for its tourism centerpiece, the NASA owned U.S. Space and Rocket Center. The town also boasts of being home to more Pentagon, black-budget, U.S. dollars per capita than anywhere in America. Cathy harbors a very different opinion of this town, its police force, and the NASA research facility.

For Cathy and Kelly, Huntsville had been a place they were regularly taken to by Alex Houston for hi-tech torture and the production of child and adult pornography films.

This trip to Huntsville would be different for Cathy, except for one aspect of her previous experiences. Both she and I would receive our first threat to our lives in our pursuit of justice from law enforcement. This was surprising to me and "normal" for Cathy.

The lead-up to this threat began with my phone call to a Huntsville based legal aid group known as the National Association of Child Advocates. This organization publicized that it was formed through the leadership efforts of the local district attorney 'Bud' Crammer, who is known to his constituents as "Gun Ban Bud". After supplying this advocacy center with Cathy's recollections of her past experiences in Huntsville, we were contacted by two Huntsville City Police Department "vice" detectives. Their names were Jeff Bennet and Chuck Crabtree.

Upon our arrival into Huntsville, these two vice cops escorted us and our trailer to a local apartment used for staging drug buys. The place was furnished, complete with

audio and video bugs throughout every room. When I asked Bennet if the "place was bugged," he flatly denied it. From this lie I knew with certainty that Cathy and I were there to be specimens for whomever to study, I knew "who," and we gave them our best performance to mislead them. This action probably saved our lives.

After weeks of "delays," the two vice cops sat down with Cathy and me for discussion. She supplied them a myriad of testimony including detailed physical descriptions of two particular perpetrators, their names, and location maps of where they lived and allegedly produced child and adult pornography. The two perpetrators, themselves Huntsville policemen, were also helpful assets in the campaign for electing District Attorney Bud Crammer. Their names were Audie Majors and Sergeant Frank Crowell.

After Cathy had exhausted all of her recollections, Crabtree and Bennet ordered us to "leave Huntsville now while we were still alive, and shut up if we intended to stay that way!"

Later, Cathy and I would learn that Crabtree and Bennet had notified every law enforcement officer in over five states to whom we had provided information. They reported that we were a pair of "professional con artist criminals". Perhaps they were able to accomplish this discrediting tactic as a result of police reports we filed in other states, which included a reference to our "bud experience" with the Huntsville Police Department. In addition, the Nashville office of the FBI was responsible for perpetrating Crabtree's and Bennet's discrediting lies. This FBI action ceased after resident-agent-in-charge Ben Purser was told by a friendly district attorney that I now could prove the identity and prosecute those responsible for the character assassination. The harassment stopped,

It is interesting to note that 'Bud' Crammer would in less than a year, be elected to Congress. Within months after his election, Bud was rewarded for years of alleged containment practices. Allegedly Bud has been covering up investigations for the intelligence community, DOD, and of course his number one financial supporter, NASA.

The wife of an Atlanta, Georgia physician, Ms. Faye Yeager, did however survive Bud's wrath in court. Her "crime" was advocating for and protecting a child who had been horribly abused. This courageous lady had her day in court and won. Now she has filed a counter-suit in Federal court. Reeling from Bud's "second hand" threats to our lives, we returned to Nashville. Here we learned that the Kentucky V.I.P. hospital administration had suddenly declared Kelly's State of Alaska medical records "to be in error". V.I.P. said she was "fine!" This statement was supplemented by "you best come here now and pick her up or we'll give her to Kentucky Child Services and they will find adoptive parents."

This was a terrifying development since Kelly could not function outside a restrictive environment. She had been declared suicidal and homicidal by three attending physicians and/or therapists. Cathy and I were homeless. We brought Kelly back to Tennessee where she, Cathy and I stayed in my mother's tiny two-bedroom home. This

living arrangement would not last. Kelly's asthma (program), destined to separate her from her mother, returned within 48 hours. We rushed her, gasping for breath, to Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville for emergency treatment. Again Kelly's condition worsened to the extremely critical point, then returned to normal. Her attending doctor thought he had seen a real miracle until he learned about mind control.

Vanderbilt Hospital physicians who reviewed Kelly's past medical and psychiatric records recommended that she be moved to the worst child warehouse we've seen so far, Crocket/Cumberland House, the "home for broken butterflies" (see photo). Because Cathy and I were both unemployed and Kelly only had Medicaid insurance, the State of Tennessee demanded temporary custody. Their demands for custody were legally legitimate and morally equated to extortion for they had no intentions of seeking expert therapy for Kelly.

Through a lengthy two-year court proceeding, with five lawyers opposing Cathy, we had a partial victory, Kelly was transferred to Charter Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee where again she did not receive MPD/DID therapy, but for the first time did receive genuine empathy from a social worker, Abbott Jordan.

During this period, my life and liberty was threatened by the Nashville Metro Police Department. This verbal death threat was delivered by Metro Homicide Captain Mickey Miller and echoed by his friend and subordinate Lt. Tommy Jacobs. Miller said, "You best forget this woman; walk away from all this now before your health changes." Jacobs said, "There's nothing wrong with that kid that her father (Cox) can't fix. She just has allergies. You'd best forget you ever heard of either one of them." I have all this conversation on audio tape.

Within a few months of these threats came others threatening both our lives and liberty from every branch of law enforcement within the State of Tennessee. This included the Nashville office of the FBI. The latter was in the form of a "clerical mistake" on the part of the FBI that was to be a "frame up" for my supposedly threatening the President of the United States, George Bush.

This charge was totally groundless and was subsequently dropped, but only after I secured a lawyer. It was now 1991, and Cathy and I had determined that we must proceed with "phase two" of our pursuit of justice through a well organized information dissemination campaign. The funding for this project would indirectly come from the assistance of Bill Ross who also provided constant moral support. Cathy and I have always felt uncomfortable exposing gentle persons like Bill Ross to such horrific information as pertains to trauma-based mind control.

However, we have learned over the years through our public speaking engagements and consultations with physicians and others that, generally speaking, people appreciate knowing WHY they are no longer "at the top of the food chain," Bill Ross like hundreds of others never gave up hope that we would live to tell our story.

Five years have passed since we returned from Alaska. The lessons learned through this trail-blazing effort in our pursuit of justice should never be taught to anyone. No person should have to experience the heartache, desperation, and grinding poverty that Cathy, Kelly, and I have had to live with during the winding down portion of our information dissemination campaign. Cathy approached me with an idea she thought could help us win public support. She had repeatedly commented that she wanted to rescue Seidina 'Dina' Reed, daughter of actor/singer Jerry Reed of Smokey And The Bandit fame. According to Cathy, she had been used repeatedly in pornography productions with Seidina over the years and had bonded with this once beautiful woman.

Seidina's husband, David Rorick, aka Dave Roe, was then her alleged sadistic handler. It is noteworthy that Roe allegedly received his training on how to maintain a slave, using specific tortures, from Alex Houston. Roe lived and reportedly loved, with Houston before he met Seidina. Cathy and I naively believed at the time that Jerry Reed was not involved in his daughter's enslavement as was Cathy's father. Furthermore, we were convinced that Jerry Reed, with his numerous connections into politics and the entertainment industry could be a powerful ally. This was not to be.

I rescued Seidina and in minutes after the rescue, she began talking, but not until I had discussed my plan in person with her famous father and his agent at a Brentwood, Tennessee restaurant. Reed had more than enough time to warn Roe that I was armed and on my way to his house. All evidences disappeared.

Years later a U.S. Customs Enforcement officer informed me that I had "somedoby" connected to Reed, possibly Reed himself, suggesting "I might be blackmailing him." This "clean" customs officer knew I had rescued Seidina from Roe's enslavement and that I had audio taped all meetings with Seidina, Jerry Keed, and his wife, Prissy. He was openly concerned for my safety and that Reed was lying so as to frighten me away.

Within two months after the rescue, Seidina and her mother filed criminal charges, including sexual child abuse (of Seidina's four-year-old son) against Roe. A "spook informant" working within the Nashville District Attorney's office alerted me to these charges and the anticipated outcome. No action was taken FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

Seidina had been prostituted to, among many others, heads of state, and to the Arabian Ambassador to the U.S., Prince Bandar Bin Sultan. According to an involved witnesses of one of her encounters with Bandar (a friend of George Bush) she was one of his favorite slaves. We've never heard from Seidina or any member of her family since the rescue. This trek through hell in our pursuit of justice taught nothing to Cathy that she had not already been told by her abusers. For me, I learned the hard way that our Constitution was only a beautiful plan that had been stolen, plundered, and replaced FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

Today, Cathy, Kelly, I and all true patriots stand at the proverbial crossroads of

revolution or evolution. Through armed revolution, we patriots will perish and the emergence of a totally government controlled society will herald in another period of "dark ages". As a proud gun owner, armed with inside knowledge, I know we are technologically out-gunned. Whereas if we choose to evolve through the challenges to our psyche that developed communication technologies present we can reinstate our Constitution and set our people free. Revolution or Evolution-change in life as we know it is inevitable.

Each of us must now take a stand to commit a portion of our individual time and diminishing resources to support the action groups and individuals who are not afraid to work at taking back our government through mass exposure of its crimes. We must seek new leaders who will be committed to doing the most with the least. These leaders share the battle cry that SILENCE DOES (indeed) EQUAL DEATH. 6 Hund, Linda, Secret Agenda, St. Martin's Press 1991

PART II by Cathy O'Brien

AN OPEN LETTER

Mind control is absolute. Under MK-Ultra Project Monarch trauma-based mind control, I lost control over my own free will thoughts - I could not think to question, reason, or consciously comprehend - I could only do exactly what I was driven to do. Those who controlled my mind, and ultimately my actions, claimed to be "aliens," "demons," and "gods". But it was my experience that these perpe-TRAITORS of New World Order controls were/are bound by fully, human confines, despite their terror-tactic claims and illusions. The true laws of nature, and the same laws of man do, indeed, apply to them.

While they manipulated me by my religion, my maternal instincts, and my genuine concern for humanity - they never "possessed" my innate being. They could make me one of them. They never took into consideration the strength of the human spirit. They did not even know it existed. Ask why.

DEDICATION

This book is for Kelly, in order that she is understood and granted her right to qualified rehabilitation for the MK-Ultra Project Monarch Mind-Control abuses she endured at the hands of our country's so-called leaders.

This book is dedicated, as am I, to Mark Phillips for rescuing Kelly and me from our mind-controlled existence, and clearing the way to recovery for Kelly by lovingly assisting me in the restoration of my mind, memory, and ultimately my free will.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A special thanks to those unseen, whose presence have been evident. And a special thanks to those unsung - you know who you are.

TRANSE-FORMATION OF AMERICA

My name is Cathleen (Cathy) Ann O'Brien, born 12/4/57 in Muskegon, Michigan. I have prepared this book for your review and edification concerning a little known tool that "our" United States Government is covertly, illegally, and un-constitutionally using to implement the New World Order (One World Government). This well documented tool is a sophisticated and advanced form of behavior modification (brainwashing) most commonly known as MIND CONTROL. My first hand knowledge of this TOF SECRET U.S. Government Psychological Warfare technique is drawn from my personal experience as a White House "Presidential Model" mind-control slave.

Much of the information enclosed herein has been corroborated and validated through brave and courageous "clean" members of the law enforcement, scientific, and Intelligence communities familiar with this case. These individuals' efforts helped me to understand and corroborate what happened after a lifetime of systematic physical and psychological torture orchestrated to modify my behavior through totally controlling my mind. Some of these courageous individuals are employed by the very system that controlled me and live in fear of losing their jobs, their families, or their lives. They have gone as far as they dare towards publicly exposing this tool of the engineers of the New World Order-to no avail. This book is a grassroots effort to solicit and enlist the public and private support of Human Rights advocates, the recognized, respected doers in America to expose this invisible personal and social menace. This can be done by well organized, cooperative citizens with a passion for justice, who have expressed interest in restoring our Constitution and taking back America. This copy you hold is for your edification and action.

While these pages have been condensed for your quick perusal, there are literally thousands of files of documentation that support much of what I am reporting. Thanks to those dedicated individuals who found a means of manipulating the system more cleverly than the perpetrators, the documents referred to were declassified for release right at the source!

It is my patriotic respect for the principles of truth, justice, and ultimately that freedom on which America was founded that compels me to expose the world domination motivations of those in control of our government, commonly referred to as the Shadow Government. By taking back America NOW, we can maintain the integrity of our country's history and future by detaining its destined course of being recognized world wide for the mind-control atrocities unleashed on humanity that literally begin where Adolph Hitler left off.

Hitler's version of world domination that he termed in 1939 the "New World Order" is currently being implemented through advanced technologies in, among others, genetic mind-control engineering by those in control of America.

Senator Daniel Inouye, (D. HI) commented about the operations of this secret

government before a Senate Subcommittee and described it well as "...a shadowy government with its own Air Force, its own Navy, its own fund raising mechanism, and the ability to pursue its own ideas of 'national interest', free from all checks and balances and free from the law itself."

The expertise of my primary advocate and skilled deprogrammer, Mark Phillips, developed through his U.S. Defense Department knowledge of "Top Secret" mind-control research and researchers, was responsible for the restoration of my mind to normal functioning. As a result, I have recovered the memories related in this text, and having survived the ordeal, have reached this point of enormous frustration. In 1988, through a series of brilliantly orchestrated events, Mark Phillips rescued me and my 8-year-old daughter, Kelly, from our mind-controlled existence and took us to the safety of Alaska for rehabilitation. It was there that we began the tedious process of untangling my amnesic mind to consciously recall what I was supposed to forget. Many U.S. and foreign government secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I could not be deprogrammed and rehabilitated to accurately reveal the criminal covert activities and perversions in which Kelly and I were forced to participate, particularly during the Reagan/Bush Administrations. Now that I have gained control of my own mind, I view it as my duty as a mother and American patriot to exercise my gained free will to expose the mind-control atrocities that my daughter and I endured at the hands of those in control of our government. This personal view of inside Pandora's Box includes a keen perception of how mind control is being used to apparently implement the New World Order, and a personal knowledge of WHO some of the so-called "masterminds" are behind this world and mind dominance effort.

Most Americans old enough to remember recall exactly where they were and what they were doing when President John F. Kennedy was shot. His assassination traumatized the nation and provides an example of how the human mind photographically records events surrounding trauma. The traumas I routinely endured during my mind-controlled victimization provided me the latitude to recover my memory in the photographic detail in which it was recorded. The direct quotes I have included in the following pages depicting carefully selected events, are verbatim. I apologize for any obscenities quoted, but this was necessary to maintain the integrity of the statements and accurately reflect the character of the speaker(s).

While I am free to speak my mind, Kelly, now 17, is not so fortunate. Kelly has yet to receive rehabilitation for her shattered personality and programmed young mind. The high tech sophistication of the Project Monarch trauma-based mind-control procedures she endured, literally since birth, reportedly requires highly specialized, qualified care to aid her in eventually gaining control of her mind and life. Due to the political power of our abusers, all efforts to obtain her inalienable right to rehabilitation and seek justice have been blocked under the guise of so-called "National Security". As a result, Kelly remains untreated in the custody of the State of Tennessee-a victim of the system預 system controlled and manipulated by our abusive government "leaders" - a system where State Forms make no allowances to report military TOP SECRET abuses - a system which exists due to federal funding directed by our perverse, corrupt abusers in

Washington, D.C. She remains a political prisoner in the custody of the State of Tennessee to this moment, waiting and hurting!

Violations of laws and rights, Psychological Warfare intimidation tactics, threats to our lives, and various other forms of CIA Damage Containment practices thus far have remained unhindered and unchecked due to the National Security Act of 1947 AND the 1986 Reagan Amendment to same which allows those in control of our government to censor and/or cover-up anything they choose. Now, with our country free from outside threats as a result of the fall of the Soviet Union, our "free press" is reportedly no longer encumbered by censorship. This fact alone should free us to pursue justice, but it has not.

Please ask why.

Hence the purpose of releasing this book at this time. After seven long years of being unjustly and painfully separated from my daughter, while our abusers have had full access to her through a corrupt and manipulated system, it is my fervent hope and intent to solicit help from you in the form of advice, expertise, and public outcry concerning this very solvable problem.

I could not prevent the traumatic mind-control abuses Kelly endured due to my own victimization, yet she is depending on me now to expose the truth and enlist the help that the Juvenile Court has restrained her from seeking. I dedicate this book to Kelly, and all others like her, and to every American unaware of the mind-control atrocities prevailing in this country. What Americans don't know is destroying them from the inside out. Knowledge is our only defense against mind control. It is time to WAKE UP and arm ourselves with the truth, restore the constitutional values of freedom and justice for all, to retroactively enforce the 13th Amendment, and take back America!

CHAPTER 1: MY INTRODUCTION TO HUMANITY

My pedophile father, Earl O'Brien, brags that he began substituting his penis for my mother's nipple soon after I was born. My multigenerational incest-abused mother, Carol Tanis, did not protest his perverse actions due to (reportedly) having similar abuse as a child which caused her to acquire Multiple Personality Disorder.¹ My earliest recovered memory was that I could not breathe with my father's penis jammed into my little throat. Yet I could not discern his semen from my mother's milk. I do not recall thinking, but I am aware through education that this early sexual abuse distorted my primitive concepts of feeding, breathing, sexuality, and parental perceptions.

I recall as a toddler being unable to run (I could barely walk) to my mother for help as my instincts demanded. Through my gulping sobs, my terror rose as I tried to clear my throat of my father's semen and draw a breath of air. My mother finally arrived at my side. Rather than comfort me, she accused me of throwing a temper tantrum and "holding my breath". She responded only by throwing a glass of cold water in my face. I was shocked! As the water splashed my face, I knew she would not help and it was up

to me to save myself. I automatically Multiple Personality Disordered. I was, of course, too young to logically understand that what my father was doing to me was wrong.

I accepted his strangling sexual abuse as a normal and natural part of my home life, and split off a personality to deal with the pain and suffocation to satisfy his perversions. Therefore as a child, I was dissociative of my father's abuse. I was totally unable to recall his sexual abuse, even in his presence, until I saw and felt his penis. Then the terror, which was my conditioned response, triggered access to that part of my brain that previously endured the trauma, I was remembering the abuse and how to deal with it. This part of my brain developed into a personality of its own-which belonged to my father-which he rented out and later sold to the U.S. Government as will be explained and detailed in the following pages.

Other parts of my conditioned mind dealt with other abusers, abuses and circumstances. My father was (as revealed by my own investigations) apparently a multigenerational incest child from a large, poor, and horribly dysfunctional family. His mother earned a living as a prostitute for local lumbermen after his father died when he was two years old. My father's brothers and sister were all sexually and (occult) ritually abused just as he was.

They grew up to be drug addicts, prostitutes, street derelicts, and pedophiles who also sexually abused me and my brothers and sisters. I developed more personality splits to deal with the traumas of these torturous relationships.

My mother's dysfunctional family also appears to be multigenerational, but of a slightly higher socio-economic class. Her father owned the building occupied by a Masonic Blue Lodge he led, and managed a local beer distribution business with her mother after completing his military career.

Together they sexually abused my mother and her three brothers, who in turn sexually abused me.

My family often went camping on the vast wilderness acreage surrounding my grandfather's Masonic Lodge in Newaygo, Michigan. Large bluffs referred to as "The High Banks" overlooked the White River flowing through his property, which is where we pitched our tents. My mother's brothers, Uncle Ted and Uncle Arthur "Bomber" Tanis, often accompanied us and sexually abused my brother and me.

It was deer hunting season in or around November, 1961, when my father took the family camping on The High Banks to hunt with my uncles. That night, as my brother and I were being sexually passed around the campfire to satisfy pedophile perversions, a lost hunter stumbled into our camp. My father shot him when he attempted to run; the rifle's blasts piercing my brain and further fragmenting my mind. I sat dazed in a dissociative trance while my mother methodically picked up the campsite and my father and uncles disposed of the body.

As my father drove us away from the crime scene, we were stopped by several hunters who had the road blocked in a desperate attempt to locate their missing companion. They described the man I saw my father kill, and said they heard gunshots. Reality intruded on my dissociative trance, and I screamed and cried hysterically until I no longer knew why I was crying.

My Uncle Ted² soon became a street derelict. Uncle Bomber died a few years later from alcoholism in his early forties. And my father became more financially and politically connected.

My mother's oldest brother, Uncle Bob, was a pilot in Air Force Intelligence and often boasted that he worked for the Vatican. Uncle Bob was also a commercial pornographer, producing kiddie porn for the local Michigan Mafia, which looped back to Mafia porn king and U.S. Representative Jerry Ford. I split off more personalities just to deal with my Uncle Bob, his "friends," and the perverse business he shared with my father.

My father's sixth grade education had earned him a job as a worm digger for local sport fishermen. By the time I was six years old, however, his pornographic exploitation of my older brother, Bill, and me had provided enough income to move us into a bigger house nestled in the Michigan sand dunes. My father was right at home there. The tourists and drug dealers who littered the eastern shore of Lake Michigan further supplemented his income by paying for perverse sex with us children. My father also became involved in illicit drug sales.

Soon after we moved, my father was reportedly caught sending kiddie porn through the U.S. mail. It was a bestiality film of me with my Uncle Sam O'Brien's Boxer dog, Buster. My Uncle Bob, also implicated in manufacturing the porn, out of apparent desperation informed my father of a U.S. Government Defense Intelligence Agency TOP SECRET Project to which he was privy.

This was Project Monarch. Project Monarch was a mind-control operation which was "recruiting" multigenerational incest abused children with Multiple Personality Disorder for its genetic mind-control studies. I was a prime "candidate," a "chosen one". My father seized the opportunity as it would provide him immunity from prosecution. In the midst of the pandemonium that ensued, Jerry Ford arrived at our house with the evidence in hand for a meeting with my father.

"Is Earl home?" he called to my mother, who nervously stood behind the screen door, hesitating to let him in.

"Not yet," my mother replied, her voice shaking. "He should have been home from work by now-I know he's expecting you."

"That's OK". Ford turned his attention to me. I was standing outside on the front porch, and he crouched down to my level. Patting the large, brown envelope containing the

confiscated porn tucked under his arm he said, "You like doggies, huh?"

"Buster is a nice doggy," I replied. "He's funny." Not understanding why the dog had been whisked away when the porn was confiscated, I complained, "Buster's gone."

"Buster's gone?" Ford asked.

"Yeah. My Uncle Sam took him away," I told him.

Ford laughed loudly at the irony of my statement. In my limited view, I thought he found it humorous that Buster was gone. My father pulled into the driveway, honking the horn of his new, tan convertible. Ford stood up. With his fly eye level to me, I noticed his penis was erect and reached for it as conditioned.

"Not now, honey," he said. "I have business to tend..." Ford went inside with my parents to officially seal my fate.

Not long after that my father was flown to Boston for a two-week course at Harvard on how to raise me for this off-shoot of MK-Ultra Project Monarch. When he returned from Boston, my father was smiling and pleased with his new knowledge of what he termed "reverse psychology".

This equates to "satanic reversals," and involves such play-on-words as puns and phrases that stuck in my mind like, "You earn your keep, and I'll keep what you earn." He presented me with a commemorative charm bracelet of dogs, and my mother with the news that they "would be having more children" to raise in the project. (I now have two sisters and four brothers ranging from age 16 to 37 who are still under mind control.) My mother complied with my father's suggestions, mastering the art of language manipulation. For example, when I could not snap my own pyjama top to the bottoms in a childish effort to keep my father out of them, I asked my mother, "please snap me". She did. She would snap her forefingers against my skin in a stinging manner. The pain I felt was psychological as this proved to me once again that she had no intention of protecting me from my father's sexual abuse.

Also in keeping with his government-provided instructions, my father began working me like the legendary Cinderella. I shoveled fireplace ashes, hauled stacked firewood, raked leaves, shoveled snow, chopped ice, and swept ♦ "because," my father said, "your little hands fit so nicely around the rake, mop, shovel, and broom handles."

By this time, my father's sexual exploitation of me included prostitution to his friends, local mobsters and Masons, relatives, Satanists, strangers, and police officers. When I wasn't being worked to physical exhaustion, filmed pornographically, prostituted, or engaged in incest abuse, I dissociated into books. I had learned to read at the young age of four due to my photographic memory which was a natural result of MPD/DID.

Government researchers involved in MK-Ultra Project Monarch knew about the

photographic memory aspect of MPD/DID, of course, as well as other resultant "super human" characteristics. Visual acuity of an MPD/DID is 44 times greater than that of the average person. My developed unusually high pain threshold, plus compartmentalization of memory were "necessary" for military and covert operations applications. Additionally, my sexuality was primitively twisted from infancy. This programming was appealing and useful to perverse politicians who believed they could hide their actions deep within my memory compartments, which clinicians refer to as personalities.

Immediately after my father's return from Boston, I was routinely prostituted to then Michigan State Senator Guy VanderJagt. VanderJagt later became a U.S. Congressman and eventually chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee that put George Bush in the office of President. I was prostituted to VanderJagt after numerous local parades which he always participated in, at the Mackinac Island Political Retreat, and in my home state of Michigan, among other places.

My Uncle Bob helped my father decorate my bedroom in red, white, and blue paneling and American flags. He provided assistance in scrambling my mind according to Project Monarch methodologies. Fairy tale themes were used to confuse fantasy with reality, particularly Disney stories and the Wizard of Oz, which provided the base for future programming.

I had personalities for pornography, a personality for bestiality, a personality for incest, a personality for withstanding the horrendous psychological abuse of my mother, a personality for prostitution, and the rest of "me" functioned somewhat "normally" at school. My "normal" personality provided a cover for the abuse I was enduring, but best of all it had hope, hope that there was somewhere in the world where people did not hurt each other. This same personality also attended Catechism, a weekly class at our Catholic church, St. Francis de Sales in Muskegon, Michigan.

My Catechism teacher was a Nun, or "Sister." Although I could not consciously think to protect myself from abuse, I had decided that becoming a Nun would provide me with the kind of life I sought. I could not rely upon my family, the police, or politicians to protect me. The church appeared to be my answer, and I listened diligently in class and prayed religiously. I learned all about the political structure of the church, and was prepared for my first Confession,

The Catholic beliefs I was taught include the idea that man is not fit to talk to God (the Father) directly, but must have a priest intercede instead. This is the purpose of going to Confession. I was instructed to tell my sins to the priest (also referred to as Father), who would relay the message to God. He would then supposedly tell me how many "Hail Marys" and "Our Father" prayers to say as my penance, or punishment. My Catechism teacher gave the class several examples of "sins," which included "sex outside of marriage."

When the Priest, Father James Thaylen, slid open the little screened partition in the closet sized confessional, I began as I had been instructed, "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned...." I then proceeded to tell him that I had sex with my father and brother, to which he responded that I should "say three Hail Marys and one Our Father and I would be forgiven?!"

I knew then that I had to either believe that this Confession thing was a hoax, or that God condoned sexual child abuse. That night, my father had a talk with me. Apparently he was the "Father" that the priest had interceded to.

My father instructed me that "from now on," I was to simply say "I disobeyed my parents" when I went to Confession and nothing more!

The next time I went to Confession, I did exactly as I was told. The veiled screen came off the Confessional partition between me and the priest, and a penis was stuck through the window, "God said that your penance is to treat me as you would your father. And remember, 'whatsoever you do to the least of your brothers, that you do unto me'." After performing oral sex on Father Thaylen, I emerged from the Confessional where all the other kids were waiting very impatiently for their turn. My teacher scolded me for taking so long and told me to add a few extra "Our Fathers" to my penance. When I told her I already did my penance, she told me again the "order of things" to the Confessional ritual which did not fit anything I had just experienced!

Without ever consciously knowing why, I abandoned the idea of becoming a Nun as that part of me, too, split off from what was left of my "normal" base personality.

I continued to maintain an illusion of normalcy for school,5 excelling in my studies due to my photographic memory and in spite of my chronic "daydreaming".

I had plenty of friends and played enthusiastically at recess, expending large amounts of energy in my subconscious effort to escape my own mind. And I lost myself in the books my father suggested I read: the Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, Island of the Blue Dolphins, Disney Classics, and Cinderella. All of which were used in conditioning my mind for what soon would become mind-control programming."

My television viewing was restricted and monitored in keeping with my father's gained knowledge. I was, however permitted to watch the "best" of movies: The Wizard Of Oz, Disney Classics, Alice In Wonderland, and Cinderella. ever and over and over again.

When I was in second grade, my Brownie Troop marched in the Memorial Day Parade in which then Michigan State Senator VanderJagt also participated.

At the end of the parade, he took me into a nearby motel and had me perform oral sex on him before sending me back to where my Brownie Troop was waiting. My Brownie leader and peers thought it commendable that VanderJagt took me with him. They gathered around to hear all about it. I noticed a white splash of semen on my sash, and

hurriedly explained that he had "taken me for a milkshake" as I wiped it. away. Having to cover for his perversion to my Brownie Troop infringed on my school personality, and the "normal" remainder became even smaller.

With the memory of this incident compartmentalized in my mind. I made so conscious association to VanderJagt when my third grade teacher announced that we were taking a field trip to the State Capital in Lansing, Michigan where he was in session. Once at the Capital, I was ushered away from my classmates and taken to an office where he was waiting with his friend and mentor (soon to be President) Gerald Ford. VanderJagt lifted my skirt, pulled down my panties, and placed me on his desk for sex with him and Ford. Afterward they laughed as VanderJagd placed a small American flag in my rectum and instructed me to wave it. He then presented me with a Kennedy pen inscribed with the motto that would lead me for the rest of my mind-controlled existence, "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country."

VanderJagt then escorted me back to the balcony of the Legislature where my classmates were gathered. He put his arm around me in front of all my classmates and presented me with the American Flag he had just had me wave for him and Ford with my rectum. My school personality split off again, but I still maintained the hope that somewhere, someday, I would find a place where people didn't...what? I could not remember what I was seeking to escape.

1. Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), now known among mental health professionals as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DTD) is the mind's sane defense to an insane situation. It is a way of dealing with trauma that is literally too horrible to comprehend. Incestuous rape violates primitive instinct and surpasses pain tolerance. By compartmentalizing the memory of such horrendous abuse, the rest of the mind can function "normally" as though nothing had happened.

This compartmentalization is created by the brain actually shutting down neuron pathways to a specific part of the brain. These neuron pathways are triggered open again when the abuse recurs. The same part of the brain that is already conditioned to the trauma deals with it again and again as needed.

2. Uncle Ted had also cried hysterically the night of the murder. Several years later, he almost killed himself when he drove his car into the White River near the place of the murder.

3. Gerald Ford, aka Leslie Lynch King, Jr., served on the appropriations subcommittee for the CIA and was appointed to the Warren Commission to investigate the assassination of President John F. Kennedy while I knew him only as a porn boss!

4. My mother often voiced complaints that she "could not see faces," which personal experience has taught me indicated that she was suffering from on going physical and psychological traumas, and therefore was not in control of her senses.

5. Had my teachers been educated in the obvious signs of child abuse, my "illusion of normalcy" would have been interpreted as a cry for help. Dissociative trance daydreaming, tones of helplessness and sexuality in drawings, and the electric prod marks on my face should have been recognized.

6. These same themes were routinely used in creating Project Monarch slaves. This fact emerged through years of networking with mental health professionals.

CHAPTER 2: THE RITE TO REMAIN SILENT

On May 7, 1966, I was dressed in white from my Catholic veil to my white patent leather shoes as was mandatory for making my first holy communion. I was standing outside the newly built, twisted concrete structure of Muskegon's St. Francis of Assisi Church waiting for the ceremony to commence when Guy VanderJagt, who was affiliated with the church, strode across the lawn towards me.

Crouching down on one knee, VanderJagt said, "You look beautiful today.

You are as beautiful as your name. Cathleen is Gaelic for "the pure," and it is clear to me that you are flawless in your purity. Ann means "grace". It is by the grace of God, not your actions, that you are pure. Pure at heart. You are covered by the blood of our Lord and Savior, just like the cross on which he hung. This is for you." He opened a black velvet box, revealing a rosy cross necklace. Like the Kennedy inscribed pen he had presented me with at the state capital, the meaning behind the rosy cross necklace would lead me through the rest of my mind-controlled existence.

VanderJagt's pedophile comrade in Project Monarch, Father Don, joined us, reaching deep into the pocket of his robes to present me with a delicate blue charm of the Holy Mother. It was to be worn in conjunction with the rosy cross "to symbolize your service to the holy Catholic church," Father Don told me, which I would "promise to serve and obey".

As VanderJagt fastened the rosy cross and blue virgin around my neck, he told me I was now dressed appropriately for the ceremony in red, white, and blue. I could feel his breath on my neck as he fastened the necklace and instructed, "When Father says 'Body of Christ' and you say 'Ahhh men'... you acknowledge that Christ is God made man, and that you know what men are for. When Father gives you the host, it will stick to the roof of your mouth unless you suck it off his thumb."

I hurried to line up with my Catechism classmates for the procession into the church for our holy communion mass.

"Body of Christ," Father Don said, holding up the host.

"Ahhh... men," I responded as instructed, sucking the wafer off his thumb.

After services, VanderJagt and Father Don talked with me briefly while my parents congregated with other parishioners. Father was telling me, "...God has chosen you for work within his holy church. You are a Chosen One,¹ my child..."

Later that evening, VanderJagt attended the reception that my parents were holding for me at our house. He talked with my father awhile, but spent most of his time talking with my Uncle Bob, who had recently flown in from "a mission over seas". My Uncle Bob and VanderJagt were friends, and remained so throughout the years. As the party dispersed, VanderJagt drove me back to church for a "special evening service with Father Don."

VanderJagt unlocked the rectory door of the old church across the street from the new St. Francis structure, explaining that we had to "have a very important talk now that I had eaten the body of Christ." The talk, blood trauma, and sexual abuse that ensued conditioned my mind to readily accept programming throughout the years that deliberately merged both U.S.

Government and Jesuit mind-control efforts for New World Order controls.

"I work for the Vatican, and now, so do you," VanderJagt told me. "You have just entered into a covenant with the holy Catholic church. You must never break that covenant."

Still capable of questioning at that time, I asked, "What is a covenant?"

VanderJagt answered, "A covenant is a promise to keep secrets, the secret that the church knew all along. The Pope has all the secrets locked away at the Vatican. Your Uncle Bob and I have been to the Vatican. It is time you entered into the holy covenant and learned the secrets of the church that were written long before Christ even came into being. The Dominican monks kept the covenant that Noah carried into the new world. They kept the secret with them. It was written on parchment and kept in a secret place in the Vatican.

They took a Vow of Silence to never reveal its location, or its content. You must enter into the covenant. You must carry the secret to your grave. Keep it secret from your mom, dad, everybody."

VanderJagt proceeded to fill my suggestible young mind with biblical interpretation that laid the groundwork for future "inter/inner dimensional" programming themes utilized by Project Monarch programmers to control the compartmentalization of memory synonymous with MPD/DID.

"Christ saw them all," VanderJagt was telling me, "They are dimensions, places you can see on your way to death.- That's why they're called dimensions.

You must remember that Christ died and came back to tell us everything he saw while

he was on his way to heaven. He was gone three days, but it was much longer than that where he was because time isn't the same in other dimensions. Purgatory is one other dimension. Hell is one. And there are lots of others in between. Oz is another dimension. The sky is not the limit to all the worlds out there waiting to be explored. You can travel in and out of all these dimensions, learning the secrets of the universe. You have been chosen to explore these oilier worlds for the church. Listen in the stillness and you will hear his voice guiding you³ on your missions. The rosy cross is like Dorothy's ruby slippers. Never take your rosy cross off, Cathy, when traveling other dimensions and you will always be able to return home."

Father Don joined VanderJagt in a ritual which bathed me in the blood of a slaughtered lamb, and subsequently, through this hideous blood trauma, locked their stated perceptions and a basis for mind-control programming deep in my mind. This basis for programming was anchored in the Vow of Silence which the Jesuit monks take "not only to keep secrets, but so they can still their mind and hear their inner guidance." Certain that the "Rite to Remain Silent" which they had performed would ensure that I keep their secret Father Don and Guy VanderJagt subjected me to their pedophile perversions. The two joked that I had become "a good Cathy-lick".

After the Rite to Remain Silent was installed, the voices of my multiple personalities that I had previously heard in my head ceased. In the silence of deliberately created memory compartments, I could only hear the voices of my abusers who created them... commanding my silence.

Silence for who and what I knew was involved in Project Monarch Mind Control.

My family routinely vacationed at Mackinac Island, Michigan which is a small island positioned in the Great Lakes close to the Canadian border. Mackinac Island, with the Governor's Mansion and historical Grand Hotel, was a political playground where I was prostituted by my father to, among others, pedophiles Jerry Ford, Guy VanderJagt, and later U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd.

The mind-controlled part of me that was prostituted there perceived Mackinac as another dimension, the timelessness of which was enhanced by the island's antiquated styling. Automobiles were forbidden on the tiny island, which relied on horse drawn buggies or bicycles for transportation. Once when Lee Iaccoca was attending a cocktail party at then Governor Romney's Mansion, I overheard him comment, "What better place for auto execs to get away from it all than on an island with no cars?"

Mackinac Island, due to its geographic location, provided an air of friendliness between the U.S. and Canada that formed my childish perception that our countries knew no boundaries. This political view was further enhanced by my father always taking the family to Niagra Falls where my mind was to be symbolically "washed of all memory" or what had occurred in Mackinac. Niagra Falls' numerous, powerful waterfalls were in reasonably close proximity to Mackinac Island, and shared the border between the U.S. and Canada.

When Pierre Trudeau was elected Prime Minister of Canada in 1968, I often heard it said, "Pierre Trudeau is one of Ours, you know." I first heard this phrase cryptically referring to Trudeau's loyalty to the Vatican when Father Don was discussing him with my father one Sunday after mass. This fact circulated quickly among those I knew who were involved in the Catholic/Jesuit aspect of Project Monarch.

The summer after Trudeau was elected, my father took the family to Mackinac Island as usual. Climbing on a large statue on the grounds of the Governor's Mansion, I could see across the field to the Grand Hotel. I noticed Canadian flags flying amongst the American flags that lined the front of the old hotel. As I slid down off the statue, Guy VanderJagt approached with a drink and a cigarette in his hand. Pulling my hair into place he said, "Straighten your hair, I've got someone important for you to meet," "I knew someone important was here because of those flags," I said, tucking my shirt in my pink shorts.

"When I was at the Vatican," VanderJagt began, "I was told that Prime Minister Trudeau is a friend of the Pope. He thinks like one of us. A true Catholic. He likes Cathy-licks."

VanderJagt led me upstairs in the mansion, where Pierre Trudeau was lowering the window shades in a dimly lit bedroom crowded with antiques.

VanderJagt closed the door behind me. Trudeau's tuxedo coat was neatly draped over a chair, which left him in his formal pants, white shirt, and a bright red cummerbund which caught my eye. "I like your sash," I said.

"Hasn't anyone taught you Silence yet?" His sombre, gruff attitude was softened by his smooth, silky voice.

Triggered into the part of me that endured the Rite to Remain Silent, I assumed Trudeau knew all about interdimensions according to my deliberately formed perceptions. I could not/did not understand that interdimensions actually equated to the inner-dimensions of my own compartmentalized mind.

Likewise, I did not understand that "Keys to the Kingdom" referred to knowing the codes, keys, and triggers to my controlled mind. "Guy said you like Cathylicks," I said, repeating what VanderJagt had told me. "Are you the Keeper of the Keys?"

Trudeau seemingly bore his cold, dark eyes right through me. "You can learn more from the school of thought than you can by asking precocious questions. Haven't you learned that children are to be seen and not heard?"

"Is that a precocious question?" I asked. "What is a precocious question?"

Trudeau sighed with impatience. "That is irrelevant. What matters is that you shut your mouth, still your mind, and enter the school of thought. Silence is a virtue. Listen to the

silence in the stillness of your mind. Go deep inside your mind," he slowly led. "Deeper and deeper where it's quiet and still..."

Trudeau expertly manipulated my mind with sophisticated hypnotic language. Not only did he enlist my Silence for the pedophile perversions he indulged in, but he instructed my "school of thought" in a manner that equated to programming. He laid a foundation for Air-Water programs that is a mirrordimensional theme often used by NASA and others involved in Project Monarch. Playing off his own name "Pee-Air," he added a perverse twist to the theme that he accessed each time I was prostituted to him.

Had I been capable of fear, I would have been afraid of Pierre Trudeau.

Trudeau's slow, deliberate movements masked the brutal power of his body much the way his smooth, soft voice pierced my mind and intruded on my thoughts. The icy cold touch of his effeminate, manicured long fingers contrasted with the heat of his perversion... a perversion for which he blamed me and my "temptuous, contemptuous ways".

In my childish ignorance, I believed Trudeau's demeanour and forward combed hair were characteristic of his French descent. "I know all about the French," I had bragged to my new "Grandpa" Van while visiting his home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin,

My mother's father had died shortly before Kennedy was assassinated, and my Grandmother quickly latched onto a wealthy, highly political businessman from Milwaukee. She met Grandpa Van Vandenburg on the passenger/cargo ship that traveled the waters of the Great Lakes, the Milwaukee Clipper. The Clipper transported cargo including Cadillacs from Vandenburg Motors to Canada, as well as the drugs sanctioned by the local Coast Guard via the U.S.

Government that my father distributed. Sometimes I accompanied my father to the docks in Muskegon to pick up the drag shipment, which usually involved prostitution. Jerry Ford and Guy VanderJagt combined business with pleasure in the ship's casinos on occasion, which is where the connection between my Grandma and Grandpa Van was reportedly made. Grandpa Van knew Jerry Ford, and subsequently was acquainted with Pierre Trudeau.

"What do you know about the French?" Grandpa Van asked me as I sat on his living room floor petting the dog he just brought home. Improperly cued and dumfounded by his question I remained silent. "I know you've met Pierre Trudeau," he prompted. "I also know you love doggies. So I bought this dog for your grandma now, so you could enjoy him, too. His name is Pepe. He's a French Poodle,"

"I know all about the French." I said, mentally comparing the large French Poodle in front of me to Trudeau. "They have pretty nails..." I stroked Pepe's painted toenails. "They have funny hair..." I petted Pepe's clipped fur. "And they pee a lot," I giggled.

"You'd better take him outside, then," Grandpa Van told me, attaching Pepe's leash. After walking the dog past what felt like every tree in the neighborhood, I announced that I would call him "Pee-pee".

Uncle Bob filmed Pepe and I pornographically on numerous occasions, producing bestiality films that I would later learn Pierre Trudeau was privy to.

Pepe remained a part of my experience long after Grandpa Van divorced himself from my Grandma, and long after I developed beyond Trudeau's perversion for little children.

I was slow to grow into adolescence. By the time I was thirteen years old, my breasts were tender and beginning to swell, which made me "too old" for VanderJagt's pedophile perversions. When my father brought me to Mackinac Island for routine prostitution at the Political Retreat, VanderJagt introduced me to a new friend he had made now that he was in Washington, D.C. as a U.S.

Congressman-U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, Democrat from West Virginia.

Byrd had been a U.S. Senator as long as I had been alive, serving as Senate Whip and later as President Pro Tempore of the Senate and as the all powerful Senate Appropriations leader. Byrd commanded attention and respect from all who came in contact with him, particularly from my father. When we were left alone in his room, he loomed over me in a threatening stance. His cold, blue slitty eyes locked onto mine. I undressed and climbed into his bed as ordered.

I was momentarily relieved to find that his penis was abnormally tiny^耀 so small it didn't even hurt! And I could breathe with it in my mouth! Then he began to indulge himself in his brutal perversions, talking on and on about how I was "made just for him" due to the vast amounts of pain I could withstand. The spankings and police handcuffs I had previously endured were child's play compared to Senator Byrd's near death tortures. The hundreds of scars on my body still show today. With VanderJagt, sex was a matter of "how much I could give," whereas with Byrd it was "how much I could take". And I was forced to take mote pain than any human could logically withstand. I was dedicated to Byrd at age thirteen which meant he would be directing my future in Project Monarch, and my father would raise me according to his specifications.

My MPD/DID existence became more regimented from that point on. I was kept physically worn down to the point of exhaustion in order that I be sufficiently receptive to my father's limited hypnotic programming capabilities to condition my mind for mind control. The pornography I was forced to anticipate in became much more violent immediately after Byrd, switching me from predominantly pedophile and bestiality themes to torturous versions of sadomasochism (S&M). My father and mother worked in tandem daily to "break my spirit," destroying any remnants left of my self-confidence, tearing down my self-esteem, and thus annihilating my free will urges. They conditioned/taught me my dreams were reality and my reality were dreams, that black is white and up is down. "Good night, sleep tight, dream about your mommy and daddy" is

what I heard every night. This was intended to confuse my mind to believe incest in the middle of the night was "just a bad dream".

My television, books, and music became even more strictly controlled and monitored that before. This was not only to infringe on my last minuscule freedom of choice, but for total mind-control conditioning purposes.

For example, the annual televising of Judy Garland's Wizard Of Oz was celebrated as a grand holiday around my house. This was to prepare my mind for future base programming on the theme that I, like Dorothy, could "spin" into another dimension "Over the Rainbow". After all, "Birds (Byrds) fly over the Rainbow..." was a theme that became a part of my life.

My father insisted I watch the Walt Disney movie Cinderella with him, paralleling my existence to Cinderella's "magically trance-forming from a dirty little slave to a beautiful Princess". In typical "reverse psychology" humor, he referred to pornographic photos when singing "Someday my Prince (prints) will come," or by placing literal sexual emphasis on "will come".

My brother, Bill, who was often featured in kiddie porn with me, was not a "chosen one" for Project Monarch (beyond supplying more children to be dedicated in later years). Yet my father figured that "what was good for me would be good for my brother". He took us to see Walt Disney's Pinocchio, explaining that my brother and I were his puppets still in the carving stage. The distortions of reality that these and other Disney theme movies provided when coupled with my father's government trained conscious and subconscious controlling influence, began to further erode our ability to discern fantasy from reality. My brother, now 37, remains psychologically locked into those traumatic childhood years and is obsessed with Disney themes and productions to this day. His house is decorated in Disney memorabilia, he wears Disney clothes, listens to my father's instructions on his Disney telephone, and maintains "When You Wish Upon a Star" as his favorite song, which has locked his children into the same theme.

My father also instructed me to watch Alfred Hitchcock's horrifying movie The Birds with him. This reinforced in my mind the movie's theme that there is "no place to hide from the birds/Byrd".

I was quickly beginning to lose all ability to question anything but my own judgment. It was easy to believe that there was indeed "no place to run, no place to hide," which is a necessary and primary psychological basis for government/military mind control. In later years, "who ya' gonna call?" and Ronald Reagan's quip "you can run, but you can't hide" echoed deep within my mind. After all, even if I could think to seek help, who would help me? The police? The church? My parents? Relative? Politicians? School? There was no one left that would help me, I sensed.

My television programming was then expanded to include the shows that every Project Monarch Mind-Control slave I knew had to watch: I Dream Of Jeannie, The Brady

Bunch, Gumby And Pokey, and Bewitched. I could relate to the Genie pleasing her master, who was a Major for the Air Force in I Dream Of Jeannie. This served to confuse the reality of my own experiences with the fantasy of television production. I told all outsiders that my family was "just like the Bradys". Through Gumby And Pokey I was led to believe that I was as flexible as these animated clay performers. Therefore, I was capable of being physically manoeuvred into any sexual position. The mirrors depicted a doorways to other dimensions and adventures interlocked with my Catholic conditioning and Alice In Wonderland and Wizard Of Oz theme programming.

In Bewitched, it is the normal new door neighbor that is considered crazy rather than the witches. This is another reversal that was applied to my bizarre existence. I was one of the only kids in my school that listened to country music. But then, Senator Byrd fancied himself a country music fiddler and it was "my duty to love what he did", I was ordered to listen to country music or no music at all. Music was my psychological avenue for escape, a dissociative tool. But this, too, was used in setting the stage for my future as a Project Monarch "Presidential Model" mind-controlled slave.

As suggested, I read the Boxcar Children Series over and over again, I empathized with the trials, traumas, and tribulations the children endured while they fended for themselves from their boxcar home along the railroad tracks.

My father often made train sounds at me in passing to subconsciously remind me that I was currently "in Train-ing" on the undeterable track of the "Freedom Train."⁴ This term, taken from Harriet Tubman's underground railroad for slaves, reversed the meaning of the word "freedom" to confuse one's "one track mind" and instill the belief "I am free to be a slave". This also reinforced my training to stay on track-the plan (track) laid out for me. My father would often quip, "When God passed out brains, you thought he said 'trains' and got in the wrong line". Convicted (capital crime) career criminal, country music entertainer, and CIA operative Merle Haggard often used well documented cryptic language in his songs pertaining to government mind-control slave operations. He released songs including "Freedom Train" and "Over the-Rainbow". My father told me repeatedly that Merle Haggard was my "favorite" singer, and his songs reinforced my programming.

Of course, Senator Byrd remained my "favorite" fiddler as ordered. He played train songs like "Orange Blossom Special" while making train sounds on his fiddle. Sometimes I was his captive audience, bound and gagged, while he played his fiddle. Other times he instructed me to spin round and round like a music box dancer in order to add "new dimensions to our sex".. These new dimensions included more and more physical pain through "kinky" torture.

My father took advantage of his new political connections and advanced himself occupationally, manufacturing camshaft auto parts at a local factory.

Soon he was promoted to a sales management position due to his connections within the Pentagon Procurement Office and General Services Administration, coupled with

what he had learned about double bind hypnotic persuasion. He continued to supplement his income by sexually exploiting us children. This I now included brazenly prostituting me to Muskegon Coast Guard officials while on cocaine runs to and from the base. Meanwhile, my father took us all to church every Sunday, and my mother stayed busy having babies to raise in the Project. In true pedophile fashion, he surrounded himself with children by coaching little league sports, chaperoning school and Catechism activities, and becoming involved with the Boy Scouts. All of this made him appear to be a model citizen and "pillar of the community". The illusion was formed. The: parts of me that knew otherwise had no choice but to remain Silent.

1. Project Monarch slaves were referred to as "Chosen Ones".
2. Torture to the point just before death, such as with Death's Door programming, was jointly used by the Catholic Jesuits and the CIA in Project Monarch.
3. It was the voices of my mind-control programmers and handlers that I later heard guiding me.
4. "Freedom Train" is the internationally recognized cryptic code term for Project Monarch slave operations that I heard repeatedly throughout my victimization.

CHAPTER 3: MY FIRST PRESIDENT

Muskegon, Michigan is a coastal tourist attraction, and home of the annual Seaway and Coast Guard festivals which bring people to the town from all over Michigan. VanderJagt remained publicly visible through opportunities such as these. My father often could be seen with Vanderjagt and was photographed at his side white judging festival events like the kiddie parades, sand sculpturing contests, and so on預ll of which I entered and won. In later years, my father polished and shined the red paint of his 1966 Ford convertible to chauffeur VanderJagt through the local parades. This only served to reinforce the illusion that my father was a "pillar of the community".

In 1973, Senator Byrd instructed my father to send me to Muskegon Catholic Central High School which was overseen by the director of St. Francis of Assisi Church, Father Lepre. The Catholic church, of course, has its own political structure, with the Pope presiding over all. The strong political ties between the Catholic church and the U.S. Government was overtly evidenced by the much publicized relationship between the President and the Pope during the Reagan Administration. Of course, I had been privy to this political relationship ever since my First Communion-a relationship that the Rite to Remain Silent was intended to cover. My experience with Catholic Central's direct involvement in Project Monarch's physical and psychological conditioning further confirmed the union between the U.S. Government and the Catholic church.

When Senator Byrd changed my school from public to Parochial, he also destroyed through dissociation my school personality. I no longer viewed school as my haven from abuse, as it was controlled by the church and, as I later learned, monitored by a corrupt

segment of the C.I.A.

By the time I enrolled in Catholic Central, the cliques and groups had already been formed. I had a personality to fit in with the "good" kids and one that interfaced with the "bad". It did not take long for the "good" kids to notice I also got along with the "bad". I soon found the only kids that could relate to me were the other known Project victims. We clung together in a close knit group, herded around like the proverbial sheep by those in the school who knew we were MPD/DIDed and under mind control. We each switched personalities as circumstance demanded, most often in unison. We were ritually traumatized, constantly tranced, and then programmed during school hours. Since I no longer had my singular "school personality" and was constantly switching instead, the compartment of my brain that held school memory was no longer consciously retrievable. Therefore, I had no basis for continued learning aside from what I could photographically memorize from class. My grades appeared erratic, ranging from A's to failing. And some A's received I did not earn academically.

In my required religion class, Sister Ann Marie had been leading us in study on the topic of Confession, This was to prepare us for the kind of Confessions we were to be giving Father Vesbit, who was also our school principal. The day Sister ordered us to Confession, I refused to go. I unconsciously feared I would be sexually assaulted again in the Confessional, this time while my teenage peers waited impatiently outside the door. Sister made an example out of me to the class, saying I was a "Satanist" and that I was "going to hell".

With seemingly no escape from the occultism that proliferated at the school, I could no longer differentiate between Catholicism and Satanism.

Whatever Senator Byrd's purposes in sending me to Catholic school, no one seemed to notice that I had no reason to religiously adhere to Catholic principles. Therefore, the applied reversal of Satanism held no "spiritual magic" to it either. The wedge of anti-superstition that the Catholic school was inadvertently driving into me only served to discount the occult principles and superstitious traumas that they were attempting to use to control me, Satanism is often used as an extreme pain/violence trauma base in Project Monarch Mind Control, reportedly due to the previous German Nazi Himmler Research. I did not adhere to the desired helplessness attitude that this was "spiritual warfare" and out of the realm of mankind's ability to stop.

Regardless of my religious beliefs or disbeliefs, I experienced the "results" just the same. Being subjected to and witnessing trauma so horrible, while my body was raped, tortured, and ravaged by men literally drove me out of my mind.

Catholic Central did increase my endurance capabilities as planned, however. I signed up for the two-mile run in the girls' track team as ordered. Muskegon Catholic Central led the state of Michigan in high school athletics, using mind-control technique to "modify" their star athletes and cause them to excel beyond pre-established records. The school gained national recognition for its contribution to professional leagues with

their manufactured programmed athletes. But, like Tommy LaSorda's Dodgers, Catholic Central's consistent victories began to raise suspicions and questions. This created a public scandal for the school that threatened to close its doors in 1975.

The girls' and guys' track teams converged after school for practice. I was among the few females singled out for coaching by Coach Cheverini and his hypnotic mind-control methodisms due to my Project Monarch victimization. I was instructed to run 13 miles per day (another corny satanic ploy) to get in shape for my two-mile race. I often ran with a male friend who was the record holder for the two-mile in guys' track. He and I were friends, sharing much due to our similar Project Monarch victimizations. Together we learned how to shut out pain and fatigue when we ran. We tranced into a fast pace set in our minds by Coach Cheverini with no comprehension of time or distance. We perceived the track as our "Yellow Brick Road" in accordance with the Oz theme programming. Senator Byrd's plan for building my physical endurance through Catholic Central's coaching methods proved successful for allowing me to survive his intensely torturous sexual perversions.

In addition to routine trips to Mackinac Island and Niagara Falls, my family often took camping trips to "get away from it all". In reality, I was taken to key places for ritual abuse, prostitution, and pornography. In the fall of 1974, my father announced we were going to go camping "back in time" to an old fashioned festival in the small remote town of Cedar Springs, Michigan for their annual Red Flannel Days celebration. My mother told me to pack my jeans and sweaters and my Catholic school uniform which she had washed and pressed for the occasion.

Cedar Springs was quiet, with the festival events including dilapidated amusement rides set up in a small parking lot, and contests where local farmers pitted their mules and horses against each other to see whose could pull the most weight. The main (and only) street of town was lined with the few local businesses, including the town's red flannel underwear "long Johns" factory. In the center of town, a mock, single, jail cell had been erected to hold any and all parade participants who failed to wear the required red flannel underwear. The jail was guarded by quasi Keystone Cops. I was amused when the townsfolk began lining up to march in the parade, with very few remaining to watch it. A mentally retarded man carried the baton to lead the parade, followed by kids on bicycles, hay-wagons of old folks, a grade school band and people walking-all in their red flannel underwear. The grand finale' of the parade, the town firetruck, was approaching, surrounded by numerous motorcycle police. I heard folks whispering "the President is coming". I assumed they meant the President of the underwear factory. I was wrong. I watched in horror as the firetruck rolled to a stop, and Secret Service helped then President Gerald Ford as he stepped down to the pavement.

My father was excitedly tugging on my arm, half dragging me through the wall of Secret Service agents, to talk with President Ford. I looked around nervously as my father made the necessary arrangements with Ford to prostitute me to him later that evening. VanderJagt, who never missed a parade it seemed, was signing autographs. As he smiled at me, someone roughly grabbed my arm. Nervous and startled, I screamed.

The crowd laughed as a Keystone Cop threw me in the jail, scolding me for not wearing my red flannel underwear when I was talking to the President. I was trying to be inconspicuous in hopes no one would see me with the likes of Ford, but then, they did not know him as I did. The Keystone Cop rattled on and on about "how lucky" I was until my father paid my bail and I was released from the cell.

That night, I wore my Catholic uniform as instructed and went into a dissociative trance as my father drove me to the local National Guard Armory where I was prostituted to Ford. Ford took me into an empty room, pushed me down on the wooden floor as he unzipped his pants and said, "Pray on this". Then he brutally, sexually assaulted me. Afterward, my memory was compartmentalized through use of high voltage. I was then carried out to the car where I lay in the back seat, muscles contracted, stunned, in pain, and unable to move.

When we got back to Muskegon, my father sent me to the beach as always, to let the repetition of crashing waves against the beach "wash my mind free of memory" while I watched the sun set. I was totally locked into the belief that truly there was "no place to run," not even to the President of the United States.

I remember that the "sane" part of "me"-my innate personality-seemed to die after seeing Ford as President. I recall walking up the steps of Catholic Central High School one morning, reaching for the door, and crying uncontrollably. I cried myself into a heap at the top of the stairs. I did not even know why I was crying. As an MPD, I rarely cried at all. But I was still sobbing hours later when school let out. Someone found me, but I do not recall to this day ever leaving the school steps. I never really experienced "emotion" after that day until I was rescued, deprogrammed and reintegrated in 1988.

Now all of my brain was functioning through a wide variety of memory compartments, also known as multiple personalities, with no part of me left "free" of abuse. Now it was as though I had "no place to run," not even in my brain.

This drove me out of my mind which is exactly what my abusers needed for total control.

CHAPTER4: THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

When I learned of a pending rendezvous with Senator Byrd in Traverse City, Michigan (VanderJagt's headquarters), I stole some candy at a local convenience market hoping to go to jail and escape my encounter with Byrd. I was caught, and the police were even called. But, of course, my poetically powerful abusers would not allow for me to have a police record. The entire matter was not-so-mysteriously and suddenly dropped. My only "punishment" was to have a conference with the school principal, Father Vesbit.

Father Vesbit knew I was part of Project Monarch, and handled the matter accordingly. He raped me in the school's private chapel after school while holding a Satanic ritual involving several of my project friends. Kids often attached nicknames to their teachers,

and there were only a few of us who knew the reason why Father Vesbit was called Father "Fuzzbutt". His backside was covered with thick black hair. He "counseled" me on several occasions, once remarking, "I thought kids in your situation were all part of the Exchange Student program."

My Uncle Bob Tanis was visiting our house soon after that. He had flown in from what he claimed was a "black ops" Air Force Intelligence operation. I know now that in typical CIA mode of operations, he was relating a story of lies salted with some truth. His point was to inform me that the Catholic Church is "justified" in its involvement with our government due to the Priests' "hearing confessions from mobsters and spies". He also explained that Exchange Students were "spies in the making" that Priests found, through Confession, were problems. Thus they were considered expendable and transferred out of the country. He then suggested to my father that I see the school guidance counselor, CIA Operative Dennis DeLaney, immediately. My father enthusiastically told me that DeLaney was a long time friend of his from St.

Francis who "knew how to handle kids like me". Arrangements were made for me to see him after school.

DeLaney began by informing me that he was "aware of everything" and that he knew just what I needed "to put me back on track". He said that my family needed to take a trip to the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. He even provided maps and information in an envelope for my father. He turned off the lights in his office, and turned on a slide projector. He showed me scenes of the numerous waterfalls of the Tetons, all of which were to "wash my brain" of the reality that I was performing oral sex on him as ordered while the slides ran.

Then he scheduled a follow up appointment for further "counseling".

This trip to the Tetons would provide a change of scenery from the usual Mackinac/Niagara Falls trip, but I could no longer hope for a change in the direction life was leading me. I was told my life was "predestined," and all I had to do was follow the road stretched out before me, i.e., the "Yellow Brick Road". I was destined for Wyoming, but would not know why until I arrived.

I confirmed the family trip to the Tetons when I saw DeLaney for my follow up "counseling". He informed me that he had already talked to my father about the trip, as well as our upcoming trip to Disney World in Florida. I was not surprised to learn of an additional trip. Nor did I have the capacity to become excited, suspicious, or apprehensive. I was aware that DeLaney was heavily involved in Project Monarch, not only because he was accessing my sexual personalities again, but because he was helping to pave the way toward my destiny of total mind control.

During Christmas vacation of 1974, my father flew us all to Disney World by route of Tampa, Florida. Ignorant of geography, it did not occur to me that Tampa was out of the way to Disney World until my father drove the rented van to the gates of MacDill Air

Force Base. Military personnel met me there and escorted me into the base TOP SECRET high tech mind-control conditioning facility for "behavioral modification" programming. This was the first in what became a routine series of mind-control testing and/or programming sessions on government installations that I would endure throughout my Project Monarch victimization.

Whether I was in a military, NASA, or government building, the procedure for maintaining me under total mind control remained consistent with Project Monarch requirements. This included prior physical and/or psychological trauma; sleep, food, and water deprivation; high voltage electric shock; and hypnotic and/or harmonic programming of specific memory compartments/personalities. The high tech equipment and methods I endured from that time on gave the U.S. government absolute control of my mind and life. I had been literally driven out of my conscious mind and existed only through my programmed subconscious. I lost my free will, ability to reason, and could not think to question anything that was happening to me. I could only do as I was told.

After the MacDill Air Force Base experience, my home life worsened. The controls and conditioning that my father and mother executed on me tightened even more. I was no longer permitted to have any contact with my own brothers and sister (I only had one younger sister at that time). This stopped me in my subconscious efforts to protect them from my father's abuse, and left me with a desperate, empty aching for the loving relationships I previously shared with them. Of course, I never was able to protect them any more than I could defend myself or later protect my own daughter. However, until government programming began, I had routinely "baby sat" them every evening and took them for long walks that lasted for hours in my feeble attempt to keep them out of my parents' range. Subconsciously I believed I was making a difference.

The day my youngest brother told my mother he much preferred my company over hers was the day I could no longer be near him or my other brothers and sister. Apparently I was making enough of a difference that my parents were compelled to separate me from them. I was ordered to my closet-sized bedroom in the garage as soon as I got home from school or work. I could not speak to, look at, or hug my brothers and sister. I was not permitted to eat dinner with my family, although they let me out of my room to set the table, wash dishes, and do other chores. If I ventured from my bedroom to use the bathroom and was caught by my mother, she said, "nobody rattled your cage" and ordered me back to my room in the garage.

In the summer of 1975, my family drove all the way from Michigan to the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. I was ordered to ride in the back storage area of the family Chevy Suburban since I was forbidden to associate or communicate with my brothers and sister. So I dissociated into books, or into the metaphorical, hypnotic suggestions from my father and tranced deeper as I watched the prairies seemingly endless sea of "amber waves of grain" streak past my window. Once when we stopped at a gas station, my father took me inside to show me a stuffed "jackalope" mounted on the wall. Due to my tranced, dissociative state and high suggestibility level, I believed it was

indeed a cross between a jack rabbit and antelope. It was 100+ degrees in the Badlands when it cooled down at night. The intense heat of the day accentuated my ever increasing thirst. My father was physically preparing me though water deprivation for the intense tortures and programming I would endure in Wyoming, Dick Cheney, then White House Chief of Staff to president Ford, later Secretary of Defense to President George Bush, documented member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and Presidential hopeful for 1996, was originally Wyoming's only Congressman. Dick Cheney was the reason my family had traveled to Wyoming where I endured yet another form of brutality this version of "A Most Dangerous Game," or human hunting.

It is my understanding now that A Most Dangerous Game was devised to condition military personnel in survival and combat maneuvers. Yet it was used on me and other slaves known to me as a means of further conditioning the mind to the realization there was "no place to hide," as well as traumatize the victim for ensuing programming. It was my experience over the years that A Most Dangerous Game had numerous variations on the primary theme of being stripped naked and turned loose in the wilderness while being hunted by men and dogs. In reality, all "wilderness" areas were enclosed in secure military fencing whereby it was only a matter of time until I was caught, repeatedly raped, and tortured.

Dick Cheney had an apparent addiction to the "thrill of the sport". He appeared obsessed with playing A Most Dangerous Game as a means of traumatizing mind-control victims, as well as to satisfy his own perverse sexual kinks. My introduction to the game occurred upon arrival at the hunting lodge near Greybull, Wyoming, and it physically and psychologically devastated me.

I was sufficiently traumatized for Cheney's programming as I stood naked in his hunting lodge office after being hunted down and caught. Cheney was talking as he paced around me, "I could stuff you and mount you like a jackalope and call you a two legged dear. Or I could stuff you with this (he unzipped his pants to reveal his oversized penis) right down your throat, and then mount you.

Which do you prefer?

Blood and sweat became mixed with the dirt on my body and slid like mud down my legs and shoulder. I throbbed with exhaustion and pain as I stood unable to think to answer such a question. "Make up your mind," Cheney coaxed. Unable to speak, I remained silent. "You don't get a choice, anyway, I make up your mind for you. That's why you're here. For me to make you a mind, and make you mine/mind. You lost your mind a long time ago. Now I 'm going to give you one. Just like the Wizard (of Oz) gave Scarecrow a brain, the Yellow Brick Road led you here to me. You've 'come such a long, long way' for your brain, and I will give you one."

The blood reached my shoes and caught my attention. Had I been further along in my programming, I perhaps would never have noticed such a thing or had the capability to think to wipe it away. But so far, I had only been to MacDill and Disney World for

government/military programming. At last, when I could speak, I begged, "If you don't mind, can I please use your bathroom?"

Cheney's face turned red with rage. He was on me in an instant, slamming my back into the wall with one arm across my chest and his hand on my throat, choking me while applying pressure to the carotid artery in my neck with his thumb. His eyes bulged and he spit as he growled, "If you don't mind me, I will kill you. I could kill you 揖ill you 謡ith my bare hands. You're not the first and you won't be the last. I'll kill you any time I goddamn well please," He flung me on the cot-type bed that was behind me. There he finished taking his rage out on me sexually.

On the Long trip back to Michigan, I lay in a heap behind the seats of the Suburban, nauseated and hurting from Cheney's brutality and high voltage tortures, plus the whole Wyoming experience. My father stopped by the waterfalls flowing through the Tetons to "wash my brain" of the memory of Cheney, I could barely walk through the woods to the falls for the process as instructed, despite having learned my lessons well from Cheney on following orders.

The next year when our "annual" trip to Disney World rolled around, my father drove, pulling his new Holiday Rambler Royale International trailer. (I slept outside in a tent because I was not permitted inside it since "I wasn't family".) My father dropped me off en route at the Kennedy Space Center in Titusville, Florida where I was subjected to my first NASA programming.

From then on, I was "obsessed" with following the "Yellow Brick Road" to Nashville, Tennessee. Moving to Nashville was all I could talk about. If anyone asked me the question I could not think to ask myself "Why?", I would respond by reiterating it was something "I had to do".

I had gone through the motions of my senior year in a dissociative trance. I became further distanced from religious values by my religion class teacher.

Brother Emmett. This was due to his promotion of cannibalism via Pier Paul Reed's book *Alive*, and by his teachings at a religious 'corseal' retreat I attended that included occult ritual at St. Francis Church. I graduated from Muskegon Catholic Central High School in our bicentennial year of 1976. I was led by Senator Byrd to revise my plan to attend Hope College like I had promised VanderJagt as a child. This new plan was for me to temporarily attend Muskegon Community College, because my "real education" was to come through mind-control programming-not school. In order to be exhausted, as was necessary for my "real education," I worked three menial jobs in addition to attending college.

During my first semester of college in 1976, I made plans to take a trip to Nashville with my Project Monarch friend from Catholic Central. (She remains an expendable victim to date, and therefore her identity must be protected from public release for her safety.) My father explained that I was to stay at the Fiddler's Inn in Nashville, see the World

Famous Printer's Alley row of sleazy country music nightclubs, and attend the Grand Ole Opry on Friday night, as ticket arrangements had been made through a "friend," in spite of their scarcity during the Thanksgiving holiday.

I never thought to associate Fiddler's Inn with Senator Byrd's fiddle playing when my friend and I arrived in Music City, U.S.A. Nor did I find it odd when a country music "star" entertaining at the Black Poodle nightclub in Printer's Alley began directing my activities. My friend and I were provided with free passes to the Black Poodle to encourage us to return each night where entertainer and CIA operative Jack Greene and his Desperado band were playing. During breaks between sets, Greene and his band would sit with my friend and me to manipulate our suggestible minds. I was told it was "my destiny" to have met band member, Wayne Cox, who had been trained for paramilitary mercenary operations under Louisiana's U.S. Senator J. Bennett Johnston. I soon learned that everyone associated with Greene was involved in his CIA "Freedom Train" operations. When I told Greene that my friend and I would not be returning on Friday night due to attending the Grand Ole Opry, he told us that he would be working the Opry that night. He made arrangements for us to come back stage and see him immediately following his segment. He explained that the "security" guard at the Opry, Nashville Metro Police Lt. Bob Ezell, was a good friend of his and would let us in.

At the Opry, my friend and I sat in the audience watching as Jack Greene introduced his "special guest," U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd. At the sight of Byrd, I went into a pre-conditioned deep trance and robotically went through the motions of following Greene's instructions. Once backstage, Greene pointed out his dressing room, which he was sharing with Senator Byrd, and ordered me in. The personality that had been sitting in the audience had perceived Byrd as an entertainer and could not, or would not, think further. But as I walked into the dressing room and saw Byrd perched on the edge of the mirrored vanity in his boxer shorts, I switched into the child personality that had known him as a U.S. Senator on Mackinac Island since age 13, and responded sexually.

Afterward, Byrd was claiming me as "his," excitedly telling me that he had "always wanted his own little witch". I soon learned the enormity of this statement.

Jack Greene's band member, Wayne Cox, later told me that playing music behind Senator Byrd at the Opry was not the only way he "backed him". He also backed him politically and in Freedom Train operations. Cox then made arrangements for my friend and me to stay the remainder of our trip at his trailer in Hendersonville, Tennessee. There was no choice but to comply. The following night, after Jack Greene completed his show at the Black Poodle, he drove my friend and me to a nearby participating after-hours club, the Demon's Den. There, Cox was to pick us up and take us to Hendersonville. Instead, we were slipped a drug and taken "on a tour" of Union Station, Nashville's then abandoned train station, where supposedly the only train still running through there was the Freedom Train.

Senator Byrd's attempted cultivation of superstition through my Catholic schooling should have maximized the impact of the occult ritual I was subjected to in the tower of

the old stone and slate turn-of-the-century train depot. But the pain and horror was sufficiently effective in itself even without my adhering to superstition to produce the intended mind shattering results. Cox took my friend and me on a "flashlight tour" through the rubble of Union Station, until we came to a homeless man sleeping on the ground. Cox ordered me to "kiss the railroad bum good-bye," then shot him between the eyes while I was still only inches away¹. He then used a machete to chop off the man's hands, which he put in a zip-lock bag. He then led us up the rickety stairs into the lower of the old depot. There Jack Greene, his band members, and others dressed in black robes were gathered around a black leather alter in a room lit by candles and draped in red velvet. In total shock, I was laid on the alter and subjected to rape and torture while the participants indulged in sex, blood, and cannibalism ritual.

The next day I woke up on Cox's couch, vaguely aware that I had suffered a "bad nightmare". When I stood up, I passed out from blood loss. I was bleeding profusely from the vagina. It was all I could do to prepare to drive back to Michigan, and my friend was certainly not in a stable frame of mind to help. I did not know what happened to me, nor was I able to question it. I had a new "obsession" on my mind. I had been programmed at the ritual to move to Nashville and marry Cox, as ordered by Senator Byrd.

Back in Michigan, I made the announcement to my parents that I was moving to Nashville to marry Cox, as it was "predestination". What they would not tell me was that my father had just literally SOLD me to Senator Byrd in exchange for lucrative military contracts that made him a millionaire overnight. My father was a sixth grade education, a perverse, child exploiting criminal, immune from prosecution, working as a CIA operative for the U.S. government! That mind shattering occult ritual I endured in Nashville marked a new life of wealth and prestige for my father while thrusting me into a new phase of my torturous existence-and I had no choice in any of it!

1. Nashville Metropolitan Police Lieutenant Bob Ezell, who also acted in the capacity of Grand Ol' Opry security guard, covered up the murder.

CHAPTER 5: TINKERING WITH THE MIND

It was 1977. I was a 19-year-old mind-controlled programmed slave in the CIA/DIA Project Monarch Freedom Train operation, literally owned by U.S.

Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd, who was then a 20-year incumbent and on the Senate Appropriations Committee, As Byrd's "own little witch" (sex slave), I would also become involved in covert government operations. I now understand that this required more memory compartments/personalities than I had developed. Hence one more reason for the mind shattering occult ritual, and my "predestined" marriage to Cox. In typical Project Monarch structure, Byrd was my "owner" and in control of my life, while Cox became my primary "handler" and followed Byrd's orders to ensure that I was at key locations and events at appointed times and to maintain me under mind control. Cox reportedly was not paid cash for his role like my father was. Instead, he either

followed orders or would be prosecuted for distributing drugs and being the occult serial killer that he was and is to date. Cox's primary role was to shatter my mind further through repeated occult trauma as well as father my daughter, Kelly, to be raised in the genetic mind-control studies of Project Monarch.

I moved to Nashville, as ordered, to marry Cox, who took me to the backwoods of his hometown swamp in Chatham, Louisiana for months at a time for occult traumatization. Cox had been brought up in witchcraft by his mother, and admittedly longed for her sexually and ritually. Together they subjected me to their beliefs, which included what equates to a weakened version of mind control used by witches for centuries, anchored in superstition rather than scientific fact. These superstitious beliefs seemingly conflicted with Cox's mercenary training to the point that his killing raged out of control. For example, Cox would murder a human through repeated stabbing with a knife, believing that the "departing spirit" and splattered blood gave him power to control my mind. In truth, it was my aversion and subsequent traumatization by the event that caused me to dissociate and trance, leaving my subconscious open to his suggestions and those of others. During the three years I was with Cox, he ritually impregnated and aborted me six times, consuming several of his own offspring and preserving the others shaped in ceramic for sale in his interstate occult body parts business. Cox's M.O. for murdering always included removing the hands with a machete, as the "Hands of Glory" he kiln-dried in the ceramic shop of his and his mother's house were in demand and thus distributed throughout the occult underground supply network. Cox's protected cocaine and body parts distribution routes included Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Florida.

Cox and I travelled to Florida on several occasions as his mother's parents lived in Mims, which is only minutes away from the NASA Kennedy Space Center in Titusville. Cox, like my father, made sure I was there for mindcontrol testing and programming as ordered. Cox perceived me as a "Chosen One," and often used this CIA Project Monarch term when referring to me and for proudly "justifying" his leaving me at the NASA installation.

Cox had a variety of belief systems that he applied to various situations, all of which were superstition based. He believed in spirit communication or "divine guidance" through nature spirits and demons, that Satan must be appeased, that Jesus is an alien, that the Bermuda Triangle is a door to another dimension, and that the end of the world is near. He 'religiously' carried a Bible with him everywhere-including to occult rituals-quoting scripture like a theologian. He justified "eating the body and drinking the blood," "being washed in the blood," and even "murdering children" according to the story of God testing Abraham by ordering him to murder his son, Isaac, by knife on an alter. Jim Jones was one of Cox's idols, as was Charlie Manson, and he touted the Jonestown massacre as a prime example of the "power of (CIA) mind control".

Cox demanded I become a Mormon in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This was to "prove" that Satan was everywhere-particularly in the Monroe, Louisiana Mormon church where he led occult ritual, and in the Hendersonville, Tennessee church

that the so-called Freedom Train rolled through.¹

Cox's determination to instill his religious superstitious beliefs in me was side-tracked by J. Bennett Johnston in his Shreveport, Louisiana office early in the summer of 1978.

Cox's mother, Mary, had driven us to Johnston's office near Barksdale Air Force Base as ordered. As she knocked boldly on the obscure metal door, I read the attached metal sign: "General Dynamics Research and Development".

A smaller sign near the doorknob read; "Unlawful to enter premises without prior authorization. All violators will be prosecuted under penalty of federal law."

Johnston, wearing a light blue, leisure suit and smelling strongly of body odor, opened the door. "Well, hey Senator," Mary drawled in her backwoods Louisiana dialect, "I brought the children to see you like you said."

Johnston looked at her with annoyed disgust. "I see that," he said matter-of factly.

He then proceeded to instruct Mary to wait outside a moment while he talked with Cox, then to take him on to her home in Monroe where I could be picked up at the Airport a few days later.

Cox and I were ushered into Johnston's barren military-style furnished office. Several Presidential and military photographs hung on the wall and served as the only decor. Johnston sat on the front of his military issue desk and talked to Cox's subconscious mind using cryptic, hypnotic Disney Peter Pan theme language,³ as he apparently had done in the past when Cox had a mind left to control.

"As long as your ticker's running, chat crock-a-dial you've been feeding over the years will be running right behind you. (Peter) Pan knew how to stay a step ahead of the game and stop the inevitable process of becoming gator bait himself by offering to give him a hand now and then."

Cox dismembered his murdered victims and distributed the "Hands of Glory" to fellow Satanists and occult traumatized/ Peter Pan theme programmed mercenaries, while feeding "left over" body parts to an alligator that lived in the Swamp behind his house. This was indicative of Cox's twisted, murderous response to Johnston's traumatic Peter Pan theme programming... a programming that I was about to experience "first hand".

Cryptically instructing Cox on Senator Byrd's orders, Johnston continued, "I've got to hand it to that Pan. His livelihood of creating hookers for the Captain (Hook) was indeed lucrative. And speaking of creating hookers, a little Byrd told me that a shift from routine hand-ling to a theme that is alien could prove lucrative to you." Revealing his intent to ensure my military mindcontrol programming, Johnston told him, "I'll lay a little groundwork and set the patten for countdown. Then I'll send her out to launch for you, and it's your job to man the craft from there..."

Cox was ordered out of Johnston's office, and he turned his full attention to me. When alone with the Senator, Johnston manipulated my mind, and ultimately my beliefs and perceptions, for future programming. He referred to a picture of himself shaking hands with unknown Navy brass as he dramatically told me, "I was there that fateful day in 1943 when a hole was ripped in the fabric of time through what later became known as the Philadelphia Experiment. All those fine boys vanished along with their ship in a bizarre twist of events that parallels the Atlantis disappearances. A vortex was created in an effort to slip dimensions and become invisible to the enemy. It was a success beyond the highest expectations and launched us all into universal travel. It is no wonder at all that we have had a man on the moon. Traveling to distant planets and galaxies is Mickey Mouse stuff in comparison to the high tech wizardry of trans-dimensional travel. Trans-dimensional travel circumvents all measures of time, including distance and speed. When the fabric of time was torn, we opened ourselves up to intergalactic travel both in and out of this dimension - and in and out of the future, as well as the past. We can alter the course of history by travelling back in time to alter events, or we can blast off into the future and gain wisdom and knowledge of events yet to come. We can control the future by controlling the past. At present, this is a relatively easy task according to the theory of relativity and abilities gained through the Philadelphia Experiment. I came back an ET (extraterrestrial) myself. And our ship returned to this Earth as a spaceship.³ I gained the keys to the universe on that fateful day, and I carry them with me now, sharing only a Key or two at a time with those who are Chosen. You are a Chosen One (Johnston was deliberately interfacing with Rite to Remain Silent conditioning), and therefore must learn the ins and outs of interplanetary travel. Your mission is trans-dimensional. You can span infinite dimensions by learning from me.

Take it from me, you're going places, kid. And I'll teach you to get there by riding the light. I'll teach you the groundwork, and you do the light work. The key to the universe lies in the speed of light. The only way to travel is by beam of light. You will learn to go to the light... Your mission is to learn how to Tinker with time. I'm going to take you on that journey myself. Come with me now. It's time we were leaving this plane and boarding another."

Johnston took me the short distance from his General Dynamics Corporation provided office to the Barksdale Air Force Base airfield. He was apparently well known at Barksdale, and a small cargo plane was ready to take us to our destination-Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma.

Once we were airborne, Johnston accessed my sex programmed personalities for his own aggressive perversion. His use of cocaine further accentuated his hyperactive demeanor as he brutally slung me around the back of the small plane while he had sex with me. At one point the pilot hollered from the cockpit "Hey, you're creating turbulence. Knock it off, will you."

Johnston laughed and responded, "What the fuck do you think I'm doing?"

By the time we arrived at Tinker A.F.B., my arm was beginning to show a dark bruise that extended from my shoulder to my elbow. A uniformed man greeted us as we walked across the airfield. Johnston apparently knew him quite well, and referred to him as "Cap'n" (which tied in with the Peter Pan theme programming I was about to endure). When he noticed my arm, Cap'n reminded him, "Hey, that's not necessary, you know."

"Yeah, I know. Take care of it for me. Here..." Johnston took the straps of my tank top and pulled them down around my forearms (which still could not cover the bruise.) "There, that just about covers it." He smiled and continued, "You look like a Southern belle that way rather than a damned ol' Yankee anyway,"

Cap'n said, "She'll be a Tinker-belle by the time we're through here today."

Then, referring to Johnston's primary purpose in actually escorting me to Tinker he asked, "How are your South American operations progressing?"

"I've got to talk to you about that," Johnston answered. The two talked as though they had worked in tandem on given mercenary operations/assignments in the past. "I may need a few of your boys to back me on something."

"Back you, or cover you?" the Cap'n retorted.

Johnston laughed, "Both if you'll front the operation."

Johnston had previously "justified" his use of Tinker (Peter Pan theme) programmed mind-controlled mercenaries to me by saying, "Mercenaries are missionaries who follow their inner guidance system rather than their old Uncle Sam. Politics hinder the route to freedom, and these boys slip under international laws, undetected, to carry out the work the military boys only dream of doing.."

I was escorted away from the two by a nurse, who purported to be tending to my injured arm. In fact, she was preparing me for the "Tinker-belle cage"⁴◆

an electrified metal cage with an electrified grid bottom. Locked inside, I was subjected to high, direct current voltage to compartmentalize the Peter Pan theme mind-control programming that I endured. Like Peter Pan's Tinkerbelle, I learned to "ride the light" as a means of travel.⁵ Additionally, my instilled Tinker-belle theme mind manipulation included a sense of Never-Never-land timelessness that was rooted to my "natural" inability to comprehend time due to my MPD/DID.

Back in Louisiana, Cox and I shared a subconscious understanding of Peter Pan themes and "riding the light". The difference between us was that Cox consciously activated Tinker Air Force Base programming within Johnston's band of mercenaries, while my trance was perpetual whereby I could "Never-Never-Land."⁶

I was with Cox on numerous occasions when he was running guns and/or cocaine, and activating specified mercenaries for operations as instructed by Johnston. In the course of these travels I saw numerous underground arsenals and stockpiled weapons that were known to Senator Johnston, but were not on military installations. I was also privy to government sanctioned cocaine operations.

On one such cocaine run in 1979, I traveled with Cox to a remote area in the Ouachita National Forest near Hot Springs, Arkansas to "watch for fairies like Tinker-belle" and "ride the light".

We sat in the brush near a railroad track until we saw a light approaching from the Eastern sky. At the time I thought I would be "riding the light" as I was led to believe, but in retrospect I recall my personalities being deliberately switched and a helicopter landing in a nearby clearing. Cox and I unloaded approximately 200-400 pounds of cocaine from the van he had driven, and stacked it in the helicopter. We were then flown to a small airport that appeared to be no more than a dark, fenced-in clearing where I saw a row of metal buildings that looked like mini-warehouses. While the cocaine was unloaded into a warehouse, Cox and I were taken by car to a nearby grey stone hold. The driver led us upstairs, and knocked on the Penthouse door.

"Yeah," a voice answered, "I got a Tinker-belle and a Peter Pan here to see you, Sir," the driver called.

"Send 'em in." Cox and I walked into the suite where then Governor of Arkansas Bill Clinton was shuffling through a briefcase. Clinton and Johnston were cohorts in illegal covert operations that emanated from Tinker Air Force Base.

Cox spoke up. "Senator Johnston said a little (Senator) Byrd told him that you are one of Ours."

"So what does that make you?" Clinton asked impatiently.

"A Chosen One," Cox nodded his head toward me.

Clinton asked me, "Chosen by whose order?"

I cryptically delivered the proper coded response, which cued Clinton to proceed. "What brings you here?" he demanded.

Interpreting his question literally as is "natural" for programmed MPD/DID slaves, I answered, "I rode the light, Sir."

Clinton rolled his eyes, and looked back over at Cox who was nervously rocking back and forth as he so often did. "State your business," Clinton ordered.

"Uh," Cox cleared his throat, habitually picked his nose as he rocked back and forth and

said, "Well, uh..." Clinton looked disgusted.

"Get him the fuck out of here!" he ordered the driver. Cox was immediately escorted out. "That's better," Clinton said. Using standard Jesuit hand signals and cryptic language, he triggered/switched me and accessed a previously programmed message.

"Senator Johnston sent me to give this to you." I handed Clinton a thin, large brown envelope, "And I have some fairy dust guaranteed to make you fly high." I took the personal stash of cocaine that Johnston was sharing with Clinton from my pocket.

Clinton snorted two lines of the coke immediately. He smiled. "Tell Ben I'm impressed." He showed me to the door.

The severe torture and mind-control programming that I was enduring at Tinker Air Force Base had prepared me for this simple "mission" and many others. Although Cox's out-of-control occult serial killings polyfragmented my multiple personalities as intended by Byrd, it was Johnston's alien theme mind conditioning that locked me into absolute robotic helplessness. After all, had I been capable of rationalizing, I would have found that the thought of interdimensional travel and aliens was no more bizarre to me than Cox's murderous actions or having found out pornography king Jerry Ford held the office of President.

When my daughter, Kelly, was born in February of 1980, Cox's former employer. Jack Greene, travelled to Louisiana to meet with me in keeping with his role as Nashville's CIA Freedom Train "conductor". He took me aside and explained that since Cox had fulfilled his (genetic) role in producing Kelly, Senator Byrd had ordered me back to Nashville. Greene talked at length, hypnotically reviving my original programmed "obsession" to move to Nashville. He told me that Cox had proven too insane to follow orders anymore as was evidenced by my extremely poor health (much of my hair had fallen out) and by the stench of decaying human flesh that permeated the area surrounding his remote Chatham, Louisiana swamp house.

If I had had a mind of my own, I know in retrospect I would have felt as though I had been released from a prison dungeon. But I could only respond by telling Cox matter-of-factly that I had received "divine guidance" to move to Nashville at once to a home that awaited me. Cox had no choice but to comply with Byrd's orders. Kelly and I moved to Tennessee when she was only three months old, and Cox temporarily moved with us in order to apprise our new handler of the latest details of our victimization. Within weeks, Cox moved back to Chatham, Louisiana to live with his mother (even to this date). Now he reportedly raises goats for sacrifice and carries on his occult serial killing activities unhindered due to his immunity from prosecution because of whom and what he and his mother know.

1. Substantial information regarding the saturation of occultism in the Mormon church is a published fact, circulated among the Bishopric, then released by Bishop Pace in an effort to restore morality and freedom of thought to church members.

2. Senator Johnston's dual and triple cryptic language perplexed me at the time. In retrospect, I understand how this component of mind control allowed for undetected proliferation of criminal covert activity, even when overheard by strangers, to the extent that I believed it must be occurring in "another dimension" as I was told.

3. Johnston "validated" his ploy in my mind by arranging for me to see his "space-ship"-a then TOP SECRET experimental aircraft which would eventually be known as a Stealth fighter at a military installation near Baton Rouge. The classified triangular Stealth was so alien to me at the time that it looked more like a spaceship than the U.S. fighter plane it actually is. This, in combination with his inhumane demeanor and my previously instilled belief in transdimensional travel, convinced me he was the "ET" he purported to be.

4. I understand this is referred to as a Woodpecker grid.

5. "Riding the Light" scrambled my future experience of being transported by military helicopter or airplane to robotically carry out some program for the government. This "trancedimensional" travel caused my earthly experiences to be perceived as having occurred in another dimension.

6. I remained in a Post Traumatic Stress Disordered (PTSD) trance.

7. Same Jesuit reference used to describe Pierre Trudeau.

CHAPTER 6: UNITED STATES MILITARY & NASA MIND-CONTROL TRAINING

Soon after moving to Tennessee, I learned that Senator Byrd had simply exchanged one living hell for another for me. My new mind-control handler, CIA operative and country music ventriloquist/ stage hypnotist Alex Houston, seemed only to pick up where Cox had left off. As "destined," Kelly and I moved into a run-down old trailer on Houston's property, which adjoined Jack Greene's farm in Goodlettsville, Tennessee. I was subjected to further occult ritual on Greene's farm, and was ritually impregnated and aborted again, this time by Houston. A difference between Cox and Houston was the superstition factor; Houston knew exactly what he was doing and why he was doing it, in accordance with tried and proven scientific U.S. Government mind-control research and development. I gleaned this knowledge from conversations I overheard between him and "those in the know".

Alex Houston was 26 years older than I, and claimed to have gained his knowledge of stage hypnosis and government mind-control methods from the military while entertaining overseas in Bob Hope's USO tours. After the tour, Houston reportedly moved to Washington, D.C. where he and his alter-ego dummy, Elemer, were regulars on the Jimmy Dean television show in the '60s.¹ According to Houston, he was regularly booked to entertain in officers' clubs on military bases due to his involvement in covert government operations.

During the brief interim period that Cox resided on Houston's farm with us, he played music behind government mind-controlled slave Louise Mandrell and her husband/handler, R.C. Bannon. Cox had previously worked with Louise's sister, Barbara Mandrell, at the onset of her government sponsored career in the 1960s, travelling overseas with her in the same U.S.O. tours that launched Houston's career. Irby Mandrell, the Mandrells' father and manager, reportedly sexually abused all three of his daughters and eagerly thrust them into their mind-controlled existence much the same way my father had sold me.

His daughters, too, were owned by U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd. Cox was soon fired from his position with Louise due to his insanity. Once when Houston was travelling with the Mandrells as he so often did throughout the years, Irby Mandrell relayed the events that prompted his firing of Cox. He told Houston and I that Cox had become an embarrassment to him while travelling.

"I knew he was weird," Irby Mandrell said. "That's OK. I can live with that. But when he pitched a tent behind the hotel so he could hear the trumpets sound, signalling him to march to Missouri,² I said, 'Start marching, son.

You're done. You're through in Nashville. Don't ever come back.' That's it, he was done."

Houston reminisced with Mandrell about the U.S.O. days, and inquired as to how he had tolerated Cox back when he played music behind Barbara.

"Oh, yeah. I remember he (Cox) had somewhat of a brain back then." Irby Mandrell continued, "Barbara was just a kid back then with the talent of a full blown star. I thought she had what it takes to make it in the industry. Then the Byrd came along and introduced us to the latest in technology."

Houston interrupted, "Are you talking about (music) equipment or the kind they've got in Huntsville (Alabama's NASA mind-control training center)?"

"Both," Mandrell replied. "But it was Huntsville that launched her to the stars. The doors opened wide after that. Byrd took a lot of pride in Barbara, and the doors just kept opening. With my baby's talent and the Byrd's influence on her mind and career, there was no way we could lose."

When Houston became my appointed mind-control handler in 1980, Byrd's influence on my mind boosted Houston's "entertainment" career. His travels had expanded to accommodate covert drug and money laundering operations across the U.S., in Mexico, in Canada, and throughout the Caribbean.

Houston had, and has, a great deal of "no show" money, but I was never permitted access to it. Poverty was one more means of control I endured, as slaves like myself

were not afforded the freedoms that having money allows.

When I was working three menial jobs during college, all of my money was taken from me by my parents. All money earned by Cox's cocaine and body parts enterprises was reinvested in the coven and drugs, leaving us dependent on charities for our basic necessities. With Houston, I had to "earn" every penny I spent on groceries and necessities over and over again, which made "earning my keep" a deliberately impossible cycle. This kept me financially dependent and further hindered my ability to escape, even if I had known enough to attempt it.

My innate protective maternal instincts as a mother may have been accentuated due to my past unsuccessful attempts to protect my brothers and sisters (I now had two sisters). It was my desperate need to keep Kelly safe that drove me to the point of "fight or flight" when I was transferred to Houston. I had long ago lost my ability to "fight," but my new maternal instincts compelled me to "flight". I did all I could to save Kelly and myself from Houston and her fate in Project Monarch. Since I had no ability to reason and was amnesic, I "fled" to my parents' new house in affluent Grand Haven, Michigan, I had no concept of what I was running from or to. I arrived with my baby daughter in my arms, the tattered clothes on our backs, and what few donated belongings I had acquired for Kelly. Within a few days, my parents received and followed Senator Byrd's instructions, and turned me back over to Houston. Houston, in turn, sent me back to Louisiana for further conditioning.

After three more months of intense, nonstop tortures by Cox, I could not think to follow maternal instincts and barely knew my own name. I had no idea how old I was, where I was, how long I had been there, and what had happened to Kelly during that time, Kelly's own testimony and current programmed poly fragmented Multiple Personality/Dissociative Identity Disorder reflects the high tech, sophisticated conditioning and torturous trauma she endured during this and numerous ensuing times that we were separated. When I was returned to Houston as orchestrated by Byrd, my brain contained a series of new compartments ready to be programmed and led.

Intensive mind-control behavior programming began at once, and Houston ensured that I was taken to my appointed destinations under the guise of his travels in the country music industry. In the early 1980s, my base programming was instilled at Fort Campbell, Kentucky by U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino . Aquino holds a TOP SECRET clearance in the Defense Intelligence Agency's Psychological Warfare Division (Psy Ops). He is a professed Neo-Nazi, the founder of the Himmler inspired satanic Temple of Set, and has been charged with child ritual and sexual abuse at the Presidio Day Care in San Francisco, California. But like my father and Cox, Aquino remains "above the law" while he continues to traumatize and program CIA destined young minds in a quest to reportedly create the "superior race" of Project Monarch Mind-Controlled slaves. I quickly teamed that Aquino did not adhere to his profoundly professed occult superstition any more than I did. His "satanic power" was in the form of numerous variations of high voltage stun guns,⁵ which he used on me regularly. Although Aquino used occultism (blood trauma) as a trauma base, his programming

was high tech and "clean" but I got muddled in a proverbial witches' brew of ignorance. He quickly dispelled the Cox influence, and began programming me according to Byrd's specifications as his "own little witch" for sadistic sex, covert CIA drug muling, black mail, and prostitution operations.

During the three months I was back with Cox, a muscle in my upper vaginal wall was cut and dropped in preparation for Houston to flesh carve a hideous witch's face for Senator Byrd's perversion. Aquino provided the ancient instructions on how to mutilate me, and Houston used silver nitrate and hot exacto knives to carve the details of the face without any form of anaesthesia.

By flexing the muscle downward, the face protruded out of my vagina. Not only did this surgery give Byrd a vagina suited to his minute, underdeveloped penis, it also provided an equitable "curiosity" to be displayed over and over again in both commercial and non-commercial pornography and prostitution. On the 1981 anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination, I was forced to "marry" Alex Houston for appearance sake. Earlier that month when I had been taken to Washington, D.C for prostitution purposes, Byrd informed me that I would actually be "marrying" him when I "pledged my vows" to Houston.

"It is a covenant between the two of us," Byrd had said, "It is me that you will honor and obey 'til death do us part," Byrd then instructed me to pick up my wedding dress from a nearby D.C. store. Throughout the years, Houston often joked about the significance of my Washington, D.C. wedding dress which was depicted in pornographic photos and a commercial video to "commemorate our wedding night", Alex Houston's "best man," Jimmy Walker, was also a photographer for Larry Flynt's sexually graphic commercial pornography magazine, Hustler.

When I met Byrd after the ceremony at Nashville's Opryland Hotel as ordered, he presented me with a "wedding gift" a rose patterned crystal crucifix deliberately designed to anchor "our wedding" in my Catholic/Vatican instilled beliefs. The Larry Flynt photos depicting me in my wedding dress with the crystal crucifix to "commemorate our wedding night," was standard lock-in procedure for all mind-controlled slaves I knew who were forced to "marry" their handlers/owners.

Houston's booking agent, Reggie Mac (MacLaughlin), of United Talent and later of MacFadden Agency in Nashville, Tennessee, had been booking CIA involved country music acts into key locations to aid the execution of covert government operations. For example, Houston's ventriloquist act "Alex and Elemer" would be scheduled to perform at a county or state fair near Washington, D.C., where I would be picked up by car or helicopter and escorted to the White House or the Pentagon. The ensuing activities would be compartmentalized in my memory in a manner that caused me to believe I had simply been travelling in the country music industry, and no one "back home" would be suspect of my absence. Another example would be that Houston "entertained" at Byrd's West Virginia State Fair every year, which gave a legitimate appearance to my presence there, when in fact I was being prostituted to the Senator I had "married."

During the early '80s, Reggie MacLaughlin primarily booked Houston into areas that were conducive to my mind-control programming with Aquino. I was first subjected to Aquino's tortures and programming in Fort Campbell, Kentucky; Fort McClellan in Anniston, Alabama; and most frequently, at Redstone Arsenal and Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama.

Military mind-control was fast, effective, and highly technological, but it was the NASA programming that launched me as a "Presidential Model". Even though Aquino instilled my programming on both military and NASA installations, he had access to the latest technological advancements and techniques through NASA. These included mind foilers such as sensory deprivation tanks, virtual reality, flight simulators, and harmonics. By the age of two, Kelly had already been subjected to Aquino and his programming through these latest technological advancements, which shattered her fragile young mind before her base personality had a chance to form. Rather than use occultism on Kelly, Aquino traumatized her through sexual assault and high voltage tortures of the mind and body. She, like I, to this day carries numerous scars from this "non satanic" abuse base. I know, from years of research, NASA technology and Aquino's programming, combined with the Project Monarch standard sleep, food, and water deprivation and high voltage, made Kelly a subject of state of the art genetically multigenerational MPD/DID psychological mind-control engineering.

In 1981, Byrd personally joined Aquino in Huntsville, Alabama during one of our programming sessions. NASA cooperated fully with Byrd on any and everything, since it was Byrd's Senate Appropriations Committee that determined how much and/or whether NASA received government funding. I lay naked on the cold metal table, tranced and photographically recording every word and detail of my programming and every word that Byrd and Aquino not so privately discussed. Byrd was providing Aquino with specific details of certain perversions he wanted me equipped to fulfil or perform. Additionally, they talked about scrambling my immediate memory with two private porn films they were arranging to have produced locally. These were titled How To Divide a Personality and How To Create a Sex Slave. These films are the kind NASA became involved in producing for the dual purpose of "scrambling" memory and documenting their mind-control procedures. The resident Huntsville, Alabama pornographers were two local cops, one of which was (and is) a Sergeant.⁵ This served NASA and the CIA well when cover-up was necessary. The How To Create a Sex Slave film depicts the common "spin" programming, which in essence is the combination to unlocking or accessing a specific programmed act. For example, the compartment of the mind that holds memory of incest is stimulated to open when the original abuse is eminent.

Seeing my father's penis would "trigger" a specific response, supposedly opening the neuron pathways of my brain to allow the part of my brain that dealt with his actions before to deal with them again. With "spin" programming, the trigger of seeing my father's penis is replaced with a combination of specific verbal commands and a specific number of physical spins so that anyone with the "combination" could access that particular part of my brain. The part of my mind containing "knowledge" of the original

abuse by my father learned to "like" painful, sadistic sex. Senator Byrd wanted me programmed in such a way that he could decide if he wanted me to scream and cry when he whipped me, or if he wanted me to become sexually aroused and "beg" for more. After programming, when I met with Byrd, I would "dance" like a music box dancer, twirling round and round until Byrd's fiddle music stopped. My mind precisely calculated how many revolutions I had made whether I was capable of conscious counting or not (much like a normal person wakes up at a particular time without an alarm clock), and the desired results were produced as accessed.

This is but one simplified example of sex programming, and I was programmed for more than sex. But this particular incident of programming at the U.S. Army Redstone Arsenal would change my existence entirely and set the stage for my role in covert government black, budget-type operations as a "Presidential Model".

Seeing and/or knowing that Kelly was being tortured and programmed proved to be a detriment to my own mind-control programming, such that the common "cross-programming" of mother and daughter was rarely viable. In the fall of 1982, Houston was scheduled to perform at the State Fair in Senator Byrd's home state of West Virginia, Byrd arrived at our hotel with LT. COL. Aquino, who took Kelly with him, supposedly for programming purposes, I was left alone in the hotel room with Byrd, whose KKK affiliation fuelled his rage over my having been recently prostituted to black entertainer and CIA operative Charlie Pride. Although I had had no control over the situation to begin with, Byrd expended his fury on me rather than on Houston who was ultimately responsible for the incident. He took out his whip and began beating me as he had so many times before. Only this time it seemed to last forever, Byrd was still whipping me when Aquino returned with my tranced and traumatized daughter. I regained consciousness enough to pull myself up off the floor when I heard Kelly's hysterical cries. Byrd ordered me to the bathroom for a cold shower to stop the bleeding. My body could not carry out his orders, and I collapsed again in the bathroom, smearing blood all over the floor. Kelly's cries again revived me, and I crawled to the door to find Byrd sexually assaulting her and Aquino disrobing to join them. One small window in the bathroom appeared to be a possible means of escape to obtain help, but Byrd caught me and knocked me to the floor. The whole bathroom was smeared in blood by the time he threw me into the shower and turned the cold water on to slow the bleeding.

Later that afternoon, Kelly and I stood hand in hand in the afternoon sun at the State Fair where Senator Byrd was about to make a speech to his constituents. My blouse stuck to my freshly whipped skin as Byrd walked onto the stage, and the crowd cheered. Although Byrd periodically sexually abused Kelly throughout her Project Monarch victimization, the horrific incident in West Virginia was the last time I was able to instinctively think to respond at all. Aquino's mind-control programming further insured it, as did Byrd's access to high tech mind-control equipment via West Virginia's Jesuit College, where he claimed the role of "Head Friar".⁶

Kelly has reported enduring much sexual abuse by both Byrd and Aquino.

Aquino apparently incorporated sexual abuse with his mind-control programming and sex training of her, and shared more such events with Byrd.

It was also my experience that Byrd's sexual perversions were heightened when Aquino shared in the assault. Traumatic events such as this one in West Virginia reinforced my own programming through conditioning, and further locked me in to Byrd's seemingly inescapable control.

The majority of my programming, as well as a large part of Kelly's, was again Oz theme based. This means the combination of codes, keys and triggers to access me were related to L. Frank Baum's story, The Wizard Of Oz.

Whether or not it was Baum's intention (or for that matter Walt Disney's, Lewis Carroll's, etc.), it is evident that his psychologically intense story was used for manipulating minds. Much of The Wizard Of Oz lends itself to themes commonly used by perpetrators. For example, nearly all MPD/DIDs have suffered the loss of pets during ritualized torture. And all of Baum's primary character Dorothy's nightmarish experiences "over the rainbow in Oz" stemmed from her desire to risk her own life to protect her threatened pet. Abusers use this lesson to condition the victim to drop all resistance and cooperate or "I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog (or child) too." The "over the rainbow" scramble of dreams vs. reality provides abusers a theme by which to manipulate an MPD's subconscious perception of switching personalities. Oftentimes this theme is transdimensional as is Oz, or that which was just experienced was "just a bad dream" like Dorothy was told upon her awakening in her own bed back in Kansas.

CIA cryptic language is manipulation of the English language such that words have a double meaning (aka 'double binds' in mental health terminology.) It works much the way as communication through "inside jokes", among people familiar with each other. Perhaps this is a reason for the government's use of professional comedians as slave handlers. Since mindcontrolled slaves' minds function consciously through their subconscious, which has no way of discerning fantasy from reality or intended meaning from literal meaning, cryptic dual level language is especially effective. Many CIA covert operations I was involved in occurred in public. Anyone who overheard the conversation would have discerned something very different from what actually "trance-spined". For example, one of my Washington, D.C. Secret Service escorts linked arms with me like Dorothy did with her companions when walking the Yellow Brick Road. This would have appeared to be normal behavior, or even romantic, to outsiders. But to me it was a signal to "stay the course" (Bush's quote) and follow directions. Arm in arm we walked through the crowded Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian to the nearby NASA headquarters. There he read the "Service Entrance" sign on the door accentuating syllables ever so slightly so that I heard him cryptically command, "Serve-us, En-Trance".

1. Jimmy Dean is knowledgeable of, and a willing participant in criminal covert activity

including the use of mind-controlled slaves.

2. "Marching to Missouri" is a Mormon based belief that interfaced with the CIA'S FACTION OF THE COUNTRY MUSIC industry being transferred to Branson, Missouri in the mid 1980s.

3. 120,000-volt stun guns leave two indented prod marks or moles two inches apart, while the cylindrical stun gun USED primarily in the vagina and rectum leaves prod marks/moles 3/4 of an inch apart.. A look into trash-magazine publisher Larry Flint's Hustler will show prod marks on the mind-controlled slaves he photographs, particularly on the throat, near the lips. and on the back.

4. The "witch's face" has also been referred to as that of a Baphomet and Jesuit monk.

5. I photo identified the Sergeant and his (jailer) officer in 1990, and Mark's and my lives were threatened through then-District Attorney, now U.S. Representative, Bud Cramer (D. Huntsville, Alabama) of the Congressional Permanent Intelligence Committee as a result of this revelation!

6. To a literal mind-controlled MPD/DID slave, the term "Head Priar" equates to "head frier", meaning high voltage to the brain.

CHAPTER 7: CHARM SCHOOL

After Aquino instilled my base sex programming, I was often taken by Houston to Youngstown, Ohio to attend the sex slave training camp hell hole referred to as "Charm School". Houston often performed in the Youngstown area at county fairs, Fraternal Order of Police shows, or any little country music entertainment gigs that would bring us in the proximity of the dreaded Charm School. On occasion, Kelly would go through the torture process with me. But usually Houston delivered me to the door for training with other CIA and Mafia slaves my age, and then left taking Kelly with him. When Charm School was in session, there were several girls being tortured and trained at once. I have seen and known numerous girls to go through Charm School, but, understandably, few are reported to have survived or recovered their minds enough to talk about it.

Charm School was reportedly operated by an identified member of the Mellon Banking family (Byrd's Endowment for the Arts' largest contributor).

The operator took the name and role of "Governor" from the movie My Fair Lady, in an attempt to confuse my torturous reality with movie fantasy. In the movie, Governor is the cockney title given the professor who transformed a female street urchin into a functioning high society lady. Additionally, Mellon's use of the title, Governor, was intended to create scramble for the real Governor who frequented the school as though it were only a whore house. I am referring to then Governor of Pennsylvania (and later U.S. Attorney General, now secretary for the United Nations) Dick Thornburgh.¹ Aquino provided some of the programming at Charm School and everyone I knew in

government operations was at least aware of it. Then Youngstown Sheriff, now U.S. Representative Jim Traficant, was usually present. He capitalized on his ability to portray himself as "Lurch" by slowly opening the door and saying, "Walk this way - To a literal slave in training, this means walk like he is walking-like Lurch, Egor, a street whore, Scarecrow, and so on.

Once the door closed behind me. Charm School meant I would be charmed, mesmerized (hypnotized), and programmed to be a high class prostitute for select politicians. I did learn their way to walk, I learned when to talk, how to dress, how to sit, stand, and all the rest. Table manners were not taught as they were not needed since slaves endured food and water deprivation when working. Above all, we were taught how to gratify any sexual perversion. Just as Traficant opened the door to Charm School for slaves, he oftentimes was the one to "test" their newly learned sexual skills to determine when or if slaves could leave.

A typical three-day course at Charm School included the usual factors of, sleep, food, and water deprivation; trauma; high voltage; and programming.

Often times experimental or tried and proven CIA manufactured "designer" drugs were administered which produced specific brain wave activity to maximize and/or compartmentalize programs. I usually spent the first day hanging in the dungeon. Charm School is housed in an identified stone historical railroad barren's former residence, and the basement was in fact a wine cellar dungeon. It was dark, damp, and musty and was decorated in classic torture chamber fashion. It was complete with various hanging chains, a stretching rack, whips, and altars including one specially designed for bestiality sex. As I hung by my wrists, I could hear and smell the animals in the next cells預 black Nubian goat called Satan, a small donkey named Nester, sometimes a small white pony referred to as Trigger, and various dogs, cats, snakes, and others. All Charm School animals were trained to sexually respond to the smell of urine. When someone, such as Dick Thornburgh who particularly enjoyed this kind of kink, entered my cell and urinated on me, I knew I would soon be released from my chains and led to the animal altar for bestiality lessons, pornography, or to please a perverse onlooker. I was hung by my ankles, stretched on a rack, burned, and tortured repeatedly. My feet and hands were chained to a wall for what was termed "off the wall sex." I was taught "Silence" in Oz fashion since screaming did not produce results anyway unless they wanted it for pornography. This was implemented with an electronic canine bark collar normally used to train a dog not to bark.

I was repeatedly filmed pornographically, and always taken upstairs to the "Master's Chambers" for prostitution to participants, including the real "Governor" of Charm School, then Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh, Congressman Jim Traficant,2 Lt. Col. Michael Aquino, and others. When Kelly was with me, she endured the same and we were forced to see each other physically tortured as further psychological trauma. This was to ensure I could never remember the who, what, when, or where of our bizarre enslavement.

This is what is sometimes referred to as cross-programming.

In spite of the deliberately created amnesic blocks, I developed a subconscious sympathetic understanding for other Charm School slaves that extended outside the walls of this man-made hell. This understanding emanated from the depths of my being, creating a compassion for other mind-control victims that compels me to give voice to their silent pleas for help to this day.

I became close friends with one such victim, who must remain anonymous in order to survive to eventually recover. This beautiful blonde and I had numerous opportunities to be together throughout the years, as Houston's government sponsored travels routinely took him into her home state of Pennsylvania while Dick Thornburgh was Governor.

My friend and I were photographed together for Larry Flynt's commercial pornography publications, and featured in the illicit films that contributed to funding CIA covert operations. In addition to this, she and I were able to spend two weeks together when her husband/handler traveled to Houston's farm in Tennessee for instructions on handling his new "bride".

I was "made of honor" for my friend's "wedding," which was no more a marriage than mine to Houston. As was customary with Project Monarch slaves, her marriage to her handler equated to marriage to her mind-control owner, U.S. Senator Arlen Specter.

The "wedding" I was forced to participate in was for pornography purposes only, and it took place in Arlen Specter's Conneaut Lake house in Pennsylvania.

Specter's stone house was located in a wooded, remote setting and was masculine in decor. Side rooms were either designated for perverse sex or were furnished with antiquated NASA virtual reality and programming equipment.

The musty smell of Specter's playhouse was overpowered by the scent of roses, which he symbolically presented to his slave on their "wedding" day.

My friend's "wedding" photos included Catholic themes, and the crucifix featured was rose cut crystal similar to the one I received from Byrd. Regardless of how this girl was depicted, her innate morality was apparent to me. She and I were referred to as "minor/mere cats," due to the similarity of our victimizations. Like me, she was controlled through manipulation of her religious beliefs and maternal instincts. The delicate rose tattooed on her left wrist signifying her role in government operations did not detract from her high class projection any more than Specter's immorality could mar her innate goodness. Once Arlen Specter officially became this slave's owner, her Charm School status rose to "Presidential Model".

In addition to Charm School, I endured extensive programming to prepare me for future operations. Houston was often booked into Oklahoma fairs, Masonic Lodges, F.O.P. Conventions, and so on, in order that I be back in the vicinity of Tinker Air Force Base

for further programming. My Tinker-Belle conditioning further enhanced my photographic memory through direct control for receiving and delivering government messages which amounted to a computerized compartmentalization of my brain, so to speak. I was also trained in covert criminal operations, such as international drug mule transactions for funding the Pentagon's and CIA's Black Ops Budgets, Houston's CIA orchestrated travels in the country music industry led me to a TOP SECRET military/NASA installation at Offit Air Force Base in Nebraska.

The "you can run, but you can't hide"³ conditioning was deeply ingrained in my mind there through a technique that was later used on Kelly, as well as on other mind-control slaves, I was taken underground to a so-called 'secret' circular room where the walls were covered with numerous screens showing satellite pictures from around the world. These satellites are referred to as the "Eye in the Sky". An Air Force official explained to me that my every move "could be monitored via satellite". On a separate four-screen viewer, he demonstrated what in retrospect was a contrived pre-recorded slide show, with the scenes changing as rapidly as he spoke and typed it into the computer.

"Where will you run?" he asked me. "To the Arctic? The Antarctic? Brazil? The mountains? The desert? The prairies? The hills of Afghanistan? The city of Kabul? Devil's Tower (Wyoming)? Would you try to run to Cuba and live among our enemies? We can find you there. There is truly no place to run and no place to hide. The U.S. Senate (the picture was of Byrd)? The White House? Or to your own backyard? (My father was depicted waving from his front door, cupping his hands over his mouth saying, "come back" just like Aunt Em in The Wizard Of Oz.) "The moon? We got you covered. You can run, but you can't hide." This had been sufficient to convince me in my suggestible state that my every move could be monitored.

During the course of my training/conditioning, I was routinely prostituted to Senator Byrd in Washington, D.C., at the West Virginia State Fair, NASA in Huntsville, Alabama, and at the Opryland Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee. One such night when I was to be prostituted to Byrd at Opryland Hotel, Lt. Colonel Aquino was scheduled to join him in perversely assaulting me. Much to my horror, Aquino arrived early, in full army dress uniform, backstage at the Grand Ol' Opry. When I saw Aquino talking with the Vatican based Project Monarch slave runner, Kris Kristopherson,⁴ whom I had known since 1979, my personality programmed for Opry events "short circuited". Under circumstances such as this, a multiple without programming would have switched personalities autogenically, whereas I could only switch upon command, I backed away, dazed, right into a soft drink machine.

Kristopherson saw me as I backed further between the wall and the machine.

"What are you doing in there, little lady?" Kristopherson asked. The Colonel wants to see you,"

Aquino had walked over and sarcastically asked, "What are you doing in those machine wires? That could very well be a shocking experience for you."

All experiences with Aquino or Kristopherson resulted in high voltage electric shock torture, and apparently neither had any regard for human life.⁵ Aquino used the opportunity to reinforce his belief that I "had no where to run, no where to hide" from his "power"- his stun gun.

While I untangled myself from the wires, Kristopherson and Aquino continued their banter at my expense, Kristopherson held up his key ring and jingled it, catching my undivided attention as conditioned, while he told Aquino, "You're gonna need the Keys to the Kingdom to work with this one right here."

"Keys to the Kingdom," of course, referred to my previously instilled (Enter/Inter)"Inner-dimensional" Catholic programmed personalities. Since Aquino was my primary mind-control programmer at the time, Kristopherson was informing Aquino of programs previously instilled in childhood via the "Rite to Remain Silent". By jingling the keys, he was demonstrating his control over me and his momentary edge on Aquino.

"I got 'em," Kristopherson was saying as he jingled the keys. "She's mine unless you wanna play ball. Besides, you have to. The Byrd sent me."

"I've been expecting you," Aquino said with a smile. Events later that night proved that Aquino had been supplied the keys to my previously established Jesuit based programming, which he and Byrd used and altered to suit their own perversions.

Byrd monitored all of my programming "progress," and often tortured me with his whip and pocketknife. He picked up where my mother left off, to destroy any self-esteem I might have inadvertently developed. He said, "There is no place for you to turn because if you could think to talk no one would ever believe I would have anything to do with the likes of you." He often threatened me that I was considered "disposable" because, after all, "The first Presidential Model, Marilyn Monroe, was killed right in front of the public eye and no one knew what happened."

Byrd's threats and cruelty were unnecessary as I could no longer think to seek help anyway, but he loved to hear himself talk and would often drone on and on and on in his infamous long-winded recitations, while I was photographically recording every word he said. He detailed the inner operational structure of the world domination effort, including psychological warfare strategies, and explained how he had and would utilize his "expert" knowledge of the Constitution to manipulate it and the so-called U.S. Justice System, and more. His loose lips provided me yet another means of surviving and staying a step ahead of "the game" once Kelly and I were rescued from our mind-controlled existence.

Senator Byrd revealed his "justifications" for criminal activity to me as well. He used me as a sounding board even though he knew I was incapable of input or response. He rehearsed in keeping with his motto "The only way we can fail, is to fail to think of an

excuse."

Byrd "justified" mind-control atrocities as a means of thrusting mankind into accelerated evolution, according to the Neo-Nazi principles to which he adhered. He "justified" manipulating mankind's religion to bring about the prophesied biblical "world peace" through the "only means available" total mind control in the New World Order "After all," he proclaimed, "even the Pope and Mormon Prophet know this is the only way to peace and they cooperate fully with The Project."

Byrd also "justified" my victimization by saying, "You lost your mind anyway, and at least you have destiny and purpose now that it's mine." Our country's involvement in drug distribution, pornography, and white slavery was justified" as a means of "gaining control of all illegal activities world wide" to fund Black Budget covert activity that would "bring about world peace through world dominance and total control". He adhered to the belief that "95% of the (world's) people WANT to be led by the 5%", and claimed this can be proven because "the 95% DO NOT WANT TO KNOW what really goes on in government".

Byrd believed that in order for this world to survive, mankind must take a "giant step in evolution through creating a superior race". To create this "superior race," Byrd believed in the Nazi and KKK principles of "annihilation of underprivileged races and cultures" through genocide, to alter genetics and breed "the more gifted-the blondes of this world".

As Byrd's captive audience (literally), I absorbed information that the other so-called masterminds behind the New World Order would never have revealed for security reasons. But Byrd regarded me as "his" object, a game-piece that he could strategically move through life as though he were playing a chess game. He perceived me as totally under his control with no possibility of my ever being rescued, surviving, and recovering my mind and memory. Byrd likely would have talked to a post, and I filled the role as his silent sounding board.

My CIA Operative mind-control handler, Alex Houston was often scheduled to perform at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri, which is yet another installation where I was programmed. Swiss Villa was a cover for a CIA Near Death Trauma Center of which there are several across the country.

It is a remote, high security resort, enclosed with military barbed wire fences, that swings its guarded gate open to the local public for country music concerts.

The small Amphitheatre covers the covert activities occurring inside, which includes U.S. Government CIA cocaine and heroin distribution operations and mind-control projects.

Swiss Villa, like the Mount Shasta, California compound, was also used as a training and operations camp for the Shadow Government's paramilitary projects referred to by

Senator Tnouye (D. HI). I learned that this not-so-secret military buildup, sanctioned by corrupt members of our government, consisted of special forces trained robotic soldiers, numerous black unmarked helicopters, and the highest technological advancements in TOP SECRET weaponry and "Star Wars" electro magnetic mind-control equipment. These paramilitary compounds were intended for global policing of the New World Order through the Multi-Jurisdictional Police Force.

"A Most Dangerous Game" was often played at Swiss Villa and involved CIA agents, politicians, and others who would attend the resort just for the sport of hunting humans. Kelly and I both were hunted at Swiss Villa. The tortures and rape after being caught were extensive and sufficiently traumatized our minds for ensuing programming, as well as for creating memory compartmentalization for the high level operations we witnessed behind the villa's patrolled fences. It was at Swiss Villa that I was taught "THE Most Dangerous Game" was one where a slave tried to escape and reveal what he or she had learned. If the hunters could not catch and stop the slave, then the black helicopters patrolling the area would. And if all else failed, the "Eye in the Sky" would locate him or her, and a torturous death was supposedly imminent.

According to my abusers, my deprogrammer and primary advocate Mark Phillips and I have embarked on "THE Most Dangerous Game" through efforts such as releasing this book and turning a spotlight on the Shadow Government to reveal its members' identities and their crimes against humanity, Mark Phillips and I are determined to beat them at their own "game" by arming the "95%" with the truth that perpetrators "don't want them to know!"

1. Dick Thornburgh is listed in Houston's CIA memo book which is now in my (and others') possession.
2. Please note that, while still Sheriff of Youngstown, Ohio, Traficant was investigated and subsequently indicted for federal racketeering, drug distribution, and Mafia connections. However, he was acquitted through careful CIA jury manipulation and he went on to become the U.S. Representative he is to this date.
3. Once gaining "eyes to see and ears to hear," this "you can run, but you can't hide" theme is so widely used it is visible from Hallmark greeting cards to Interstate overpasses to the lock-in song by the rock group, Police's "I'll Be Watching You".
4. A good friend of mine who remains a victim to date was "married" to Kristopherson on the night she wed her mind-control handler-much the way I had "married" Byrd when I wed Houston. The crucifix used to her Larry Flynt "wedding night" porn photos was mirrored rather than crystal.
5. Kristopherson nearly strangled me to death with his penis, which had further sexually excited him, late in the summer of 1987 during another incident related to Byrd.

CHAPTER 8: CIA'S WAR ON DRUGS OPERATION: ELIMINATING COMPETITION

I no longer had any mind of my own. I was absolutely void of free will and was now totally robotic. So was Kelly, We wore our Charm School smile at all times, and did exactly what we were told to do. The only characteristic noticeably out of place was Kelly's age-inappropriate programmed vocabulary and mannerisms. Outsiders attributed this to her traveling within the country music industry. My public image was a programmed personality that always smiled, looked and talked like the proverbial "air-head" blonde that kept outsiders away by socializing only within my controlled environment. This lifestyle appeared quite normal for my role as Houston's much younger "wife" in the country music industry.

When we were not traveling, I began each day at 4:00 A.M. with a minimum of 2 hours aerobic exercise. Afterward, I tended farm animals and did other chores, then cooked Houston a large country breakfast which neither Kelly or I were permitted to share. Houston would then order me to work to exhaustion on his 100-acre farm while he watched. These chores included hauling, stacking, and feeding out hundreds of bales of hay to our livestock each year; maintaining miles of electric fencing; cutting acres of grass with a push mower an average of twice weekly; busting concrete with a sledge hammer and mixing and pouring new cement; digging by hand and maintaining a two acre vegetable garden for canning; cutting, hauling, and slacking firewood for Houston, his neighbors, and friends; shovelling pick-up truck loads of creek gravel to fill in enormous potholes in the gravel road leading to 11 rural residences including Jack Greene's; and anything else Houston could think of that would wear me down. Houston's exhaustive, slave-driving work orders made my father's seem benevolent in comparison. The "best" of days were rough.

I ate "like a bird (Byrd)," following Byrd's orders of 300 calories per day with no sugar or caffeine. My metabolism was low. I was trained to compute calories like a machine, eating more like a rabbit than a "bird", I had to count every calorie, from a simple taste of what I had to cook for Houston to semen.

Houston ensured that Kelly and I never got more than two consecutive hours of deep per night. He accomplished this through automatic mental "alarm clocks" that woke us up at two- hour intervals-Kelly with asthma, and me with panic.

These tactics contributed to Kelly's and my total inability to resist mind control.

Traveling in the country music industry was no easier than existing on Houston's farm in Tennessee. It certainly lacked the glamour that outsiders usually associate with entertainment industries. CIA covert drug operations had permeated the industry. Entertainers were used to buy, sell, and distribute cocaine brought into this country by the U.S. government for the purpose of funding the Pentagon's and CIA's Black Budgets. Nashville's local government, from my perspective, was totally corrupted by these criminal covert operations. Cover-up, murder, drugs, and white slavery prevailed.

Entertainers usually made n big only when they participated in CIA operations and/or

were slaves themselves. I know of numerous entertainers in need of rescue and deprogramming from their mind-controlled existence, because it was discovered that voices could be harmonically tuned through mind control to captivate audiences. To quote my father, "Spies, like singers and actors, are made, not born". These entertainers have endured much of the same programming as I to permit them to carry out government operations in the course of their travels.

Norwegian Caribbean Lines (NCL) cruise ships depart regularly from Miami, Florida and travel throughout the Caribbean and Mexico. NCL provides pleasure cruises to the public complete with "entertainment" like that of Alex Houston while carrying out CIA operations. Sue Carper, former director of entertainment procurement for all NCL cruise ships, would ensure that government covert activities staging were properly orchestrated. She rotated entertainers like Houston from ship to ship in order to avoid the scrutiny of clean U.S. Customs and Immigrations inspectors. I routinely took cruises with Houston, muling cocaine and/or heroin out of Haiti, the Bahamas, Mexico, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico to fund covert operations. While I was robotically carrying out transactions as ordered, I was also prostituted to South and Central American drug lords and politicians, as well as filmed pornographically. Houston made sure I was in the right place at the right time and switched me into the proper mode for each activity I was forced to carry out. In the early 1980s, this included passing messages to and from Senator Byrd, Baby Doc Duvalier, my Cuban contact, Puerto Rican drug lord Jose Busto, and others.

In keeping with NCL's Caribbean operations, Byrd adjusted his use of programming themes to include the mirror-reversal, interdimensional, Air-Water mind-control theme used on me by NASA and the Jesuits. I often saw dolphins playing in the ocean while being transported from port to port via the Cruise ships, but the popular "whales and dolphins" mind-control theme was avoided in favor of a theme more suitable to my experience-that of the Sea-Bird-Robert C. (Sea) Byrd. He told me, "Atlantis¹ has long been the epicenter of alien activity. The path is so well worn that there are holes in the fabric of time and space whereby airplanes and ships, even people, timelessly seemingly disappear, transformed into another dimension alien to this world. Likewise, we (aliens) came in, entering through the mirror reflection of the hole in the fabric of space, the deep blue sea. Some of us entered Earth's plane as whales and dolphins. And when we emerged from the sea, some of us came flying out.

Or is that in? At any rate, we are here. Watch for the flying fish when you are out to see/sea. When you see one, you will know it is kin to me. A flying fish by any other name is a C. Byrd. A sea bird. Robert C. Byrd."

The drug business was booming for the CIA, and the only "War on Drugs" I witnessed was that launched by the CIA against its competition. As quickly as I brought the NCL suitcases of drugs into the Port of Miami, they were usually transferred to Houston's factory custom-built Holiday Rambler motor home.

Concealed compartments were built into the walls for hiding the illegal drugs.

If I drove the drug-filled motor home on to Nashville rather than deposit the drugs en route at Warner-Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, the bulk was stored in the Hendersonville Mormon "food storage" Bishop's Warehouse.

Some cocaine was delivered to a music distributor in Nashville, Tennessee, where it was carefully packaged in participating entertainers' cassettes, for delivery along their carefully scheduled travel routes. Houston always kept a large amount of the cocaine for his own use and distribution. Oftentimes he ordered that I deliver the drugs to specific entertainers at the Grand Ole Opry and/or at the local shopping mall when we were not traveling. Most often, however, the larger loads of drugs remained concealed in the motor home for distribution to CIA drug drops while we traveled the country music industry.

These CIA drug drops included an abandoned amusement park near Youngstown, Ohio; Diamond Caverns² campground in Park City, Kentucky; and Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri. I was aware that tons of drugs were being handled via our military, but the hundreds of pounds I muled were targeted for exclusive private distribution.

An example of a typical Caribbean drug operation centered around the NCL port of call. Key West, Florida. Houston took Kelly and me to a nearby tennis court under the guise of playing tennis. In reality, I was to meet with CIA Operative Jimmy Buffett, who devoted more time to the proliferation of CIA criminal covert activity than he did to his music career cover. Buffett was playing tennis. Referring to him as though he were to be my tennis instructor, Houston said, "There's your instructor. As soon as he gathers the balls, he should be over here to meet you."

Noticing us, Buffett strode over and shook hands with Houston. "Hi, Jimmy/ Houston said as though they were old buddies.

"Hi, Alex and Elemer," Buffett responded, sarcastically using Houston's stage name.

"Oh," Houston said. Never one to know an insult when he heard it, he continued, "What do your friends call you?"

"What does it matter to you?" Buffett asked. "Uncle calls me Jim. I take it you're not the contact." Houston pointed to me, "She is".

"That's more like it," Buffett smiled. "A little Byrd told me I'd be meeting with a Diamond in the Rough."³

"I prefer a Diamond in the Buff," he said, "I've got a studio across the street."

As we walked toward his studio, I was oblivious to the meaning behind his conversation. with Houston and commented, "I understand you're an instructor.

I wish I had brought my racquet."

"I'm not that kind of an instructor," Buffett explained, "I'm a point man for Uncle. And you've got an appointment with me. I have some instructions to give you." As we entered his studio, he said, "Welcome to paradise," and gestured me in. We went into the small living quarters, which may have appeared even smaller due to the electronic equipment, acoustic guitars, and furniture that filled the room. A black mirrored coffee table, atypical of cocaine users I'd known, was the clearest spot in the room. A gold razor blade, cocaine residue, an ashtray full of marijuana roaches, and a fanned deck of card with the queen of hearts on top lay on the table. Tropical plants further cluttered the room. Standing between a perched, stuffed parrot and a banana tree, Buffett was saying, "Key West is a key place to be. It's the key to the Caribbean - Cuba, Panama - anyplace that means anything to Uncle these days, I hold the keys. I'm keeper of the keys and I hold a few of yours." Looking at his parrot, he continued, "The bird/Byrd says you respond to pair-o-dice, look deep into the parrot eyes."

I did as instructed, and Buffett popped out the bird's ruby red eyes, which actually were dice, into his hand. "Roll your eyes high while I roll my pair-o dice," he ordered as he rolled the dice across the table. Stopping at the deck of cards, he picked up the jack of diamonds. "I am a jack of all trades," he cryptically continued. "And I trade in whatever Uncle orders. An order has been placed. You must follow orders and go to that place. Go to the White House Inn at the pier. Carry your laundry bag (full of cash) with you, and see the man in black. (My Cuban contact almost always wore a conspicuous black trench coat.) There is a launderman on the dock itself. They do all my laundering for me, and will be expecting you. Watch for the sea-man with the duffel bag. When you see the military green duffel bag, approach the desk.

When he says, "I need this laundered, but I do not have the time," you say, "Welcome to Paradise. I will make sure it is cleaned and delivered on time."

Then give him your duffel bag of 'laundry' and say, "This has been properly laundered for you". Take the duffel bag. It will be light as a feather. Return to the Inn and enjoy the buffet."

Changing modes, Buffett unzipped his shorts as he asked, "Do you like a buffet? I have a Buffett buffet for you now. And if is Paradise!"

I carried out the drug transaction as ordered, the whole ordeal lasting a matter of minutes. A buffet was spread in the courtyard of the White House Inn at 4:00 PM just as Buffett said it would be. But due to the food and water deprivation necessary to maintaining my mind-controlled trance, Houston forbid me from carrying out this last part of Buffett's instructions, Alex Houston Enterprises was another side business that Houston used to cover for his CIA criminal covert activities. It included the relabeling of G.E. capacitors for the "energy savings" companies, Queen Electric and Phase Liner, he shared with his former wife and first CIA mind-controlled slave. She was a Catholic

processed Puerto Rican blonde beauty. These G.E. capacitor banks were sold internationally as energy saving devices, when in fact they provided one more means of transporting drugs from the U.S. around the world.

It was Houston's G.E. capacitor scam that provided me insight into the elaborate Long Island docks drug network run by U.S. Congressman Gary Ackerman (D. NY).⁴ I first met Ackerman in 1981 when Houston was booked into the Woodberry Music Festival with known CIA mind-control victim Loretta Lynn.⁵ Loretta's road manager, Neo-Nazi pedophile Ken Riley, who was also Alex Houston's best friend, often assisted Houston in handling me.

Riley in turn handed my Charm School programmed keys, codes, and triggers to Congressman Ackerman, who skilfully accessed my Alice In Wonderland mirror theme programming. After snorting a couple of lines of coke, he stepped into the center of a three way mirror where he positioned me and proceeded to sexually gratify himself in my throat. Ken Riley, and other involved members of Loretta's band, all laughed as Ackerman stumbled around the room while pulling his pants up from around his ankles and complaining that he "couldn't stand for sex like that". The term "Ackerman syndrome" was coined after that in reference to sex that drained a man of his energy, and circulated among "those who know" for years.

1. NCL cruise ships routinely pass through the so-called "Bermuda Triangle," and Byrd did not miss this opportunity to tap into old programming base installed by Senator L. Bennet Johnston.

2. When Mark and I turned in detailed information on this drug drop to law enforcement, our lives were endangered to the point that a foreign Intelligence officer intervened and subsequently saved our lives through a timely tip-off.

3. "Diamond in the Rough" was a term used to describe an MPD/DID slave actively engaged in programming via torture conditioning.

4. Congressman Ackerman's Caribbean cocaine and Asian heroin operations have not hindered his position on the Congressional Post Office and Civil Service Committees, nor the Asian and Pacific Affairs Committee. It is important to note that, as a matter of Congressional record, Ackerman openly opposed compulsory drug tests for all federal employees.

5. Senator Byrd proudly claimed Loretta as his mind-controlled slave and told me, "I literally made Loretta what she is today, and she is maid to order". Loretta's son and secondary mind-control handler, Ernest Ray, told me, "I know what the Byrd did to my mother. I can get away with murder... All I gotta do is call him and I'm free as a bird/Byrd."

CHAPTER 9: RONALD REAGAN'S AMERICAN DREAM: A PANDORA'S BOX OF NIGHTMARES

My mind-controlled existence became more complicated after Senator Byrd introduced me to then President Ronald Reagan in the fall of 1982 at a White House political party. Byrd told me, "When you meet the Chief, imagine him with his pants down. He's most comfortable knowing you are imagining him with his pants down. He doesn't want formality." Former president Ford had conditioned me to dread the Office of President, and I mechanically went through the motions of meeting Reagan, Reagan admittedly had seen the How To Divide a Personality and How to Create a Sex Slave videos made in Huntsville, Alabama. He acted very pleased with me as though I had participated in them willingly. Within the first few minutes of meeting Reagan, he was giving me acting tips to utilize in government operations and pornography!! "When you become your part, your performance increases, which in turn increases your ability to do your part for your country. 'Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country'-your part," he instructed. Somehow, Reagan's reminder of Ford's and VanderJagt's conditioning to Kennedy's quote seemed more patriotically significant than "simply" sexually entertaining politicians by waving a flag in my bottom. After gazing deep into his self-professed "kaleidoscope eyes," each metaphorical phrase he spoke became life and breath to me.

Reagan explained to me that the illegal CIA covert activities I was forced to participate in were "justified" as they funded covert activities in Afghanistan and Nicaragua. He explained, "America's Freedom Train is spanning the globe and sex is but a sidetrack to the ultimate course of freedom. Our job of procuring and transporting arms is the most difficult part of all. But it can and must be done. How can a man with no arms fight? These operations are necessary as American people raise too much hell about violence already, and it is better they're not informed of our supporting wars they cannot understand the significance of."

I realize now that Reagan twisted reality to fit his personal perceptions rather than to adhere to Byrd's philosophy of providing "excuses" for what he deemed "the order of things". In typical Reagan fashion, he did not perceive mind control as slavery, but as "an opportunity for those who otherwise would have nothing in life". He claimed that multigenerational incestuously abused children like myself, or "previously impoverished baseball players from third world countries and slums, are provided an opportunity to 'be all they can be' through making a 'contra-bution' to society, our nation, and the world, by utilizing their talents to maximum potential." With this altitude, Reagan displayed pride in the sick role he played as The Wizard Of Oz, directing Project Monarch slaves like myself.

That night. Senator Byrd acted in the capacity of a pimp and prostituted me to Reagan. Referring to me as though I were a machine, Reagan asked Byrd, "Does she run on chemicals?" meaning specific CIA drugs.

Byrd answered, "She takes it in spurts". I noticed that Reagan's eyes lit up with perversion and understanding of Byrd's statement, which meant that I "shared" whatever drugs were in his system through his urine. Reagan later told me he preferred

sex slaves equipped for this task since he, as President, should not have to get up in the night to urinate. "Well," Reagan said, holding up his glass, "All I've had to fuel her with is alcohol. That's not much of a jolt from a "whiz of a Wiz(ard)." Byrd chuckled at Reagan's Oz cryptic joke and removed his gold cocaine vial from the inner pocket of his suit. He and Reagan discretely turned their backs to the party while Byrd "spoon fed" Reagan the drug up his nose.

Before I left with Reagan, Byrd informed me that "Uncle Ronnie doesn't sleep with his mommy (Nancy)," and that he preferred snuggling into his LL Bean, light blue flannel sheets in his nightshirt and ridiculous nightcap because "they're warmer, softer, more comfortable, and don't snore".

Later, in his bedroom, Reagan accessed my sexual programming, and I became "my part" as a prostitute to "Uncle Ronnie". Reagan did not move during sex. After all, that was "my duty". And my duty was to please him, whatever it took, and it took more time than anything. Reagan never hurt me (he always made sure someone else did that) and used this as a "bond" to the little child ("Kitten") personality he always accessed for sex. Reagan's most apparent personality kink was his love for bestiality pornography.² According

to my handlers, his passion for pornography escalated its manufacture and distribution during his Administration. He wholeheartedly approved and encouraged the porn industry for funding covert activity.

Many commercial and instructional (private) pornography films I and others participated in, referred to as "Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories," were manufactured solely for his pleasure-oftentimes according to his instruction, using Freedom Train slaves. After my initial meeting with Reagan, I was used in numerous films that were produced predominantly at Youngstown Charm School and/or by his "Chief Pornographer"³ Michael Dante, specifically to satisfy his perversions. These included a wide range of cryptic themes, but were mostly bestiality. Reagan often watched the videos while I was prostituted to him, requiring me to re-enact the porn however possible.

I first met Reagan's Chief Pornographer Michael Dante, AKA Michael Viti, at an elite Nashville hotel where he was attending "charity" Golf Tournament festivities. Like CIA Operative Charlie Pride's Pro-Am Golf Tournament in Albuquerque, New Mexico, this "charity" tournament provided a cover for the cocaine and white slavery operations that dominated the event. Houston and I often attended such "charity" events, as did Dante, but it was only after having met Reagan that Dante's and my paths crossed as arranged.

Dante took me to his hotel room after our initial introduction. He snorted a few lines of coke, looked me over as though I were merchandise, and accessed my sex programming. He then arrogantly asked me if I knew who he was. He told me he lived in Beverly Hills, California and made movies. I thought he was referring to his box office flop, Winterhawk, until he said, "Uncle Ronnie sent me. He wants me to make movies

with you as your 'contra-bution.' We're gonna have a good time, then he's gonna have a good time, and everybody's happy. You'll like that, won't you Baby? Get dressed. We're going back downstairs and make arrangements."

Dante telephoned me often, professing "our love" through command reinforcements and making arrangements to meet me in specific places for producing Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories and commercial porn. These locations included, among others, Tennessee, Florida, the Caribbean, and California. He often talked of owning me in the future, painting a picture of what life would be like living with him. His attitude toward women was atypical of slave owners and handlers, and he often quoted scripture to justify his dominance. "No arguments," "speak only when spoken to," "take a good beating now and then just to keep you in line," "see to all my comforts and housework," and "be on call 24 hours a day when I need a good whore". He gave me a slave bracelet預 trademark of his porn預nd said, "A woman needs a chain. It's a public reminder of total commitment and devotion. A reminder of the chain-of-command. A woman is tied to her man. No man should be tied to a woman."

Dante's Connecticut Italian roots are in the Mafia, and it was a well-established fact that organized crime and government had a close working relationship where criminal covert activities were concerned, I met many of Dante's associates, and we already shared a few common contacts who were conduits between the Mafia and CIA. These included Congressman Guy VanderJagt, former President Gerald Ford, then Governor of Pennsylvania Dick Thornburgh, Congressman Jim Traficant, Congressman Gary Ackerman, and Ronald Reagan.

Dante related to me, "When Reagan was Governor (of California), we went to Dodger (baseball) games together and sat in the Press Box. I got to know him real well and we got along. So, he and Tommy (LaSorda, Dodger manager and their mutual friend) and I would continue partying after the game. I brought him a few girls (slaves) and we did business. Really. Tommy LaSorda brought us together-you'll like him. I'll take you to meet him. We'll go to games together all the time, every chance we get. You'll love that, won't you, Baby? You like a Press Box, Baby? Dick says you do." I wasn't surprised that Dick Thornburgh had talked about his previous, perverse sexual activity with me at a baseball game back East any more than I was surprised to learn that Dante knew Thornburgh through their mutual political and baseball ties.

Dick Thornburgh was Governor of Pennsylvania during my tenure as a Presidential Model mind-controlled slave. He used his influence to bring Houston into Pennsylvania state and county fairs year after year for the purposes of cocaine and pornography distribution, as well as for prostitution of me to him on a regular basis. Thornburgh was a heavy cocaine user, and was deeply involved in CIA covert activities-particularly Project Monarch. He was a firm believer in mind control, not only for sex training and government operations, but for sports. An avid baseball fan, Thornburgh had much to share with Reagan, Dante and LaSorda, I had been giving Handwriting Analysis lectures on NCL's Norway cruise ship (my cover for covert operation) in 1987, and Thornburgh and his friend Chicago Cubs Baseball Scout Jim Zerilla were in attendance.

Afterward, Zerilla offered me a job with the Baseball Commission analyzing handwriting of their "million dollar babies" baseball players before they were signed up.

Thornburgh explained that the job may not fit into my schedule. Nevertheless, we met on several occasions during the course of the cruise, always for sex, but business was discussed as well.

My programmed mind contained a "baseball computer" that was created for Reagan, and used by many including Thornburgh, LaSorda, Dante", and Zerilla.

It was packed with the binds of statistics in which they were interested; the codes, keys, triggers and hand signals of certain mind-controlled baseball players. Zerilla and Thornburgh were cruising en route to the Dominican Republic to the CIA baseball mind-control farm to scout out new slaves. They talked excitedly about the prospect of winning large sums of money through gambling on rigged games. I had been aware for years that many pro players, particularly LaSorda's Dodgers, were mind-controlled and triggered to win or lose according to their owners' bets and favors. The Dodgers, Reagan's "favorite American pastime" ball team continuously won, including the World Series during his Administration. The Mafia was in on the bet rigging, and information was passed to certain ones through Thornburgh and others as gleaned from my "baseball computer" programming.⁴

To this day I am not certain who instigated the plastic surgery to which I was forcibly subjected, but soon after meeting Reagan and Dante I was scheduled for breast implants. Perhaps it was done for pornography. Perhaps it was Reagan's preference. I tend to believe it was a combination of the two and ordered since my breasts were no longer lactating. In the first commercial porn film Reagan had directed Dante to produce in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands my breasts were still tender and swollen from silicone implant surgery.

My appearance was not the only "make over" I endured after meeting Reagan. Aquino and I were called to Washington, D.C. to revise my base core programming to override Senator Byrd's control for security reasons. Since Reagan had been shot, he took extra precautions to ensure his safety which included directing Aquino as to how he wanted me programmed. Much to Aquino's dismay and embarrassment, Reagan admired the occult role that this Army Lt. Colonel played for mind-control traumatization purposes, as it fit in with the public promotion of religion Reagan had launched. Reagan claimed to believe that the masses were easiest to manipulate through their religion, as were mind-controlled slaves like myself.

While Reagan had Aquino in D.C., he demanded that he wear his black ritual robes to a White House party to reinforce the controlling superstitions of a few South/Central American diplomats. Aquino appeared foolish in the eyes of his peers. They knew Aquino's image was only a guise for Psychological Warfare, but his appearance at the White House in costume made Aquino look like he believed his own facade. Aquino got even with Reagan. Minutes before I was prostituted to Reagan that evening, Aquino

ordered me into a closed side room where he very quickly had intercourse with me. When he finished ejaculating, he slapped me on the behind and disrespectfully said, "Take that to the Chief."

Earlier that day, Reagan instructed Aquino how to program me in keeping with "spin" programming depicted in the "How to" videos. "Program it," Reagan said, referring to me as though I were an object, "under number one. I like the number one. It's the first, the best, and it promotes confidence like 'I've won'," I observed Aquino giving him the intellectually disgusted look he reserved for anyone with the fortitude to make a suggestion to him, but tempered his reaction by giving some thought to the request. Since the "How to" videos showed the 6th revolution to "ignite the heat of hell" for sex, no one would suspect I had sex programming under the first revolution. It would take some modification of my initial programming, but Aquino was sold on the idea.

By programming me according to Reagan's instruction, Aquino would be able to provide added protection for Reagan whereby any program I was under at the time would immediately become replaced by Reagan's number one as quickly as I saw him. This effective safety measure infuriated Byrd the first time he saw me instantaneously switch out of his control in Reagan's presence.

Additionally, Reagan discussed how Aquino could use me on various military and government installations to provide "Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations" of the "latest advancements in training" by displaying the diversity of my "Presidential Model" programming. Reagan said the Hands On Demonstrations could "educate our boys in the military to the wonders of the mind-control phenomena." "Hands On" meant my sex programming would be used to "peak their interests and lock (bond) them in." After all, "entertaining the troops is a long time American tradition." Aquino did the programming, and Reagan began making arrangements for the demonstrations which brought me back around to Dick Cheney. Cheney would be acting in the capacity of my "Commander" for the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations and other covert operations from then on.

1. Since I had no concept of time under mind control, the '80s seemed like one long day to me, whereby discerning exact dates is extremely difficult. Furthermore, I was programmed to believe that every encounter with certain individuals was "the first time". I do know that I had been conditioned and programmed in preparation for Reagan since 1978 at NASA's Cape Canaveral in Titusville, Florida.

2. Reagan preferred illicit pornography videos such as bestiality, while his favorite pornographic magazine was Larry Flynt's Hustler.

3. Although Hollywood's Dante rivaled Larry Flynt for the title of "Chief Pornographer" producing video versions of Hustler's stills, Flynt was unequivocally the official White House Pornographer. Dante's covert filming of political perversion for blackmail purposes failed to gain him the international notoriety Flynt maintained through his New World Order colleagues such as Presidents Reagan, Bush, and Ford; CIA Director Bill

Casey; U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright; Senators Byrd and Specter; Congressmen Traffican and VanderJagt; Governors Thornburgh, Blanchard and Alexander; and various World Leaders such as Prime Minister of Canada Mulroney, President of Mexico de la Madrid, and Saudi Arabian King Fahd...to name a few...

4. Having been out of circulation since my rescue did not preclude my ability to "predict" winners according to political favors: from George Bush, Jr'S Texas Rangers to the Toronto Blue Jays' victory during the Canadian political heal of NAFTA.

CHAPTER 10: "COMMANDER" DICK CHENEY & REAGAN'S "HANDS ON MIND-CONTROL DEMONSTRATIONS"

Please note: In order to maintain the integrity of documenting my experiences using precise and photographic detail, I have recorded events and quotes as they occurred in reality. Please excuse any offensive and foul language, but this is the way Cheney presented himself. I was attending another White House cocktail party where, as usual, I was taken aside for a meeting and escorted to a large office. There, Reagan and Cheney were having their "before cocktail party" cognacs, and Reagan's cheeks were already flushed. He was in a hurry and quickly explained the purpose of the meeting,

"You're the kind of girl who could hold a man in line. (He was cryptically referring to the lines of military personnel I was forced to have sex with.)

That's why I've selected you to tour a few Air Force Bases with the Colonel (Aquino) and demonstrate for our boys in the service what a Presidential Model is trained for, a kind of 'hands on' demonstration. But you'll have to audition for the role." Reagan drained his glass and gestured toward Cheney as he strode for the door, adding, "Do what he says. He's your commander."

It had been eight years since I had been hunted and brutalized by Cheney in Wyoming, and apparently he wanted to see how my programming had progressed before agreeing to use me in Reagan's "Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations". He grabbed me roughly by the hair and slung me onto a black leather chair, tipping my head backwards over the high studded arm.

"Audition here," he snarled. Since I last saw him, I had undergone Wizard Of Oz Tin Man programming, which he accessed to accommodate his large, thick penis. He placed his hands on my jaw while he said, "Soon we'll have you purring like a well oiled machine. All of your moving parts are pivotal and gliding with ease. Melt into my hands. I'll hold your jaw to keep it from slipping while you slip through a window in lime." He then jerked my jaw out of joint, and roughly gratified himself in my throat.¹

As he lit his cigarette, I slowly regained focus enough to realize I was in pain. The back of my head hurt from being thrust into the studs on the chair, and I slowly lifted my head. My owner, Senator Byrd, had just walked in and realized Cheney had already completed the "audition". Referring to compartmentalizing my memory via stun gun high

voltage, Byrd asked, "Did you fry her?"

Cheney, 'cocksure' of himself as always, answered. "She can't have fucked all of Washington" (indicating that no one would believe me anyway, even if I did reach this point and talk). Cheney put out his cigarette and said as he went out the door, "She'll work. Tell Ronnie she'll work."

When Byrd saw that my lips were bleeding, he called Cheney a "son of a bitch" under his breath, as this damage would prevent my fulfilling other assignments that were planned for me. Byrd touched his finger to my swollen lips and tasted the blood (and Cheney) several times. Then he slapped me hard across the face, which re-aligned my jaw but caused more blood to flow down my chin. He took a box of tissues from the desk and threw it at me, the corner hitting me in the forehead. "Wipe yourself up. You're just getting started. I'll see to it you get what you've got coming to you."

Fortunately for me, Byrd had cause to return to the formal cocktail party and did not have time to brutalize me further. My face was battered, mouth torn, and my throat felt torn and stretched. I had difficulty swallowing for some time, and could not speak. I certainly was in no condition to return to the cocktail party, and was escorted out by agents/guards.

Before I could leave Washington, Byrd made good on his threat and arranged for me to meet with Cheney in a blue bedroom in a part of the White House so remote that "no one could hear my screams and moans". But Cheney implemented Oz theme "Silence" conditioning anyway as he proceeded to brutally sexually assault me.

"Byrd tells me you need a good whipping. But I'm not certain which instrument you prefer, so I brought them all." Cheney had a riding crop, a whip, and a cat-o-nine-tails laid out on the bed. He beat me quick and hard as though he were releasing his tensions rather than savoring my pain like Byrd did. I regained consciousness when Cheney slid a pillow under my neck, steered me by the hair, and bent my head back. Survival instinct kicked in when he positioned himself above my head, I hoped to satisfy him before he became deadly brutal again. But he quickly pulled out his liquid cocaine sprayer, sprayed my throat, then proceeded to get rough. At one point he yanked my head aside and asked, "Was that a tooth?" and grinned. It was imperative that I kept my teeth off him because, according to Aquino's programming instruction, I was subject to death if a tooth was ever felt by anyone. Cheney knew this was my programming and manipulated me with it often. I resumed "satisfying him as though my life depended upon it, because, of course, it did." This is another Aquino programming line Cheney knew and used. When he was gratified, he flopped over and slept. I had been instructed to leave immediately because Cheney absolutely did not want me near him when he slept (some insiders say he is paranoid), and I began dressing. I was escorted out.

In preparation for "running bases" for Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations, I underwent a great deal of programming by both Aquino and Cheney. Cheney laid the ground rules while Aquino carried out the programming detail and

performed the demonstration with me on various military and NASA installations.

Reagan wanted the demonstrations to include all programming depicted in the "How to" films, additional programming instilled since the videos were made, delivery of drugs when applicable, and sex according to Aquino's instruction with whomever/however many were present at the lecture. Cheney's personal "touch" to the demonstrations was to have me programmed to vaginally internally electric prod myself with a high voltage cylindrical cattle prod-truly an example of total mind control.

I was routinely escorted arm-in-arm "Oz style" by two agents to Cheney's downstairs office in the Pentagon. Sometimes Byrd took me in. Other times Cheney walked me through the building, particularly if we were going to his "Bunkhouse" personal quarters. Cheney's office was equipped with black leather furniture, a huge messy brown desk, massive book shelves, and an hour glass that he always used in keeping with Oz programming, to assure me that my life was on the line under his command. As a programmed MPD, I had no concept of time. The hour glass was a visible way for me to see "my time running out" and actually grasp the concept.

The first time I reported in, Cheney shuffled through the clutter on his desk, picked up a paper and began reading: "Number one. I am NOT your friend, and I don't want to see you unless I order you to report in. Number two. Follow the Colonel's (Aquino) orders, as it is the chain of command. What he orders you to do, is a command from me, follow it to the letter, as though your life depends upon it, because (he looked up and grinned wickedly) of course, it does." His cold eyes bore into mine as he walked around to the front of his desk, "Any questions?"

I knew he "was NOT my friend," but he already "saw me" sexually on other occasions. I was perplexed and hesitated. Even though I remained silent, Cheney sensed my hesitation and became enraged. He got up in my face, poked my breast bone with his finger and roared, "Don't even THINK to question anything I say! There is no question as to what I do, what I think, or what I say, because I am absolutely above questions-especially YOURS!! Your orders are clear. Now get out of here! I have work to do!"

Throughout the next three years, U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Aquino used me in the Hands On Demonstrations on numerous Army, Navy, Air Force, and NASA installations across the U.S. according to Reagan's plan and Cheney's orders. The Top Brass privy to the demonstrations ranged from three at a time to roughly twenty. In closing, Aquino always "persuaded" them to line up while I was forced to perform sexually on command with each one. The larger groups were physically painful, while the smaller groups often involved unapproved variance from the routine, such as revealing Reagan's bestiality perversions. The wide array of "switching" my personalities that Aquino incorporated into the demonstrations, and the vast amount of high voltage and torture to which I was subjected, left me exhausted and physically devastated for days after each one of Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations.

1. My jaw is permanently damaged From Cheney. I have chronic TMJ.

CHAPTER 11: "POPPA" PHILIP HABIB

My (CIA operative) handler, Alex Houston was scheduled to perform with country music entertainer Loretta Lynn at the Playboy Club in Atlantic City, New Jersey in the spring of 1985, and he admittedly did not want me there for the performance. He explained that after his show, he intended to "dress up like a carrot as lunch for the Bunnies" and I would only be in his way. But I had White House business to attend with a different land of "rabbit". Reagan had arranged for me to meet with his personal attache", Philip Habib (now deceased), who always played the cryptic role of the Alice In Wonderland White Rabbit to mind-controlled slaves. Houston had no choice but to take me along once the orders came down.

CIA operative Ken Riley, the Neo-Nazi pedophile who functioned in the capacity of Loretta Lynn's road manager and Project Monarch Mind-Control handler, was Alex Houston's closest friend. Riley often made arrangements through Loretta's and Houston's shared talent agent, Reggie Maclaughlin, for all of us to travel together particularly when it involved government covert operations such as this Playboy Club gig did. Loretta's singing career and political ties into CIA covert operations have always been synonymous. Riley escorted her in and out of the White House on numerous occasions during the Reagan Administration, By natural attrition, this put Riley in a secondary role as a "backup" handler for me as he often returned from D.C. with orders for and/or concerning me. Houston and Riley shared much: CIA covert operations, country music interests, Neo-Nazi and U.S. Government mind control, Project Monarch methodologies, slave running¹, pornography, cocaine, and pedophile activities. Kelly and Riley's young daughter were often filmed pornographically together, and endured the sexual assaults of Houston and Riley² together on numerous occasions.

This trip to Atlantic City provided me an opportunity to talk with Loretta while her husband, Mooney, Riley and Houston met for business. Loretta and I had so much in common that our time together had been restricted from the time we met in Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1981 and discussed our victimizations.³ While alone in Loretta's dressing room at the Playboy Club, we discussed a wide range of topics from motherhood to the White House. We talked about Reagan in terms of his role as The Wizard Of Oz, but mostly we recited the general praises we were trained to say. We talked about Reagan's "favorite" music by Air Supply, which he had supplied to us both via Riley.

Air Supply's cryptic NASA/Project Monarch theme recordings became "life and breath" to us both according to Reagan's intention, which locked in our programmed devotion for him. We discussed the recent Inauguration party Loretta had attended at the White House. (I was aware she had entertained there as Houston relayed information to Riley pertaining to his recent trip to Panama to meet with Panamanian Dictator and CIA operative Manuel Noriega in order that Riley deliver the information to Reagan during the Inauguration party.)

Loretta and I switched personalities spontaneously as we inadvertently triggered each other with the shared cryptic language to which we were accustomed. We discussed forbidden subjects including Noriega and Byrd until J Riley and Houston caught us and separated us as though we were a couple of naughty kids. I learned more than I was supposed to about Loretta while in Atlantic City, but was never permitted another opportunity to speak with her so freely.

This trip to Atlantic City was multi-purpose, which was not unusual for government operations in which I was forced to participate. I had a major cocaine transaction involving Noriega to attend at the airport; a message to deliver to Philip Habib pertaining to the Contras, and another programmed in by Habib in answer to Reagan; country music "entertainment" aspects; and prostitution to Habib according to Reagan's instruction.⁴

As the sun was setting over Atlantic City, Houston activated the Project Monarch Oz programming that was used for high level covert operations, and had me dress accordingly. I wore real and faux diamonds to signify my "Presidential Model" business role, rubies to signify my Oz programmed prostitution personality, and emeralds to signify my Oz programmed drug business. This physically indicated to my contact(s) which mode of operation I was under at the time. Rarely did I wear all three indicators at once, but they certainly applied in this operation with Habib. Houston led me down the waterfront boardwalk toward the hotel casino where I was to meet Habib, walking like the Oz Scarecrow and singing, "Follow the Yellow Brick Road", Houston led me up the elaborate escalators of the hotel to a high stakes gambling area where Habib was playing cards. The guard at the door did not let Houston through, and I was sent to Habib's table on my own. When I approached, Habib leaned back in his chair to hear while I quietly recited in Oz cryptic, "I've come such a long, long way to see you, Uncle Ronnie sent you something."

"What would that be?" he asked loudly as he leered at me and chuckled. I could not respond because I was under heavy program. He handed me his room key and pulled me close as he hypnotically whispered, "Use the key. Put it in the lock. Turn. Open the door, and step through a window in time." The other gamblers at Habib's table were getting impatient, and I quickly exited the gambling room.

When I arrived in Habib's room, two of his bodyguards accessed my programming. "Chiefly speaking," I began reciting Reagan's message.

Arrangements were made for the two guards to pick up a fair sized shipment of cocaine the next morning that was arriving on a small military "brass" airplane.

Houston and I would then board the plane and fly to D.C. where I would complete my part of this operation;

When Habib arrived, he ushered me into the bedroom part of the suite and began

disrobing, down to his boxer shorts and gartered socks. Referring to a recent Dante porn film I was used in, he said, "I liked your ruffled tennis panties..." then threw me a pink teddy and ruffled panties resembling the tennis outfit commanding, "Put it on." I complied. He threw me a stuffed toy cat on the pillows and explained, "That kitten is going to keep this Kitten (pointing to me) from screaming. We're going to play Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum."

(S&M games) Habib physically resembled the violent Alice In Wonderland characters, especially in his boxer shorts. The hysterical controlled laughter that rose in my throat would only have intensified his abuse and was (fortunately) choked back by terror as he begun attaching heavy rope ties to the four posters of the bed. On command, I crawled onto the bed and lay on my stomach while he tied me so tightly I was stretched. He shoved the stuffed cat under my mouth, then entered me roughly from behind and said, "Come to Poppa". The intense pain as he brutally sodomized me was outweighed by a high voltage stun gun as he jolted me repeatedly to create the perverse jerking movements and rectal muscle constrictions he desired. I soon passed out from the blinding high voltage of his stun gun. It was nearly 3:00 AM when I stumbled out the door with the stuffed cat in my hands, nauseated, disoriented, and in extreme pain. The cool, ocean breeze helped revive me as Houston marched me back to the Playboy Club.

Houston knew I had been programmed with a message for Reagan that I would deliver the next morning in D.C. As usual, he began to access it immediately. His quick timing somehow permitted him to penetrate the electricity and programmed codes (designed to keep the information repressed) and accessed the information. Houston kept a written record of any messages he was able to access (along with photos and ledgers) for his personal profit and future blackmailing purposes, should he need to protect himself. In this case, I surmise from Houston's Panama activities, conversations I overheard between him and Riley, and my recollection of the messages he accessed, that his purpose in extracting this information was for his personal profit in backdoor dealings with Noriega. I understood it was these kinds of dealings that eventually contributed to Noriega's downfall with the CIA.

Morning arrived before I was allowed to sleep, and I felt exhausted and "spacey" as I waited by the curb for Habib's bodyguards to pick Houston and me up and take us to the airport. A small military airplane was parked in a restricted fenced in area as we arrived at the airport. The two bodyguards conducted their business and quickly loaded the trunk with the bundles of cocaine as planned. Houston and I boarded the airplane and flew to Washington, D.C. where I delivered Habib's message to Reagan. The bank transaction numbers later checked out to be a Cayman Island account number.

Philip Habib was directly involved in various DIA/CIA Operations I was forced to participate in throughout the Reagan/Bush Administrations, Although Dick Cheney maintained his role as my Commander for these Operations, Habib directed my actions where International "Diplomatic Relations" were concerned, Cheney orchestrated events from behind his desk, whereas Habib was active in the field as Reagan's

attache'.

The following Operations, documented in their entirety from my experience perspective only, most likely involve other aspects to which I am not privy. In typical DIA/CIA manner, scam "need to know" information resulted in the "left hand not knowing what the right hand was doing." Nevertheless, the overall criminal purpose of Operation Carrier Pigeon and Operation Shell Game, documented herein, does not change.

1. Riley, over time, owned several slaves.
2. Riley, like my father, Wayne Cox, and other, remains apparently immune from prosecution for his crimes against children and humanity, as it is considered a matter of "National Security" under the 1984 Reagan Amendment to the National Security Act.
3. I still have the handwritten note from Loretta that prompted out forbidden conversation and I hope that someday Loretta will gain the piece/peace-of-mind that comes with rehabilitation.
4. In the course of deprogramming, I found retrieval of this information much quicker than it would have been had Houston not accessed it previously, against government policy, and for his own personal gain.

CHAPTER 12: OPERATION CARRIER PIGEON

The term "Pigeon" is one with which I have been familiar since the early 1980s when I first began delivering messages between my "owner" Senator Byrd and Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA operative, Jose Busto. Houston had simply explained to me then, as we fed the flock of pigeons roosting at the Old San Juan Cathedral, that Pigeons were used as messengers. The DIA's U.S.

Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino often activated my Pigeon programming during the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations.

Dick Cheney further defined the term "Pigeon" when I learned of Operation Carrier Pigeon in the mid '80s. He said, "You have been selected from the flock (of programmed slaves) for the Carrier Pigeon Operation for the purpose of carrying messages from point A to point B as ordered. Pigeons, once they fly the coop, find no freedom in flight, but carry out their task of delivering their message from point A to point B by the shortest possible route預 direct route. I will direct your route and you will deliver messages as ordered."

But no one defined my role as a Pigeon more eloquently than President Reagan during the course of Operation Carrier Pigeon.

The cryptic "pigeon language" utilized by all participants in the operation was intermixed with The Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, and "Genie in the Bottle" cryptic

programming themes. While Pigeon meant messenger, "Carrier Pigeon" referred to the U.S. Air Force aircraft that actually transported the arms and drugs. "Pigeon Droppings" included the sometimes multi-national dispersal of the arms and drugs after they reached their destination. "Pigeon Holing" meant covering up the criminal activity. These definitions, as I understood them then and understand them now, may well include deeper, more diverse meanings than I have perceived.

Habib's favorite programming theme was Alice In Wonderland, Through The Looking Glass due to its international recognition and relation to the ultraeffective NASA mirror, time, and infinity space programs for instantly dissociating programmed participants. He habitually spoke in Alice In Wonderland cryptic language, and even used it for sex as was evidenced by his Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum brutal games of perversion. Due to Habib's orchestration of Operation Carrier Pigeon, this CIA covert operation was littered with Wonderland mirror themes from beginning to end.

My CIA handler, Alex Houston had just returned from a brief solo trip "to Florida" with an elaborately wrapped box. "it's from a friend of yours," he told me as he handed me the box. "Let's go into the bedroom so you can unwrap it and see it through the "Looking Class'." Cryptically triggered, I mechanically walked to the bedroom as ordered.

I removed the silver metallic bow and wrappings from the box and Found an expensive, elegant dress made of an unusual shimmery silver fabric. A sheet of plain white stationary written in Philip Habib's recognizable shaded blue script lay on top of the dress. It read:

The heat you radiated when we last met
melted my mirror.
I had it made into a dress just for you,
cut to accentuate your figure
so that when you melt into it,
You lose yourself into the pool of liquid mirror.
Step into the Looking Glass
Sink deep within its pool
and straddle dimensions in time.
I'll see you there...
along with my friends.

It was signed: "Passionately, Phil Habib," with his name written upside down under a line as though it were a mirror reflection.

Houston knew there would be a note, and ordered "Let me see your note," snatching it from my hands. He gestured toward the dress. "Go ahead and try it on while I read this note. Now let's see, what does it say? 'Come to Poppa'?"

I took the dress from the box. It did not feel like anything I'd ever felt before. It was cold like satin, but thin like silk. I started crying quietly, afraid that Habib would somehow

show up if I had it on.

"Put it on and I'll zip you in," Houston said as he took another note from his wallet and read it as I undressed:

There's a pair of magic shoes to wear with your dress,
Something in-lightening,
to transport you faster than the ol' ruby slippers (Oz)
The shoes, like the dress, are made just for you,
and when you wear them you'll be fit for a King,
I'll send them for you at the appropriate time.

Houston tucked the note back in his wallet, "See. You're not going anywhere now. You'll meet him at the White House when you have shoes to wear with it. Just slip it on."

I did. Houston accessed Habib's Wonderland brutal sex programming for his own gratification. Afterwards I hung the dress in Kelly's closet with my other trigger-significant clothes; out of sight, out of mind. Until the shoes arrived...

Habib "sent the shoes for me" soon afterward. They were shiny black with what appeared to be silver lightening bolts down the high heels and sides. In place of dinner that night, Houston gave me a "Wonderland Wafer" (MDHMAXTC CIA designer drug "Ecstasy"). The wafer, like all those supplied by Habib, bore his trademark that read "Eat me". I began to prepare for the night out as instructed. Houston zipped me into the dress, and turned me to face the mirror. As I slipped into the shoes, Houston took another note from Habib out of his pocket and read:

Something in-lightening to tranceport you faster than the ol' ruby slippers.
Click your heels together (I obeyed) and be there in a snap.
Electrifying-with the rumble of thunder.
Boiling through time
So you won't be late for a very important date.

Houston hit me with his stun gun and I passed out. He then drove me to the Nashville airport where I boarded a small plane to Washington, D.C.

I found myself at the White House with Byrd, attending another small cocktail party of about 20-30 people. After we spoke with Reagan, Byrd pointed me in the direction of Philip Habib and sent me over to him. My eyes were locked on Habib's as he hypnotically said:

Melt into your melted mirror
for an electrifying ride.
Look deep into the black
of my melting mirror eyes,
See you reflecting me, reflecting you,

reflecting me--you-me--you-me
until we melt together and sink deep
into the other side.

Habib took me to a quieter spot in an adjoining room and held up another wonderland Wafer as he said in Alice In Wonderland cryptic, "Welcome to Wonderland, Kitten. This is a very important date. I haven't time to explain.?"

He gave me the wafer and continued, "Eat it, and I'll take you through the door."

Habib took me by the hand and led me to the doorway of another room. It was a dining room of sorts where an informal array of guests was gathered. As soon as Habib appeared in the doorway, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia quickly excused himself from the table and approached. He was wearing a multicolored robe and headwear with a black-brown rope band. I was instantly repulsed by his "wicked" lecherous gaze, I stepped back into the other room in fear. Habib introduced him. "This is one of 'my friends' I mentioned in my letter."

I robotically responded, "It's a pleasure to meet you" and extended my hand as taught in Charm School. Fahd bent over to kiss my hand. As he did, his evil black eyes bore into mine as he softly said, "Your beauty warms my embers. See them glowing deep within the darkness of my eyes-igniting into flame-black flame." He laughed wickedly at the effect of his use of NASA hypnotic conditioning, Habib slapped him on the shoulder as though they knew each other well and there were no formalities between them and asked, "Am I right? Is that fit for a King?"

The three of us went into another room that appeared to be a guest bedroom that Habib was occupying. He closed the door and told me, "Diplomatic relations are very important. You know the old saying 'when in Rome do as Romans do'. Well, he's a King. Get on your knees. His wish is your command. Satisfy his deepest wishes. It's your turn for a magic carpet ride, so turn your Genie free."

Fahd was sitting in a chair by a coffee table. As I knelt on the carpet in front of him, his piercing black eyes seemed to stab into my brain like swords.

I could not turn away. He stroked my neck with his index finger, activating oral sex programming. "I have heard about you and am intent on having you."

Somehow he found the slit in his robes and parted it as he continued, "Come into my tent- A feast has been spread for you." He spread his legs and exposed his penis 熔 of the nastiest I had ever seen 様 like a black nightcrawler worm that smelled and tasted strongly of spice. Habib watched as I carried out my orders, much to the pleasure of Fahd. Then Habib went to the chest of drawers and began pulling out his electric prod and bondage equipment as he explained. "Now let me introduce you to my other 'friend'. I need to bottle up a message with your Genie and send it out to sea. You know what to do. Begin undressing now."

I did as I was told and lay on my stomach on the bed while Habib sodomized me. He used his electric prod equipment and programmed me with a message to deliver to General Manuel Noriega while on an upcoming NCL cruise.

I was at sea on board an NCL cruise ship bound for their private island in the Bahamas, Stirrup Cay, which was to be my rendezvous point with Noriega, "Bottled up" in my mind through the recent 'Genie in the Bottle' programming, was a cryptic message from King Fahd to Noriega. It was a moonless night whereby the Caribbean waters appeared as black as the night. I could not distinguish the sky from the sea in accordance with NASA hypnotic conditioning. I gazed, totally entranced, from the rear of the cruise ship.

Houston used the opportunity to hypnotically enhance Habib's previous programming, while traumatizing me with the threat of being thrown overboard.

The thought of "treading water in the inky blackness while the lights of the ship fade further-and further--away-until all is black and I sink-to the depths of the sea" did not seem so horrible in light of the fact that I was to be the bearer of bad news to Noriega in the morning.

Upon arrival to NCL's Stirrup Cay, Houston and I began our usual walking trek to the farthest end of the island where the CIA operations radio station and equipment were located. In a hidden cove on the island's back side was a smaller island of sufficient size to conceal Noriega's personal yacht, anchored behind it. As Houston and I made our way along the cove's beach, we came upon an old wooden boat half buried in the sand and a man sitting beside it.

Because I was in a different personality, I did not recognize the man as my contact who ran the Stirrup Cay control tower for drug trafficking and covert activity. I asked him how he got there. He began his charade, which, due to the depths of my trance, I believed in its literal text, while Houston heard quite a different story:

"I shipwrecked." John (the name I called him) pointed to the boat half buried in the sand, "That's all that is left of my boat."

I asked, "Why haven't you been rescued?"

He cryptically replied, "I sent a message in a bottle and I expect a response real soon. Good thing I had these coconuts (he was carving one) and all that 'sugar' in the hull to sustain me."

Houston laughed, immediately realizing that 'sugar' meant cocaine and said, surprised, "In the hull?" as he bent down to look inside the wreck. I looked, too. There was more white cocaine and (dark) cocaine paste than I could mule (carry) in one walking haul, even with both of my tote bags full. But I could not comprehend reality in the midst of this charade, and therefore commented that he was fortunate that both the "white and

brown sugar" had made it through the wreck.

Houston said, "So, they cast you away, huh?"

My contact laughed and sniffed, "Yeah, cast me away with all that 'sugar'葉hat's nothing to sniff at." He looked up as Houston informed him a speedboat was approaching, I looked out across the cove beyond the little island and finally noticed Noriega's yacht. A "black mirror" finish speed boat, which matched the upper smoke glass windows of Noriega's yacht, was approaching.

John told me, "Probably has something to do with that message I sent. Help me wave him in." I did. He handed me a coconut and, using it as a scramble and excuse for me to join him on Noriega's yacht, persuaded me to board the speed boat with him. Houston stayed behind to guard the cocaine that had obviously already been delivered from Noriega's yacht.

When we pulled up to the rear of the yacht, I was helped on board by Noriega's armed guards. I noticed there did not seem to be any big parties going on as was customary, and Noriega seemed unusually abrupt and businesslike. He was not drunk this time. Upon command from John, I delivered Fahd's message:

"I am under command to deliver a message from King Fahd. The Caribbean is becoming volatile. Trouble in Jamaica, Trouble in Cuba, Even trouble in Panama. Dominican Republic must be launching point for missiles and artillery that are being channeled though Cuba. Concluding arms deal, Carrier Pigeon must be detained until all transactions are cleared. Banco de Panama to receive Contra Aid after all steps leading to me have been swept away by the shifting sands (of Lime), and all pigeon droppings pigeon holed.

Our business is concluded. Let us part on friendly terms," My personal perceptions of history as it happened in reality remains somewhat distorted, as I had no access to "news" outside of my mind-controlled environment. In order to keep my memory retrieval free of contamination, I completed the deprogramming process before "educating" myself through books.

And news. I have since learned that what was reported as news was often distorted propaganda, and many events were never reported at all. Therefore, I do not know of the "troubles in Jamaica and Cuba" to which King Fahd referred. I was aware, however, that due to outside scrutiny, Houston had recently met with Jamaican officials in Kingston pertaining to ceasing the long standing criminal covert operations. As for Cuba, I only knew that I was no longer meeting with my Cuban contact. In Panama, I knew Noriega himself was the object of controversy. The "arms deal" was the final stage of Operation Carrier Pigeon where the planes were to wait in Saudi Arabia until all bank transactions were cleared and the load was ready for disbursement. Saudi Arabian King Fahd would then fund the Contras via Noriega for Reagan after all evidences had been properly covered up曜ust as he had done in Afghanistan.

After the shipment, there would be no further deals through Noriega involving Fahd, because Noriega could no longer be trusted. Besides, Fahd had increased diplomatic relations with Mexico for covert operations, and Iran-Contra was just beginning to heat up.

Noriega did not seem to be upset by the news of losing Saudi Arabian business, although he was somber and took some time to respond. His translator was working over some complex computer equipment after I delivered the message. I left Noriega's yacht with John and a brief message for Dick Cheney at the Pentagon.

Back on Stirrup Cay, Houston was anxiously waiting to begin transporting the cocaine back to the party area of the island. There, NCL workers were cleaning up from the cruise ship's beach party cookout, which was NCL's excuse to stop the ship. After I muled the first heavy load of cocaine in my tote sacks, Houston approached one worker familiar with the drug operation and informed him we had a heavier load than usual and needed to make another trip.

The worker directed us to a huge empty food container used for transporting cook out supplies from the ship, and gave us the key. We locked the first load in the container, and I took my empty tote sacks, plus another straw bag back.

for another haul. With the second load, Houston even carried some cocaine himself. We had to run quite a distance through the island woods in an attempt to make it back to the ship's shuttle before scheduled departure time. When we arrived, the beach was nearly deserted, as all the passengers had been taken back to the ship. All that remained was the food container and the NCL worker who was hurrying us onto the shuttle and on board the ship, which was waiting for us.

When the cruise ship docked at the Port of Miami, Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA operative Jose Busto was acting as a U.S. Immigrations officer (commissioned by the Drug Enforcement Agency through the CIA), which he often did for NCL. Busto helped us clear ship undetected with the large load of cocaine. The drugs were packed into suitcases, then loaded into Houston's specially made motor home which was parked in NCL's guarded, restricted parking lot. Most of the cocaine was dropped off as usual at Warner Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, to be distributed to destinations unknown to me. The money generated by the sale of cocaine was supposedly used to fund a major arms shipment into Saudi Arabia. These weapons were reportedly distributed among several neighboring countries. The profits were then relayed into Reagan's Contra Cause.

A large quantity of cocaine was retained by Houston for his own use and delivery for personal profit through his country music industry contacts. Some of the cocaine would be delivered by me to Saudi Arabian Ambassador, Prince Bandar Bin Sultan, Fahd's own "Homing Pigeon".

I carried a message from Warner Robbins Air Force Base in addition to the message from Noriega agreeing to Fahd's terms back to Dick Cheney at the Pentagon. Cheney then prepared me for the final phase of the operation. This was a meeting with Prince Bandar (who Cheney, Houston, and others referred to as Sultan) in Nashville, Tennessee where he often visited corrupt friends.

There, I would relay a message of agreement to Fahd's terms between Noriega and the U.S., as well as confirm all Air Force flights (Carrier Pigeons) and bank transactions. In turn, Fahd's "Homing Pigeon" would relay the messages to Fahd so that the seemingly long running drugs for arms deals would draw to a successful conclusion.

Dick Cheney cautioned me, "Sultan will be in Nashville having dinner with friends at the Stockyard." (The Stockyard was a popular country music dinner club known for its CIA criminal covert activity involvement.) Cheney glanced at the list on his desk and continued, "Among others, those friends would be (Mayor) Fulton¹ and (Sheriff) Thomas.² They are considered a threat to the operation. They're not discrete. Thomas in particular is not to be trusted--he's an ass and too crooked. So, Sultan must leave the table before the message is delivered. Any questions? Good."

I certainly had no questions this time. I did not need him to caution me about Nashville's Mayor Richard Fulton whom Houston had prostituted me to, and Sheriff Fate Thomas. I had known the pair for years, had been cautioned about them before, and had no respect for them at all. Together Thomas and Fulton had indiscreetly perpetuated the total corruption that had permeated Nashville's \$2.8 billion country music industry, which ran the city of Nashville.

They ran the city's business from a bar^葉the Stockyard-while they drank and openly used cocaine. If I had had the capacity to wonder, I would have wondered what a "Homing Pigeon" so critical to the conclusion of this international criminal covert operation was doing with such low level sleaze.

As it was, I could only sense relief at not having to deal with them, too.

Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's reputation for sex and drugs was widely known in Nashville. But much of my information pertaining to his activities came from one of my closest Project Monarch friends. She is an entertainer's daughter who was prostituted regularly to Sultan when he was in town, which was often.

When Cheney was through with me, Byrd escorted me to the White House to see Reagan, who also cautioned me about the Prince. Reagan was aware of Habib's having activated me sexually with King Fahd, and made it clear that my scheduled rendezvous with Prince Bandar would not include the usual sex.

Reagan joked in Byrd's presence, "Birds (Byrds) may well be eaten by a Kitten. (Reagan's pet name for me), but not Homing Pigeons. Homing Pigeons taste foul." Byrd laughed. Reagan continued, "Homing Pigeons have one purpose. Passing messages.

Throughout history world leaders have passed messages to and from each other by way of pigeons. Messages that have set the course of events that have altered the course of history. Homing Pigeons are loyal and dedicated to their task, flying over seas, yet never pausing long enough to even quench their thirst-giving no thought to their own needs. When a pigeon is released, he takes a direct course to his destination. Dedicated to delivering the very messages on which history was founded. Why, even Noah relied on a pigeon to traverse the seas to bring back a message of hope. It is your duty to attach an added message to the Homing Pigeon-one of peace, from our homeland to his: One from the President of the United States to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, ... (Omitted due to international ramifications.)"

Byrd was visibly inspired by the speech. I was literally saved by the bell from another boring, long winded recitation that Reagan had just inspired in Byrd when Cheney telephoned me back to his office. It was still morning and Cheney had appeared very busy, hurried, and irritable when I had seen him just a short time earlier. My heart was heavy in expectant anticipation of the physical and sexual brutality Cheney's moods normally incited. Yet I was relieved to escape the torturous "picture painting" competition that experience had taught me Byrd and Reagan were about to embark on. My heart lightened when my escort left me at Cheney's office and I noticed his foul mood had changed dramatically.

"I understand you ordered me to report in, Sir." Cheney looked up from his desk where he was shuffling through papers and tying up loose ends before leaving his office.

"Sit down." he ordered, "I just got word that the Genie in the Bottle 'Castaway' Operation is complete and I intend to pop a cork or two of my own in celebration of its successful conclusion. I have time on my hands and want you to join me. The bunkhouse is being prepared..." Cheney apparently thought of something, went to the door and told the guy who had escorted me, "Make sure there's some Wonderland Wafers in the bunkhouse," He walked to his desk, picked up the phone and said, "I'm outta here" into it and slammed it down. I followed Cheney out the door, and we turned to the right rather than the left outside his office and walked to his personal quarters referred to as the bunkhouse. It was decorated in Cheney's western style in browns and tans, with leather furniture. There was no food (maybe some nuts stashed somewhere), but plenty of bottles of alcohol.

I was swollen and bleeding vaginally, the bottom of my shirt was soaked in blood, and my belly hurt deep inside when my escort finally came for me early the next morning. Staying around Cheney while he slept was as deadly a mistake as removing his clothes or questioning him-it was forbidden. This time he broke his own rule, and did not even punish me for it when morning arrived. He had spent so many hours drinking alcohol and using his enormous penis as an assault weapon that he passed out shortly before my escort arrived.

As I walked into the hall, I doubled over from pain. My escort turned to Cheney and remarked, "Christ, Cheney".

Cheney lifted his head and proudly slurred, "Now you know why they call it 'Dick'".

Back in Tennessee, my CIA-paid gynecologist, who knew I was under mind control, covered for my abusers as usual and wrote me a prescription for swelling and pain, I was still in pain and ill from my exposure to Dick Cheney and his high voltage torture and brutal sex when Houston drove me to Nashville's Stockyard Nightclub for my rendezvous with Prince Bandar Bin Sultan.

A waitress led me to the Saudi Arabian Ambassador's table where he was drinking with Mayor Fulton, Sheriff Thomas, and Metro Police Chief Joe Casey.³ I approached him and said, "If you please, Sir (Oz), I am under command to deliver a message to you from the Pentagon. There is to be no horse play (sex games). We must get down to business." There was laughter from everyone at the table. I continued. "My message is brief and I only need a moment of your time away from your dinner."

The Prince's face grew more serious and we left the table. He touched the waitress' arm and she pointed to a door across the hall that led to an empty room. We stood just inside the room, and I quickly delivered my Pigeon cryptic message:

"The Carrier Pigeon (Air Force airplane) will take flight... and will keep its promise (the agreed load) while all transactions (both bank and distribution) are procured through the designated diplomatic channels (Habib.) Your bonus, one crystal, three cuts await you. The President of the United States gives his word to King Fahd: ..."

He told me his driver would meet me out from of the Stockyard and instructed me to put the cocaine in the back, I left the building to rejoin Houston at the car in order that the cocaine could be delivered. A white stretch limousine was pulled up in front of the Stockyard; Chief Casey's assigned Metro Police Officers guarded the area, and the cocaine was transferred into the back seat of the Prince's limo. Houston and I immediately left the area. My part in Operation Carrier Pigeon was concluded.

1. Richard Fulton and his bank were under Federal investigation as of 1991.
2. Fate Thomas is currently serving time in a Federal penitentiary for bribery and extortion.
3. Recently under Federal investigation for corruption.

CHAPTER 13: OPERATION SHELL GAME

Sometime prior to the death of CIA Chief William Casey, I was in Washington, D.C. for a briefing on Operation Shell Game. Iran-Contra was politically explosive at this time, and U.S. Senator Allen Simpson (R.Wyoming) had a plan to set Panamanian General Manuel Noriega up to take the fall for cocaine aspects of the investigation. Noriega had become yet another source of embarrassment to the Reagan-Bush Administration. The

need to convince him to be discrete about his involvement in U.S. criminal covert activities had reached alarming proportions. Noriega had been an intricate part of arming the Nicaraguan Contras for Reagan, as well as an international hub in the cocaine operations that funded the black budgets for ultra secret projects such as Project Monarch. My CIA operative handler, Alex Houston's shadowy back door drug dealings with Panama further exemplified the kind of "honor among thieves" rules that Noriega routinely and openly violated. My role, my "Contra-bution," was but a small part of the over all picture. Nevertheless, Operation Shell Game was one of the more significant and informative covert operations in which J had been forced to participate.

My role began one cold, rainy day when Houston dropped me off at the Washington Monument where I was met by two agents, who triggered me to go with them by flashing their IDs. They escorted me to the large White House office where T had first met Cheney to "audition" for the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations some years before. As usual, Cheney and Reagan were drinking, this time to excess for so early in the day. Reagan's cheeks were flushed and his voice slurred as he greeted me, "Well, hello, Kitten. Dick and I were just discussing the plight of the Contras since this Ollie North thing broke out." Cheney's alcoholic foul mood was immediately apparent. He was agitated as usual at Reagan's informality in my presence. Apparently I had come in during a serious discussion about tran-Contra as Reagan's mood was more somber than I had ever seen it. He took a drink and looked out the window. "Americans believe in their country-baseball, hot dogs, and Ollie North." Cheney snorted a laugh at what seemed to be an ongoing joke between them about "hot dogs and Ollie North". Reagan continued, "And I believe in the Contra cause and all that we have accomplished. And I'm damn proud of it!

It's not 'Law and Order'. No, it's Order and then Law. Order must come first because without it, law would be ineffective. Sometimes we must rise above and beyond the law to establish that order (he glanced seriously at Cheney) for a new (world) order. As President, that is my responsibility. Establish order through democracy by spreading democracy throughout the world. With order, there is peace. Right now in Nicaragua the people are crying out for democracy, for peace, and I cannot turn a deaf ear to them. Not even in view of Ollie North's troubles. True Americans know he is a hero. That's why we must rise above the law to establish order by fulfilling the wishes, the hopes, the dreams of those brave men fighting for freedom by doing our part in spreading democracy." Reagan was gesturing into the air, apparently lost in the poetry of his own ranting.

Cheney lost patience and jumped from his chair to sneer at me and poke his finger in my chest while he said, "Order is all that matters, and you're going to follow mine."

Reagan turned back to us. "I'm glad you brought that up, pick. Kitten, you have a role in establishing this order With the same patriotic passion that burned in your bosom for the freedom fighters of Afghanistan, you will carry out your orders for the Contras. Dick will define your role and provide you with all you need and all you need to know from the ol' Wizard's bag in the basement (Oz programming in Cheney's Pentagon office). So, you

run along now and do as he commands."

Senator Allen Simpson was in Cheney's office when we arrived. Cheney flipped over the hour glass to let me know my life was on the line according to Oz programming. Cheney gestured to Simpson and began, "Operation Shell Game is Simpson's brain child, so he's master of the game and he's going to teach you the rules. The objective of the game is to see 'who's left holding the goods'. Pointing to Simpson, he commanded, "Listen to 'im", Simpson stood up and began cryptically talking. "You are going on a 'Princes' Cruise' (Noriega's Yacht). The Baby's Ear Shell is your pass key. I will provide you with yours at the appropriate time." He took the "shell" out of his wallet. It was approximately 1 1/2 inches long and was translucent pink, shaped and detailed exactly like a baby's car. Simpson noticed the relief cross my face as I realized it was not a real baby's ear. He smiled. "These are but empty shells of the life they once possessed. Like you are-empty and void of life. A shell. In one ear and out the other. I have your ear now LISTEN, If they hold the pass key, you listen. When you hold the pass key, you speak. In one ear and out the other-never again to be retrieved," He returned the shell to his wallet and continued, "Listen. Follow orders. The Colonel (Aquino) will be there and you will follow his orders and provide a demonstration Hands On style for the General (Noriega). It will be different, yet the same, so follow the Colonel's orders closely."

Cheney roughly grabbed my hair and pulled my head back, got right in my face and said, "Or, I'll get her, my pretty, your little girl. Follow orders as though her life depends upon it because it does. Or the next baby's ear will be taken from Kelly. So listen. When you see the baby's ear, you will listen," He spun my head in the direction of the hourglass as he released my hair. He was sneering and Simpson looked as though he thought Cheney overdid it. I was relieved it would not be my job to "soothe Cheney's savage beast" sexually that day.

Cheney look me back to the White Rouse office where we had started. He and Reagan shared another drink. Reagan patted my hair back in place where Cheney had pulled it, which made me feel safe somehow since I could not comprehend that he was behind my ordeal with Cheney. Reagan switched my personality to where I no longer regarded him as "Chief," but instead as "Uncle Ronnie", He did this by reaching into his Jelly Belly jar and giving me one.

Certain colors and flavors triggered certain programmed responses. Uncle Ronnie must have had other "Kittens" conditioned to the military green watermelon ones because he kept an excess amount of these in his numerous jars.

Cheney said, "How in the hell you drink cognac and eat those goddamn jelly beans is beyond me.

Reagan responded, "Well, Dick, you don't have to have a Jelly Belly if you don't want to. I was just giving one to Kitten, here."

"Damn right I don't have to have a Jelly Belly, but you're going to have a jelly belly if you

keep that shit up." Cheney finished his drink.

Reagan chuckled, "Now, you know I watch my figure.."

"Figure this," Cheney interrupted. "What are you going to do with the Contras?" Cheney slammed down his drink and headed for the door, "Exactly what I've been doing." Reagan turned to me, "C'mon, Kitten, Let's take a walk, I need my evening constitutional," Reagan was in no mood for sex, and it was a relief to be away from Cheney, He took me outside for a walk in his "Secret Garden," where he said he goes to "think and solve the world's problems". We walked down a cement path he referred to as a "Yellow Brick Road". After sitting quietly on a cement bench for awhile, he said, "If you follow the Yellow Brick Road, it leads right to the Wizard's lair-the Oval Office, How would you like to see where Uncle Ronnie really solves the world's problems?" I felt like a little girl with her daddy going to see where he works with no real concept of the experience. The guard at the Oval Office door ensured I was returned to my escorts when Reagan was through "sneaking me in" to his office. I was then taken back to Washington Monument where Houston was waiting in the car as though T had never been gone at all.

Operation Shell Game brought me back in touch with former President Gerald Ford early one misty fall morning. Ford's continued relationships with my abusers had given me cause to remain in touch with him throughout the years; particularly since he and my father were still jointly active in the Michigan organized crime drugs and pornography operation that had launched me into Project Monarch so many years before.

Ford was about to embark on a game of golf with my father on the otherwise "Closed for the Season" golf course next to my father's expensive house in affluent Grand Haven, Michigan. My brother, Mike, was with my father and me as we rendezvoused at the Club House with Ford and the Secret Service personnel assigned to him. Ford told my father he would "catch up with him and Mike at the third hole" and to "leave us to our business". I was maintained in "Silence" until Ford and I were out of range of the Secret Service men, and I recited a message from Reagan instilled prior to the Shell Game, "If you please, Sir," I began in Oz cryptic, "I have a message for you from Uncle Ronnie. It's a 'humming telegram' (oral sex game) to see if you agree that our National Anthem should be changed to America the Beautiful," (Reagan was actually serious about changing our National Anthem.)

Ford responded, "We may have to see about that later. First, we've got some other 'holes' to attend before the sun gets up any higher," As he teed up his golf ball I asked, "Do you still golf a lot now that you're no longer President?"

Re said very seriously, "I golfed a lot when I was President. But now, I just keep up with events from the golf course. I've earned the privilege of monitoring the progress of America's Freedom Train at my leisure." He turned to face me, "Do you play golf yet?"

"Very well, Sir, when permitted." (Houston always ensured he won.) Ford was openly

amused by my answer and handed me his club. "Give it your best shot." I outshot him the first stroke and his amusement vanished. I gave him back his golf club as ordered.

At the end of the second hole, Ford said, "I'd like to have a word with you," He took me over to some trees off the fairway and turned to me with his arms crossed over his bulging chest, raised himself up taller, and bore his sharklike eyes into mine. "Lend me your ear", I had the Baby's Ear Shell with me as ordered, took it out of my back pocket and handed it to Ford. He began talking as though I were a machine and he was dictating a message. "Take this message to Dick Cheney, Pentagon. The Mob has agreed to transfer the \$2.3 million (porn profits) to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Let's pool our money now and we'll be swimming in it. This operation has been an enterprising success. Let's keep it that way. Cease agreement with Panama.

All Mexican channels are implemented (cocaine and heroin). Hail to the Chief." He took a step away and added, "And you (he poked my chest like Cheney) take care of my friend, Dick. Here..." he handed me the Baby's Ear.

For meanness he added "over and out," and did the sign of the (satanic) horns at my eyes which deepened my trance significantly since I had been conditioned so heavily to this by Byrd.

After he hit the golf ball, he asked, "How's my friend, Allen Simpson, these days?"

"Very well, Sir." I noticed he bristled as he missed another shot. His temper was rising. When he wanted to add more to his message, he took out his frustration on me, "Gimme that fucking shell." He wiggled his fingers at me. That wasn't the pass phrase and I did not trigger. He grew louder and more agitated, "Where's that Baby's Ear." I still could not respond. "Lend me your goddamn ear!!" he roared at me. Close enough.

"Yes, Sir," I responded meekly as I dropped it in his hand. He proceeded. "Tell Simpson to take care of my friend Dick Thornburgh. Get back to me on it." He returned the ear. We could see my father waiting at the next hole and Ford said he might "bean him one" with his next stroke. He swung, but missed my father.

When we met up with my father at the third hole. Ford set up his ball first, of course, and waving his club at me said, "Get out of here before I get teed off," My father pointed the way with a thumb over his shoulder and let out a shrill whistle. My brother, Mike, walked me through the bushes and back to my father's house.

My sister, Kelli Jo, was waiting tearfully for my return. She was MPDed and horrified of Ford. She and my little sister, Kimmy, and I had all been forced to sexually gratify Ford just prior to a special ordered porn film titled Three Little Kittens whereby his semen was filmed "anonymously". I was aware that Ford had initiated both of my sisters the way he had me in Cedar Springs, and they, too, dreaded his brutal and degrading sexuality. I hurried past my sister to make sure my daughter, Kelly, was OK. Cheney's threat to her life was ringing loud in my ear.

I did not see the Baby's Ear shell spirt until Kelly and I arrived in Bradenton Beach, Florida. I drove the motor home into Florida with Houston and Kelly along, and dropped Houston off at the Tampa airport, since he did not have a role in Operation Shell Game. He "had business at Boys Town in Omaha, Nebraska" where the wayward boys were being traumatized and sexually abused in accordance with the Catholic involvement in Project Monarch. Survivor Paul Bonacci of the infamous Franklin Cover-up case has named Alex Houston as one of his abusers there in Boys Town. Houston often went to Boys Town or other similar "vacation resorts" while I was on covert government business. Kelly and I drove on to Bradenton, where we checked into a participating campground on the bay across from "MacDill Air Force Base. It, too, was "Closed for the Season".

The recreation room of the campground was actually a harmonics programming operation, and the offices were filled with elaborate computers consistent with high-level CIA operations. The day Kelly and I met with Senator Simpson, I had been instructed by campground workers to drive to nearby Santa Maria Island where we were to collect unusual shells. Kelly and I were on the "wild side" of the island hunting sand dollars because they had "BIRDS" in them. As we walked through the shallow water, Kelly scared up a Stingray, which sent us screaming for the shore. Simpson was on the beach laughing, looking out of place in his Cagney hat and grey suit with legs rolled up and polished shoes in hand. He seemed familiar with the beach. When we reached the shore, he struck up a conversation about shells. It wasn't until he told us about the Baby's Ear Shell and opened his wallet to retrieve it that I triggered and knew who he was. As he look it out, he also flashed his ID signalling us to go with him. Considering Kelly, he had slipped a shell into the sand for her to find that looked like an eye in a spiral, He used this as a hypnotic induction to control her, comparing it to Bush's Eye in the- Sky.

Simpson showed me the shell in his hand and began, "You. You alone will take the shuttle boat to your Princes' cruise. It will leave the dock from your own backyard (Oz) at 7:30 pm. Dress appropriately (Houston had ensured the proper attire had been packed). You will be escorted to the conference room and on into the lop deck. You will see as you approach the ship (Noriega's yacht) the top deck is surrounded in black mirrors. Look deep into the mirrors; that is where you will be. And where I will be when next we meet," We walked a little further up the beach to where the motor home was parked and, referring to the Baby's Ear, Simpson said, "They're very rare indeed. This one is the right ear. You must go to the other side of the island, out Long Boat Key, to find its match. The Colonel (Aquino) has the baby's left ear and will meet you at the Pier at 4 pm. Stop at the little market on the corner and call.

Then it's just down the street a little ways."

I followed instructions robotically. Kelly and I watched from the pier as four big, armed (with machine guns) emotionless (programmed?) guards scanned the area as Aquino emerged from a car. Kelly said, "Mom, let's go". I remembered Cheney's threat and

assured her I would protect her, though I could not comprehend from what.

When Aquino approached with two Dobermans on leashes, I told him Simpson had sent me there looking for the left baby's ear. He opened his hand to reveal "all that was left-the baby's ear-the dogs had devoured and consumed the rest of the baby." It was bloody, ragged, and bluish rather than pink.

Whether or not this was an actual baby's ear, the impact was the same. I put Kelly further behind me away from the dogs. I stood traumatized and entranced, ready for command. Aquino instructed me in full detail on the night's activities, and that I was to leave Kelly with campground personnel until my return.

That evening I was taken to Noriega's yacht in the bay via a small motorboat. I triggered and tranced further as I approached the familiar "black mirrored" yacht according to plan. I was helped onto the back of the yacht by Panamanian "palace" guards who kept me there at gunpoint until I was cleared and my Baby's Ear pass key accepted. I was escorted past the Air Force Base officials, their wives, drug people, and the vast amounts of cocaine laid out for them. I recognized several of the guests, including Oliver North and Puerto Rican drug lord Jose Busto. I was led up the stairs to the conference room where Aquino, Noriega, and Simpson were waiting. Simpson! I realized I must "be on the other side of the black mirror" and I gazed out into the darkness.

Simpson spoke softly, "You're on the other side of the black mirror now (NASA programming), peering through the blackness out to sea. Sea of black. Riding on a sea of black, drifting, drifting from the winds. Deep into the blackness. Drifting through the sands of time. Black sands, yielding shells such as this Baby's Ear." He pressed it into my hand signalling it was time for me to speak, I addressed Noriega, "If you please, Sir, I have a message from the President of the United States of America: The successes we have enjoyed in our shared endeavors are now history in the making, whose course cannot be altered-regardless of the imminent lifting of the veil by well intentioned do-gooders. As this veil is lifted, it may shed light on you. So you must have your house in order, as does Ollie North, and cease any and all detectable activity I will do my best to keep you under shield and out of view if you comply with these orders and cease all detectable activity at once."

Noriega reacted as anticipated, obviously insulted by my message. In the ensuing moment of chaos, Aquino hypnotically waved his hands in front of Noriega and dramatically spread out his satanic black cape (worn for impact on Noriega's superstitions) which appeared to fill the room. Noriega all but bowed to him as Aquino's control over him was complete.

Aquino's manner was side-show-style rather than the usual somber tones used on Military bases for the Hands On demonstrations. "General, for your entertainment and in respect and appreciation of your successful enterprising 'Contra-bution', the Chief has sent his Presidential Model to demonstrate the latest technology in mind-control

advancements. With the flip of a switch, this Pigeon becomes a Kitten (I began undressing). Quite a different animal."

Because of Noriega's superstitious beliefs, the whole idea of switching personalities apparently frightened him. I know Noriega believed whole heartedly in mind control, but could not grasp the concept of multiple personalities (which I now believe he perceived as demonic possession).

Therefore, he did not adhere to the idea of one slave being trained for both business and pleasure. Aquino, whom Noriega already perceived as a "devil" working for Reagan, was manipulating his beliefs masterfully. The impact of this demonstration and Operation would prove to be Psychological Warfare of the highest order.

Aquino ordered me to lie on the bed and invited Noriega to look closer at what the "Wizard"-his Chief (Reagan) - could create. Noriega stepped closer to see what Aquino was pointing out to him between my breasts. A large, carved Baphomet appeared. Aquino had hypnotically regressed me to the time of its making which caused it to seemingly "suddenly appear" right before Noriega's eyes. Noriega jumped back, ignorantly terrified of this scientific phenomena. I believe Noriega stayed in the room for the rest of the demonstration simply because he was frozen in fear. Aquino hit me with a cat-o-ninetails and I shrieked in pain. Noriega jumped, Aquino hit me with it again, this time activating me to respond sexually as though pain were pleasure-a mindcontrol concept that Noriega more readily grasped. Then Aquino pointed out that the baphomet had disappeared. While Noriega looked, Aquino used Byrd's Hypnotic induction as he cut me "between the breasts with a knife saying, "In like a knife sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want." My trance had been deepened to the extent that my circulatory system was slowed. Therefore I did not bleed until Aquino hypnotically changed my trance level. He then told Noriega that the baphomet carving had "retreated to the depths of my body and soul, possessing me and inciting the hell of hell." He commanded me to show any "face", the vaginal mutilation carving of the baphomet face. As I did, Aquino offered Noriega my sex. As predicted, Noriega's eyes bulged in terror and revulsion. While Aquino told him his "rejection of me had killed me," I ceased breathing and moving as conditioned. Noriega was dumfounded as Aquino laughed wickedly and threatened, "Even death will not permit her-or you-escape from the Wizard's power." He explained that I was the "Wizard's own" and "under his spell" and could therefore "re-energize myself and come back to life." He put a vaginal prod in my hand and ordered me to masturbate myself with it, pushing the button to electrically jolt myself internally upon command. Noriega's eyes were enormous. He paled to a sickly grey, his mouth fell open and he ran out the door while Aquino assured him that he had "NO where to run, no where to hide from Reagan's powers."

Noriega predictably interpreted the demonstration as a threat from the depths of HELL, which should have been enough to heed Reagan's commands to break the drug trafficking ties immediately. (Apparently this is not the case as is evidenced by Noriega's continued Florida incarceration.) Aquino and Simpson doubled over with laughter as they congratulated themselves on a job well done.

Simpson finally ordered me to dress and escorted me to the back of the yacht to ensure the guards put me on the shuttle boat rather than kill me because of Noriega's horror.

As I approached the dock of the campground, the boat driver told me I would find Kelly asleep in the 'recreation' room. I ran to her, and, fearful of Cheney's threat, made sure her ears were still intact. I was immensely relieved to find them still there and to know she was "OK" (I could not think to wonder what she had endured in my absence.) I illogically felt like a "good mom" for "doing my part right so Kelly could live." Never before had I experienced such a sense of danger to us both and my relief was proportionate. I lovingly held her in my arms the rest of the night.

CHAPTER 14: CLINTON COKE LINES

I met up with Bill Clinton again in 1982 at a county fair in Berryville, Arkansas. Alex Houston was "entertaining" there due to the close proximity of the CIA Near Death Trauma Center (aka slave conditioning and programming camp) and drug distribution point at Swiss Villa in Lampe, Missouri. I had just endured intense physical and psychological trauma and programming, Clinton was campaigning for Governor and was backstage with Hillary and Chelsea while waiting to make a speech. Clinton stood in the afternoon sun with his arms crossed, talking to Houston about him and "his people" (CIA Operatives) being looked into specific areas for the dual purpose of entertaining and carrying out specific covert drug operations.

From my perspective, those who were actively laying the groundwork for implementing the New World Order through mind conditioning of the masses made no distinction between Democratic and Republican Parties. Their aspirations were international in proportion, not American. Members were often drawn from, among other elitist groups, the Council on Foreign Relations. Like George Bush, Bill Clinton was an active member of the CFR, Bilderbergers, and Tri-Lateral Commission. Based on numerous conversations I overheard.

Clinton was being groomed and prepared to fill the role of President under the guise of Democrat in the event that the American people became discouraged with Republican leaders. This was further evidenced by the extent of Clinton's New World Order knowledge and professed loyalties.

Clinton understood that I had just been through "hell" in Lampe, and took it all in stride as he focused on his speech. He not only was well aware of the mind-control tortures and criminal covert activities proliferating in Arkansas and the neighboring state of Missouri, but he condoned them! Just as there are no partisan preferences in this world dominance effort, neither are there any strong individual state considerations or boundaries, either. I knew from experience that Clinton's Arkansas criminal covert operations meshed with the Lampe, Missouri center where he routinely tended business and claimed to "vacation." staying in the compound's resort villas.

In 1983, Houston took me to Lampe for routine trauma and programming while he was scheduled to "entertain" at the amphitheatre. Also scheduled to perform were Bill Clinton's and George Bush's friends Lee Greenwood and CIA operative, slave runner, and country music singer Tommy Overstreet. Greenwood and Overstreet were active in both the Lampe, Missouri and Lake/Mount Shasta, California CIA compounds. Clinton was flown in from Berryville, Arkansas by helicopter for the shows as well as for a business meeting.

Before Clinton arrived. Greenwood and Houston were in the backstage dressing rooms snorting fine after fine of cocaine. Houston, always eager to make an extra penny to pinch, attempted to prostitute me to Greenwood, "She's the real performer," Houston said. "She performs all kinds of sex acts upon command. For a small price, she's yours."

Greenwood laughed, and referring to my Huntsville. Alabama NASA programming said, "I've spent more time in Huntsville than she has, and I know full well who and what she is-a 'space cadet' programmed for sex. She's a modified version of Marilyn Monroe."

Tommy Overstreet had waited in and heard what Greenwood said. "How much time have you spent in Shasta?"

"Shasta?" Greenwood looked arrogantly at Overstreet and smiled knowingly as he said, "You don't 'spend time' in Shasta, you maintain the concept if you can. I haven't lost any time there, either, if that's your next question. I go there quite a bit. Enough really to override Houston's suggestion with ease and take what I want, when I want, and how I want it."

Greenwood began expertly accessing my sex programming and told the others in the room, "You all can come and go as you please, but I've been made an offer that I am going to use." He ordered me to undress and bend over the desk where he roughly sodomized me as he said, "You're going to think it's daddy all over again".

When Greenwood was through with me, I was ordered out into the amphitheatre concert area. During intermission, I met up with Swiss Villa manager Hal Meadows, Tommy Overstreet, and Governor Clinton in the hall.

Clinton was wearing a cap that read "Diesel Trainer" which I was told to equate literally as "these-will-train-her". Puzzled, I looked at his cap and asked, "Are you a conductor?"

Clinton smiled and said, "Of electricity". Overstreet laughed as he continued, "Actually it means I check cabooses. How's yours?" I squirmed.

Apparently Greenwood had bragged about sodomizing me. They laughed even harder as Clinton said, "Still running, I'm sure".

Houston stepped out of the dressing room to greet Clinton, "Hi, bud."

Houston extended his hand. "I hear you made Governor."

"I hear you deliver a hell of a one liner," Clinton replied, cryptically referring to cocaine and NOT Houston's so-called comedy routine. "I'm always aspiring to achieve new heights."

"Well, come on in," Houston invited. "I have enough (cocaine) to put us all into orbit." I walked into the dressing room with them as Houston was saying to Clinton, "I suppose there are no limits for you since you're across the (stale) line."

"What line?" Clinton feigned surprise and ignorance. He looked at Hal Meadows as he continued, "You mean I've left that state of mine? In the state of mind I'm in, there are no boundaries anyway." He walked over to the table and snorted a line of cocaine. "I come here to get away from it all. This kind of business is pleasure."

"So where's that young wife of yours?" Houston asked, referring to Hillary.

"She's with friends." Clinton sniffed the coke further up his nose. "She's minding her own business. I'm just here to unwind, see the show, maybe do a little hunting (referring to A Most Dangerous Game). I've got a bird (helicopter) ready to fly me back when I'm through. Hey, speaking of 'Byrd' (he gestured my way) I hear she's moved up to the big house (White House)."

Referring to his friend and mentor Senator Byrd he asked, "So what's his position now?"

"The same." Houston answered. "Probably like this..." Houston pantomimed a lewd sodomy pose while everyone laughed. "He still runs the show."

Clinton kept his eyes fixed on Houston's "caboose" and said, "Why don't you show her (referring to me) me way out and show me that again?" If I could have thought at that moment, I would have realized Bill Clinton was/is bisexual. My personal sexual experience with Clinton was limited, but I had witnessed him engaged in homosexual activity during an orgy at Swiss Villa.

Immediately following the Swiss Villa incident, Houston was scheduled as usual to perform at the county fair in Benyville, Arkansas. There, Houston and I had been visiting with long time Clinton Mend and supporter, H.B. Gibson, when we parted company to attend a private meeting at the mansion of Clinton's bisexual friend and supporter Bill Hall, Hall had reportedly made his fortune in the pre-fabricated log home business, and the Clintons were staying in a guest villa patterned after those at Swiss Villa. Hillary had taken toddler Chelsea to the villa while Clinton and his aide/bodyguard attended the meeting. Tommy Overstreet was also in attendance as this directly coincided with the recent Lampe meeting. We all sat in Hall's sunken living room on two couches facing each other with a black mirror coffee table between us. Hall had cut numerous lines of cocaine on the table, and everyone present including Bill Clinton was inhaling it

through \$50 bills rolled into straws. The conversation ranged from CIA, drugs, and politics to the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre and country music. At that time, a major effort was underway to move Nashville, Tennessee's country music industry to the Lampe area (it has since literally moved to nearby Branson), in closer proximity to the CIA cocaine operations that leached the industry.

Tommy Overstreet was attempting to convince Hall, who was obviously no stranger to the drug (cocaine) business, to join the high level CIA cocaine operation that was funding covert activity. They discussed the possibility of Hall transporting cocaine from Berryville, Arkansas to Nashville, Tennessee to be in on the ground level of what would soon be one of the largest and most prolific CIA cocaine operations in the Branson, Missouri country music industry.

By enlisting now, the contacts and customers that Hall would procure could "politically and financially bolster him for life". Additionally, Overstreet discussed the viability of using Hall's own company trucks to transport the drug throughout Atlanta, Georgia; Louisville, Kentucky; and Jacksonville, Florida as well as Nashville, Tennessee and Lampe, Missouri. These key CIA cocaine routes coincided with Hall's established truck routes, according to the insiders present at the meeting. Hall was being offered the "opportunity of a lifetime" as his role would also include laundering money through his business to fund the black budget covert operations. Hall appeared nervous and skeptical, and Clinton and Overstreet attempted to maintain a "light" atmosphere by joking that Hall could change the name of his trucking line to "CLINTON COKE LINES".

Hall was not convinced and began to raise questions as to the longevity of the operation and how he was going to protect himself. Although Hall was very adept at the cocaine business, he voiced concern that he found it easier to trust those who were not with the CIA operations than he did U.S. government protected participants. Clinton reassured him that it was "Reagan's operation," but Hall was concerned that some faction of the government would "shut it down like a sting operation" without warning and leave him literally holding the bag, Houston laughed and explained that "no one was going to cut it (the drug business) off." He assured them it was far too lucrative and that there would "always be a market" for drugs-a market controlled by those criminals implementing their New World Order.

Clinton added to what Houston "said, talking in local colloquialisms.

"Bottom line is, we've got control of the (drug) industry, therefore we've got control of them (suppliers and buyers). You control the guy underneath ya' and Uncle (Sam) has ya' covered. What have ya' got to lose? No risk. No one's gonna hang ya' out to dry. And whatever spills off the truck as it passes through (he laughed and snorted another line of coke) you get to clean up."

Hall smiled at his friend, which was apparently interpreted as consent.

Clinton motioned for his aide to get his ledger. Overstreet began pulling out his

paperwork, and Hall neatly cleared the table of the remaining coke lines.

Clinton gestured to me and told Houston, "Get her out of here".

Houston didn't move and laughed. "She's a Presidential Model. She's kept secrets bigger than yours."

Clinton responded, "I don't care. Get her the fuck out of here," Hall's wife led me away and locked me in a back bedroom. After an indeterminate period of time, I heard her telephone Hillary at the guest villa.

She then drove me up the mountain through the dark to meet with Hillary.

Although I had previously met Hillary we had very little to say to each other particularly since I was still dazed and tranced from the tortures I had endured at the CIA Near Death Trauma Center in Lampe. Hillary knew I was a mindcontrolled slave, and, like Bill Clinton, just took it in stride as a "normal" part of life in politics,

Hillary was fully clothed and stretched out on the bed sleeping when Hall's wife and I arrived. "Hillary, I brought you something you'll really enjoy. Kind of an unexpected surprise. Bill ordered her out of the meeting and I took her to my bedroom and made an interesting discovery. She is literally a twofaced (referring to my vaginal mutilation carving) bitch,"

"Hmm?" Hillary opened her eyes and sleepily roused herself "Show me."

Hall's wife ordered me to take my clothes off while Hillary watched. "Is she clean?" Hillary asked, meaning disease free.

"Of course, she's Byrd's," she responded, continuing the conversation as though I were not there, "Plus, I heard Houston say something about her being a Presidential Model, whatever the hell that's supposed to mean."

"It means she's clean," Hillary said matter-of-factly as she stood up.

I was not capable of giving thought to such things back then, but I am aware in retrospect that all Presidential Model slaves I knew seemed to have an immunity to social diseases. It was a well known fact in the circles I was sexually passed around in that government level mind-controlled sex slaves were "clean" to the degree that none of my abusers took precautions such as wearing condoms.

Hall's wife patted the bed and instructed me to display the mutilation.

Hillary exclaimed, "God!" and immediately began performing oral sex on me.

Apparently aroused by the carving in my vagina,² Hillary stood up and quickly peeled

out of her matronly nylon panties and pantyhose. Uninhibited despite a long day in the hot sun, she gasped, "Eat me, oh, god, eat me now". I had no choice but to comply with her orders, and Bill Hall's wife made no move to join me in my distasteful task. Hillary had resumed examining my hideous mutilation and performing oral sex on me when Bill Clinton walked in. Hillary lifted her head to ask, "How'd it go?" Clinton appeared totally unaffected by what he walked into, tossed his jacket on a chair and said, "It's official. I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed."

I put my clothes on as ordered, and Hall's wife drove me back down to the mansion where Houston was waiting for me. The meeting apparently had been a success. I heard discussions throughout the remaining years between Houston, his agent Reggie MacLaughlin, and Loretta Lynn's handler, Ken Riley pertaining to Hall's successful branch of the CIA cocaine operation emanating from Arkansas. No discussions were as poignant and revealing as those between Alex Houston and CIA operative country music entertainer Boxcar Willie.

Boxcar Willie burst onto the country music scene after an ad campaign of high tech hypnotically persuasive produced television commercials that strategically made him an overnight, sensation and "star". The country music industry's Freedom Train needed a conductor to lead the industry and fans to Branson, Missouri, and Boxcar Willie was placed in the driver's seat. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Boxcar Willie succeeded in his role of trance-ferring the industry in close proximity to the Lampe CIA cocaine operations.

Boxcar Willie was one of the primary ground level contacts that Bill Hall made after Clinton convinced him to cash in on the cocaine benefits of the country music industry transfer. Houston and Boxcar Willie discussed Hall's lucrative dealings throughout the years in my presence while traveling the country together, billed on the same shows, including performances at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre. I had much contact with Boxcar Willie personally since my government sponsored cocaine runs often coincided and intermeshed with his.

But I never knew Boxcar Willie as well as my daughter, Kelly, knew him.

Kelly has named Boxcar Willie as one of her primary sexual abusers in three different mental institutions, and has voiced frustration at the lack of justice.

"Why am I the one locked up while my abusers remain free?" she constantly pleads. I assure her I am doing all I can to blow the whistle on Boxcar Willie for hex, and expose his role in transferring the country music industry to close proximity of the Lampe, Missouri CIA cocaine operation as outlined by Bill Clinton.

1. Loyalty to the sovereign of our country is non existent under New World Orders. "President" Clinton poses no more leadership or loyalty to our country than Ronald Reagan did since both follow(ed) New World Order directives from former U.N. Ambassador and CIA DIRECT or George Bush,

2. Hillary Clinton is the only female to become sexually aroused at the sight of my mutilated vagina.

CHAPTER 15: NO MORE BEATING AROUND THE BUSH

It was a sunny, fall day in 1983 when U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt met with my CIA operative mind-control handler, Alex Houston, my then 3 1/2 year old daughter, Kelly, and me on the steps of the U.S. Senate in Washington, D.C. Kelly appeared familiar with Vanderjagt, although I had never previously remembered seeing her in his company. Even so, I could not think to realize he was, in fact, sexually abusing her just as he had me when I was a child. VanderJagt knelt on one knee in front of her to talk with her, assuring her that "today was a special day" because she would "see Uncle George (Bush) while mommy sees Uncle Ronnie (Reagan)". He stood up and took her by the hand, saying in Alice In Wonderland cryptic language, "Let's go on an Adventure together" and led her quietly and robotically away.

I met up with Kelly again that afternoon at the White House, both of us literally "on our toes" and standing at attention in Reagan's office. In retrospect, I wonder at the measures of control inflicted on my 3 1/2-year old child to cause her to perform so robotically and behave "so well" as she silently stood with the plastic smile and unblinking eyes, in the presence of President Reagan, Vice President Bush, and (later Defense Secretary) Dick Cheney.

Reagan appeared to gaze at Kelly, with her long blonde hair cascading down the back of her blue pinafore dress, completing her Alice In Wonderland Appearance. Reagan seemed to pose no direct threat to her sexually as he said, "She is adorable, a model child", Reagan then gestured towards Bush and said, "This is my Vice President George Bush. People don't usually know what the role of the Vice President is because he's always behind the scenes making sure everything that the President wants done happens the way it's supposed to." He looked at me and said matter-of-factly, "I catch the public's attention (he made a gesture in the air that was eye catching) while the Vice President carries out orders."

Bush's close friend, Dick Cheney, said, "And gives them".

"Right," Reagan said. "An order from him is like an order from me."

Bush was wearing canvas boat shoes and a cardigan sweater as he knelt on one knee in front of Kelly in order to talk to her on her level. Bush used the children's television program Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood to scramble/confuse young victims' (like Kelly's) memory of contact with him and his sexual abuse.

His physical resemblance to TV's Fred Rogers was deliberately exaggerated by his choice of clothes and mannerisms, and is further compounded by his developed vocal impersonation. Using his best Mr. Rogers voice he said, "Come here, Little One. I want

to ask you something. Do you watch Mr, Rogers' Neighborhood?"

"Yes, Sir," Kelly responded.

Bush told Kelly, "Well, I'm kind of like Mr. Rogers when he makes his puppets move and talk like your daddy (Houston, ventriloquist) does with Elemer (his dummy). Only I'm like Mr. Rogers because I have lots of puppets--only mine are people. I even have a King (Fahd) just like Mr. Rogers.¹ I pull the strings (he pantomimed marionette hand movements) and I talk through them. They say my words and we create all kinds of exciting Adventures.

Right now I'm building a new Neighborhood (the New World Order). The stage is set, and I have hold of everyone's strings. I need you to help me together we can pull your mother's strings. She's in my Neighborhood. That means you're in my Neighborhood, too."

It seems obvious to me now that Bush was referring to those actively engaged in implementing the New World Order through chaos and mass mind control (aka media conditioning) as "The Neighborhood". Of course I was unable to consider disputing Bush's statement, and Kelly was certainly not of a mind to see beyond Bush's twist on her favorite television program. Kelly's big blue eyes grew even wider as she responded, "I am?"

Bush stood up and took her hand, "C'mon. Let me show you my Neighborhood," He led her out the door.

Kelly became violently physically ill after her induction into George Bush's "Neighborhood." and from every sexual encounter she had with him thereafter.

She ran 104-6 degree temperatures, vomited and endured immobilizing headaches for an average of three days (as is consistent with high voltage trauma). These were the only tell-tale evidences aside from the scarring burns left on her skin. Houston forbade me to call a doctor, and Kelly forbade me to comfort her, pitifully complaining that her head "hurt too bad to even move".

And she did not move for hours on end. Kelly often complained of severe kidney pain, and her rectum usually bled for a day or two after Bush sexually abused her. My own mind-control victimization rendered me unable to help or protect her. Seeing my child in such horrible condition drove my own wedge of insanity in deeper, perpetuating my total inability to affect her needs until our rescue by Mark Phillips in 1988.

Kelly's bleeding rectum was but one of many physical indicators of George Bush's pedophile perversions, I have overheard him speak blatantly of his sexual abuse of her on many occasions. He used this and threats to her life to "pull my strings" and control me. The psychological ramifications of being raped by a pedophile President are mind-shattering enough, but reportedly Bush further reinforced his traumas to Kelly's

mind with sophisticated NASA electronic and drug mind-control devices. Bush also instilled the "Who ya gonna call?" and "I'll be watching you" binds on Kelly, further reinforcing her sense of helplessness. The systematic tonures and traumas I endured as a child now seem trite in comparison to the brutal physical and psychological devastation that George Bush inflicted on my daughter.

As soon as the door closed behind Bush and Kelly, Dick Cheney reached over to Reagan's desk from his seat and flipped over the hourglass. (Oz) "Her (Kelly's) time is running out. You'd better pay attention and follow orders as though her life depends on it, because from now on (heh heh) it always does! If you make one mistake 熔ne葉hen I'll get her, my pretty."

Reagan said, "George is like a director. He makes sure the stage is set to implement the New World Order as I envision it. Then he makes sure everyone has a script and knows their pan. He tells them how to speak and when to speak it. How to dress and (patting my head) how to wear their hair. He gets everything and everyone in place and hollers, 'Action!'" Reagan shouted through his hand as though it were a megaphone and rambled on, "All the world's a stage. I'm the Wizard. But he is directing the show so you better pay attention and learn your part well from him."

Cheney interrupted, "George and I will be working closely on a few projects together, and when you see him, you'll see me. When you're given orders from him, you're given orders from me."

"She knows the chain of command, Dick," Reagan injected, referring to his perception of who was in charge, and in what order. President, Vice President, Habib, Cheney, Byrd, etc. may have been the chain of command in Reagan's mind, but Cheney's definition was necessary to my understanding. From my perspective, the chain of command was clearly Bush, Cheney, Habib, Reagan, Aquino and lastly, on a par with my handler, Houston, Byrd, all of which was subject to change at any given moment. Cheney just rolled his eyes at Reagan's comment and never slowed down as he continued, "Right now a stage is being set and you will be directed by the Vice President on just how he wants you to do your part in setting the stage for Mexico's role in the New World Order."

Reagan jumped in again, "With the world in order, there will be world peace. By strategically placing an American Patriot dedicated to the cause of spreading democracy in all parts of the world, we can influence the thinking of every nation's leader and paint for them a picture of freedom and American values that they'll never forget. They'll spread it to the people and the whole planet will be of one mind 熔ne purpose-one cause. Freedom. You'll be talking with some of these friends and leaders from time to lime on my behalf."

Bush slipped back into the meeting, without Kelly. Cheney continued, "Taking orders from me and your new director-the Vice President. Lesson number one. You know what Miami Vice is. Undercover drug agents taking control of the drug industry. A Vice

President is just that-an undercover drug agent taking control of the drug industry-for the President."

Bush spoke up. "Mexico is a problem. They've got lots of drugs, but not the brains nor the means to sell it outside their own country. So how can we take control of their (growing) drug industry when we can't even get our hands on it? It's your duty as an American citizen to open the routes and initiate freedom from poverty throughout their nation by offering them cash as a means of enticing their drug industry right into our grasp by bringing it right up to our doorsteps."

"Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks," Cheney said, laughing. Bush laughed with him.

Bush regained his composure to conclude, "Your assignment begins in Miami with NCL (Norwegian Caribbean Lines) and ends when you return from Mexico with word of success."

Cheney caught my eye with a hand gesture that directed my gaze from Bush to the hourglass, which was running out fast. By then I was deeply tranced and lost touch with my surroundings all together while my trance was timelessly deepened for further programming, I left the White House with a message for the Vice President of Mexico, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, from the Vice President of the U.S., and with one very sick child.

1. Mr Roger projects through puppets on his show, and one of his key characters from the Land of Make-Believe is King Friday the 13th.

CHAPTER 16: OPERATION GREENBACKS FOR WETBACKS

My CIA mind-control handler, Alex Houston and I boarded the Norwegian Caribbean Lines ship bound for Cozumel, Mexico, with a large, black, soft side suitcase packed full of cash and a proposal of "prosperity" from the U.S. This proposal, programmed in me by Vice President Bush, was supposedly initial diplomatic groundwork for the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA).

It was my understanding then that the North American Free Trade Agreement was considered a significant step in implementing the New World Order through mind manipulation of the masses. According to Byrd, propaganda disguising the true purpose of NAFTA included the concept of "free trade" which the U.S. and Mexican governments had long since shared. "Free trade" of child and adult mind-controlled slaves, cocaine, heroin and businesses has been not-so-secretly proliferating for years. My own father joined the "run for the border" via U.S. State Department and Mexican subsidized business incentives and opened yet another branch of his U.S. Department of Defense-given-business in Mexico. This was part of the "free trade" agreement that I know personally has been operating smoothly from at least 1984. In an effort to maintain the illusion that the agreement would not create a negative economic imbalance between Mexico and the U.S., tourist areas of Mexico were deliberately built

up, enhanced and Americanized with U.S. dollars. These funds were provided through CIA covert Black Budget operations of drug and slave trading, as well as directly through the Senate Appropriations Committee of which Senator Robert C. Byrd is chairman as of this writing.

I certainly do not purport to understand international business, nor have I attempted to "educate" myself through what I know to be propaganda slanted and filtered periodicals. How money interfaces in world markets has been well documented. For example, who supports whom in which financial endeavors is apparently far too complex for even BCCI attorneys and investigators to sort through. My personal perspective on Mexican, U.S., and Saudi Arabian buildup of Mexico's economy is limited to my own experiences. My understanding is further affected by deliberate misinformation from the criminal perspectives of those who were in control of my mind's knowledge base and actions. From time to time, Senator Byrd used me as a robotic sounding board.

He told me what he wanted me to hear, and this was structured more toward stroking his own enormous, warped ego than it was to educate me in world finance.

Senator Byrd claimed "the money game is simply a game of control," and lives by his adopted Golden Rule of "He who holds the gold makes the rules." He told me in so many words that "by appropriating funds to all (viable) projects ushering in the free trade agreement, and allocating lesser amounts to U.S. social systems such as our 'criminal' justice system, I control our country and our place in world markets. All the world is a stage, and I own the theatre!...you can bank on it!"

Senator Byrd's twisted reality echoed in my mind when America was bought (stolen) and sold by Presidents Bush and Clinton in the recent passage of NAFTA. "I would never run for President, ~~though~~h, I'd win if I did," Byrd bragged. "But why should I run for an office that is beneath me? I can make a President look good, or I can make him look bad by strategically appropriating funds." Byrd and others I knew boasted that he was one of those (corrupt power brokers) responsible for Bill Clinton's being "chosen" and elected to the office of Presidency. And the last minute bids and dealings with those Congressmen holding NAFTA's deciding votes proved "strategic appropriations" indeed made Clinton "look good" in his NAFTA "victory".

At the La Celiba Hotel in Cozumel, Houston maintained my food and water depravation for mind-control purposes, even during our dinner meeting in the hotel's restaurant later that evening. Although the restaurant was "officially" closed due to the late hour, a mariachi band, one waiter, four stationed armed guards, my Mexican dignitary contact, his two assistants, and handler, Houston and I were present. During the meeting, arrangements were made to meet with Mexico's then Vice President Salinas the next afternoon at a nearby military installation.

I would also deliver a message as usual from Senator Byrd at the nearby Consulate's office pertaining to U.S. financial support for creating propaganda to insure the illusion of economic equality in Mexican tourist areas.

These funds were simply to further the ongoing shared goal of easing into New World Order domination through carefully contrived smoke and mirror tactics.

The next afternoon, Houston escorted me to the high security fenced government installation for my meeting with Salinas. According to Bush, Salinas was regarded by the Reagan-Bush Administration as superior in power to Miguel de la Madrid who was officially President of Mexico at that time.

The upcoming Mexican "election," which was no more an election than Reagan's second term, was to place Salinas in the office of President to coincide with Bush's destined Presidency. To insure that this "strategically placed American Patriot" would be voted into position, Reagan informed me that the U.S. would "guard the integrity" of "elections" by covertly "overseeing" them, among other strategies. Salinas was to be President at all costs.

Although President de la Madrid was considered by Bush to be the stepping stone to the ultimate reign of Salinas/Bush's (already established) diplomatic relations, he was regarded with all due respect in a manner conducive to "no margins for error". His full cooperation was tantamount to establishing Bush's and Salinas' goals via free flowing drug markets and Mexico's cooperation in subversively funding and supplying Reagan's Nicaraguan Contras. De la Madrid worked in close association with Salinas so that a smooth transition of power would maintain U.S.-Mexican relations and efforts already in place.

"A message to Salinas is a message to the President," Cheney had explained.

Not only would the message be relayed to de la Madrid, but for the most part Salinas was the one responsible for working with George Bush since they would both come into power during the most critical point in the promotion of NAFTA, passing it by the American people and into law. President Reagan, Mexican President de la Madrid, Vice President Bush, and Mexican Vice President Salinas were all "of one mind and one effort" toward economic expansion and growth for our southern "neighbors in the New World Order" through what I experienced was based on "free trade" of drugs, children, and pornography.

Vice President Bush told me that this (criminal) activity was regarded as Mexico's "only means of rapid economic advancement and freedom from poverty since the people were slaves to their own inability to advance in world markets."

When I arrived at the military installation with the aforementioned suitcase of cash in hand, I was taken to Salinas' "office" through a series of electronic gates guarded by officers in white uniforms. Salinas sat at his desk, which was small and functional (i.e., military issue), set on a highly polished wooden floor in a vast room virtually void of decor and personal effects. This created an air of military practicality. I set the suitcase in front of Salinas and began relaying the message I had been programmed to deliver "I

have a message from the Vice President of the United State of America to our neighbors in Mexico. America is willing to share its wealth through a trade agreement with Mexico. We'll trade our cash for control over Mexico's cocaine and heroin production. By controlling your drug industry, we can open the border between our countries to allow a free flow of cocaine and heroin into the U.S., bought and paid for in American dollars to build Mexico. Eventually this could dissolve the border between our countries altogether as Mexico's economy grows to match ours. If we begin today, this dream could be realized by the turn of the century-sharing the same continent, sharing the same wealth.

Why? The drug industry already dictates what the Mexican government can or cannot do. By giving the U.S. control of your drug industry, Mexico regains control over her government. Re-established power backed by U.S. dollars will bring Mexico on an economic par with America. We can begin by spreading the word through the (drug) cartels that the U.S. is covertly willing to open the borders to free drug trade by making agents available to show you the passage and routes through which the drugs are to be delivered. Only U.S. agents can bring Mexican heroin and (South American) cocaine across the border, and likewise they will bring the cash in. Explain to those select few who control the drug empires that the cruise line (NCL) agreement is going into mass expansion, tearing down the border between our countries enough to allow for as many drugs to come in as Mexico can deal out. When do we begin? Immediately.

The cash is at hand. (I gestured toward the suitcase which Salinas unzipped to find full of cash.) Deliver whatever amount of brown heroin you have at hand as a means of confirmation to the agreement. Keep the change as a token of the change and good fortune that has befallen Mexico from its neighboring nation."

As I finished Bush's message, Salinas immediately took a note pad from the desk and scrawled a quick note. He passed it to a guard who was stationed at the door. He stood up, smiled, and leaned over his desk as he extended his hand in a warm handshake. I was escorted out. Houston found me on the front steps of the installation and together we were escorted through the barbed wire fences and back onto the streets of Cancun, I waited in a small clearing nearby for an indeterminate length of time, playing with a large iguana. Finally, a taxi cab driver pulled up and honked his horn three times, signalling me to pick up a fist-sized ball of Mexican brown heroin. The heroin was crudely wrapped in brown paper, tied with twine, and measured approximately the size of a baseball. As quickly as the cab driver left, Houston, who was standing some distance away with two uniformed men, signaled me to join him. We were then driven to the airport where we boarded a U.S. Air Force aircraft to Washington, D.C.

Immediately upon arrival at Andrews Air Force Base just outside of Washington, D.C, I was taken to Senator Byrd who then escorted me to Dick Cheney's Pentagon office for a meeting with Vice President Bush, I was ill and vomiting from the high voltage administered in Mexico to compartmentalize my memory. I was allowed to use Byrd's magnetic pass key card to unlock the maze of doors that led to the Ladies' Room. I was still wearing my inappropriate-for-D.C. cruise clothes and carrying the heroin in my tote

bag when I met with Bush to confirm Mexico's agreement to his proposal. Bush took the heroin for himself, obviously pleased with the quality of the product.

Cheney laughed and told Bush he needed to "confiscate the Contra-band". Bush replied, "Over my dead body" as he laughed at Cheney's Contra joke.

"If you don't share some of it, that could be the case," Cheney said. "Pitch it here."

Bush struck a pitch pose, wound up, made a fake out pitch, and joked in baseball banter, "It's a 'high fly' ball. You're going to have to steal." He tossed the heroin in the air, caught it, and strode for the door, Cheney got out of his chair, pointed to the door, and ordered me "Out".

Houston and I were flown in to Montego Bay, Jamaica and transported to Ocho Rios to board our next NCL cruise ship.

CHAPTER 17: ABOUT FACES

Soon after Kelly was inducted into George Bush's "Neighborhood" through horrific sexual abuse, Bush enforced his controls on me. Our mind-control handler, Alex Houston, had taken Kelly and me to Washington, D.C. for separately scheduled meetings with Bush. Kelly had already been escorted by agents to her rendezvous with him that morning, during which Lime I had been ordered to one of U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd's offices located in the nearby FBI Hoover Building. There, Byrd reinforced his holds on me by claiming control of the Justice Department and "proving" once again that I had "no where to run and no where to hide". My horror reaction was compounded when Byrd looked at his pocket watch and notified me in Alice in Wonderland cryptic language, "You're late, you're late for a very important date," referring to my meeting with Bush.

I sprinted from the Hoover Building, encountering Houston who waited just outside. Houston hurried me to the Smithsonian where I waited for my escorts as instructed at the "Face Changing" exhibit. This computerized exhibit illustrates how an individual's face can take on a radically different appearance by slightly altering any single feature.

The exhibit fascinated me as a programmed MPD since multiples often experience the unnerving phenomena of routinely not recognizing themselves in a mirror due to switching personalities. A multiple's face often changes slightly with each switch, which "validates" the religious communities' perceptions of so-called "demonic possession" in occultism. Logic quickly dispels this belief when it is realized that everyone's expression changes according to emotion, by skin color and tones, blood pressure, and by tightening or relaxing specific micro muscles. An MPD's face changes are more exaggerated when these natural conditions are combined with the results of sophisticated programming/"Charm School" teaches subconscious control over these natural phenomena as a ready-made disguise on government slaves such as myself, as well as to enhance sex slaves' "beauty" to their maximum potential. I was incapable of

thinking or logically understanding my fascination with the display, as I stood totally enthralled, waiting for my escorts as ordered.

As the escorts approached, I was relieved to see Kelly with them. Though she was visibly tranced and traumatized, the fact that she was alive was all I was capable of grasping. When she saw the "Face Changing" exhibit, she excitedly exclaimed, "Uncle George just read me a book about this!" Before I could hear anymore, I was led away, leaving Kelly with our handler, Houston.

I was then quickly taken to Bush's Residence Office, which here-to-fore was unfamiliar to me. Although it had slate blue, plush carpets and fine furnishings like the White House office, lattice work and smaller rooms provided a different air. I sat in a hard-back wooden chair as ordered, while Bush carefully positioned himself in front of me on a little wooden footstool. This allowed me clear visibility of the large book that he held in his lap. All illustrations faced me, while all text except the last page was printed in the holder's direction.

This book was a unique, high tech piece of art specifically designed to enforce Bush's favorite method of programming, "You Are What You Read". The juvenile face depicted on the front of this hardcover book gave it the appearance of a children's storybook. It was entitled About Faces.

Bush explained the dynamics of "changing faces" and "becoming what I read". Although I had been conditioned to this idea all of my life through Disney stories, The Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, etc., I was not prepared for Bush's version of "You Are What You Read" programming explanations. The illustrations themselves were elaborate, consisting of mirrors and hypnotic depictions. He seemingly made the book come alive in my mind as he read page after poetic page of hypnotic, metaphorical language, all the while creating powerful illusions. His impersonations of the characters further enhanced the desired affect of fantasy becoming reality. This extraordinary effort to scramble reality would have worked-perfectly-had it not been for another victim and myself discussing it only a few days later. The purpose of Bush's book was clearly explained within the first few pages, which included the following passage:

I am the Vice President when circumstance demands, And I am your Commander, you'll follow my commands. The first command's important - It is one you will heed, When I send you a book, you are what you read.

Throughout my tenure as a Presidential Model mind-controlled slave, I was provided specific books according to Bush's program. These books, delivered through pre-established channels such as Ken Riley, Alex Houston, and even Ronald Reagan, came complete with specific commands on how they were to be interpreted and used. Some books were used to instruct me on operations; some were an attempt to scramble my memory with fantasy; others were used to load my mind with pertinent data such as bank account passbook numbers, and so on.

I was provided a paperback book entitled Afghanistan, from which I absorbed history, current political events, and the strength of the Afghany Freedom Fighters. I have since learned that the book I read was never publicly released in the text it was provided me. According to instruction, the book was delivered back to Bush as quickly as I finished memorizing it, I wonder in retrospect if any part of it contained fact beyond how I was supposed to perceive it.

I read stories of espionage, including Robert Ludlum's Bourne Identity, and William Diehl's Chameleon. Mostly I was provided steamy sex novels for further training as well as scrambles. Kelly was conditioned to fairy tales, Steven Spielberg's ET, NASA NSA operative George Lucas' Star Wars, and the nightmarish Never Ending Story. Steinbeck's classic Of Mice and Men caused Kelly constantly to quote the dependant character of Lenny for years saying, "Tell me what to do, George". She still does this each and every time I am allowed to visit with her in the mental institution. The attending therapist overseeing the visit has yet to pick up on this programming cue, and I am forbidden by Juvenile Court order not to discuss Kelly's past or therapy.

Bush's most effective example of "You Are What You Read" in his book About Faces occurred during his reading of the page depicting lizard-like "aliens" from a "far-off, deep space place", Claiming to me to be an alien himself, Bush apparently activated a hologram of the lizard-like "alien" which provided the illusion of Bush transforming like a chameleon before my eyes. In retrospect, I understand that Bush had been painstakingly careful in positioning our seats in order that the hologram's effectiveness be maximized.

U.S. Army Lt. Col. Aquino's occultism provided trauma sufficient to maintain my Project Monarch Mind-Controlled existence despite his inability to affect my core spirituality. Therefore, I was not routinely subjected to the other favorite "trauma of choice"-alien themes-lite many slaves (including Kelly) I knew had been. The effect of Bush's illusion hologram on such victims is binding and strong. Even Aquino envied the mind shattering effects of Bush's alien theme visual traumas to the extent that he wrote and published his own comic book sequel to Lucas' Star Wars. While occultism is easily dispelled with reason and fact, Bush's alien theme continues to be reinforced through NASA's involvement in mind-control atrocities. Additionally, California's 24-year incumbent Senator Alan Cranston of the Select Committee on Intelligence has perpetuated this trauma base for decades, as have others. Despite my having escaped routine "alien" theme traumas, Bush's "You Are What You Read" hologram proved devastatingly sufficient for him to gain total control of my robotic mind from that moment on untill my rescue in 1988.

By the time Bush reached the last page of his About Faces book, I was so traumatized I instantly "became what I read" when I read the last verse aloud as ordered:

I am a True Patriot living an American Dream,
I will become my role when you pull my string.
I will become my part, so I can 'be all I can be'

'Cause just like the Vice President, I am what I read.

CHAPTER 18: IN THE MEANTIME

My life seemed to lead me at an accelerated pace after being subjected to Reagan and Bush. My handler, Alex Houston egotistically claimed it was his and Elemer's (his alter-ego dummy) popularity that kept us traveling so extensively within the country music circuit. When we weren't traveling the Caribbean and Mexico via NCL ships, or driving his cocaine loaded motor home to strategically booked shows across the U.S., we were routinely moving in and out of Washington, D.C. All along the way, my daughter and I were either prostituted, used in commercial pornography, or filmed in Michael Dante's "Chief" bestiality pornography as ordered by Uncle Ronnie Reagan.

Occasionally our travels would take us to Michigan, where Houston made certain we stayed with my family. Trips to my father's house were devastating but informative. My mother had developed deep, psychological scars above and beyond her own MPD condition and became an insomniac. My father by this time was routinely traveling to London, Germany, and Mexico, and taking the family to Florida's Disney World and Washington, D.C. My older brother, Hill, still worked for and with my father, traveled with him annually to "hunt" In Cheney's Greybull, Wyoming lodge, and maintained his wife and three children under trauma-base mind control according to my father's instructions.

My brother, Mike, ran a video store to front some of my father's and Uncle Bob Tanis' lucrative porn video business. My sister, Kelli Jo, became a belly dancing contortionist excelling in "gymnastics" since she became "as flexible as Gumby" according to her prostitution programming. She worked her way through school in children's day-care centers, admittedly spotting, for my father, abused children for potential "chosen ones" candidates. In 1990 she graduated to open a licensed day-care, "Little Learners" in Grand Haven, Michigan for my father. My brother, Tom (Beaver), is a Compu-Kids (CIA Project) programmed computer genius. My brother Tim broke his leg (in the same place my mother had broken his leg years before) due to following my father's sports programming above and beyond human capability. And my youngest sister, Kimmy, became hysterically obsessed with "Mr. Rogers," expressed immense fear of her huge "electric" doll house that lit up at night to look like the White House, and was under a doctor's care for anorexia by age seven, I look forward to the day I can help them all, and justice is served on my father.

Since I was using parts of my brain I would not have used under normal circumstances, I developed the ability to read backwards as naturally as I could read forwards. Houston tapped into this typically occult-based phenomenon as a means of "scrambling" road signs to promote amnesia of where we were traveling. He further compounded his effort by conditioning me to read phonetically and literally, and alternated his "scrambling" methods. "Zoo" became "ooz" and "ooz" translated to "oz". Arkansas read "Our Kansas", and Missouri became (and was!) "Misery". East became West, and highway 66 became 99. When I travelled, I "literally" did not consciously know if I were coming or going. If an outsider happened to ask me about where I'd travelled, I mechanically

replied, "The towns all run together and look alike after awhile."

Commands delivered in the same language twisting manner were natural for me to follow. "Role with it" was easier for me to become according to Reagan's acting definition than it was to go with the flow by "rolling with it". Phrases like Wyoming Senator Alan Simpson's "In a switch of an "I" (personality)/"eye"(hypnotic blink)/ "i"(the letter), complaint becomes compliant. The parts of my brain I was forced to function with were not conducive to "normal" thinking.

Nor could I have appeared "normal" to outsiders had they cared to see beyond my superficial programmed cover personality, I did have occasion to mix with "outsiders" at the local library where I took Kelly for her books on days when we were not travelling. By age 6, she tested at the 7th grade reading level. I also emerged from my closed environment to tend to Kelly's schooling.

She maintained straight As, but her poor attendance record threatened to violate state requirements. Once when the librarian asked where Kelly would be traveling to waive library book due dates, or the teacher inquired as to Kelly's absences, I gave the usual response of, "the towns all run together and look alike after awhile." If they pressed for specifics, I ran through a series of religious phrases such as "praise the Lord", to compensate for my lack of answers. People tended to overlook and accept "religious fanaticism" personality peculiarities, which combined with my "role" traveling the country music industry, kept outsiders at a distance for years.

My "religious fanatic" cover personality was cultivated at the Brentwood, Tennessee Lord's Chapel "nondenominational" (Pentecostal) church, through the CIA Operative preacher -Reverend" Billy Roy Moore (who has since fled to Arkansas due to a local murder scandal), Moore transported cocaine from the Caribbean for the CIA, at least during the Reagan Administration, under the guise of so-called "missions,"¹ i.e., Christian ministries. It most likely was not the intent of the Christians dedicated to their Caribbean ministries to be used by the CIA and Moore to inadvertently mule drugs into our country. Even CIA agents operating under "need to know" partial information were denied the full scope of what they were actually participating in. Many seemingly willing participants were manipulated, provided "justification," and deliberately misled to believe they were serving their country, rather than destroying it from the inside out.

"Pastor" Moore combined his knowledge of Kelly's and my programming keys, codes, and triggers with his use of metaphorical language to maintain and/or direct our mode of operation. Moore's "following" consisted primarily of government mind-controlled slaves and handlers, including the Mandrells.

Jack Greene and his slave, the Oak Ridge Boys, and others. He instructed us on how to vote, which political issues to support, and to follow other "religious" political leaders such as his and Manuel Noriega's friend, evangelist Jimmy Swaggart. "Religious counselling" from Moore equalled to maintaining mindcontrol programming through "God's Orders", And "God's Orders" often came by telephone, Houston constantly

prostituted Kelly to anyone "in the loop" who was willing to pay. When she wasn't being prostituted, she was being filmed pornographically. By 1984, Michael Dante routinely filmed Kelly in pornography, since kiddie porn was as lucrative as bestiality. He filmed Kelly and me in Las Vegas, Nevada and various other locations throughout the Caribbean, California, Florida, Tennessee, and in my home state of Michigan.

This created professional conflict with long time kiddie pornographers formerly associated with Houston. Houston's close friend in Waycross, Georgia, pedophile Jimmy Walker, managed the Okefenokee Swamp Park and had participated in black budget funding operations for years on both the cocaine and pornography levels. His counterpart, Dick Flood, refused to participate to any more pornography after Dante came on the scene. Even the Huntsville, Alabama NASA/DIA/CIA-appointed "law enforcement" officers could rarely succeed in their bidding for Kelly's video taped performances unless directly ordered by Senator Byrd. Dante considered himself her future owner as well as mine, and maintained control of our porn "business" ventures through serious U.S. Government and international Mafia methodisms/connections.

Jimmy Walker, the same photographer who had taken pornographic "wedding night" pictures for Larry Flynt, recently had other photographs of me published in Hustler. When Dante found out, he was furious. Larry Flynt and Dante both worked for the CIA, had Vatican and Mafia connections, and deliberately appealed to Reagan's perversions using project Monarch Mind-Controlled slaves. What Flynt could not "legally" publish, Dante ran through the underground. Flynt and Dante lived on opposite coasts, which, despite their similarities, still was not far enough apart to sooth their differences. Waving his hands in dramatic Italian gestures. Dante furiously spouted a string of obscenities over Flynt's publishing photos of what he deemed "his property". Accusing Flynt of going to extremes to gain favor/protection from the government, Dante shouted, "He's a bigger whore than the girls he promotes!"

Michael Dante's pornographic filming abilities served several purposes. Aside from producing porn according to Reagan's own (well known) perversions and instructions, Dante was present during many key international government "gatherings". Oftentimes when I and others were prostituted to various government (New World Order) leaders, Dante had hidden cameras filming perverse sexual acts apparently for future blackmail leverage. These videos were scandalous in proportion and were usually ordered by Reagan.

Dante turned the videos over to Reagan, and covertly kept copies to protect himself. Dante converted a small room of his Beverly Hills mansion into a security vault, where he kept his personal copies of the international blackmail porn tapes there.

Among these internationally scandalous tapes are numerous videos covertly produced at the supposedly secure political sex playground in northern California, Bohemian Grove. According to Houston, Dante's high tech undetectable cameras used fiber optics, and fish-eye lens were in each of the elite club's numerous sexual perversion theme rooms. My knowledge of these cameras was due to the strategically

compromising positions of the political perpetrators I was prostituted to in the various kinky theme rooms.

I was programmed and equipped to function in all rooms at Bohemian Grove in order to compromise specific government targets according to their personal perversions. "Anything, anytime, anywhere with anyone" was my mode of operation at the Grove. I do not purport to understand the full function of this political cesspool playground as my perception was limited to my own realm of experience. My perception is that Bohemian Grove serves those ushering in the New World Order through mind control, and consists primarily of the highest Mafia and U.S. Government officials. I do not use the term "highest" loosely, as copious quantities of drugs were consumed there. Project Monarch MindControl slaves were routinely abused there to fulfill the primary purpose of the club: purveying perversion.

Bohemian Grove is reportedly intended to be used recreationally, providing a supposedly secure environment for politically affluent individuals to "party" without restraint. The only business conducted there pertained to implementing the New World Order, through the proliferation of mind-control atrocities, giving the place an air of "Masonic Secrecy". The only room where business discussions were permitted was the small, dark lounge affectionately and appropriately referred to as the Underground.²

Sex slaves were not routinely permitted in the Underground for security reasons, leaving the lounge's small stage as the only source of "entertainment". This entertainment ranged from would-be talents such as Lee Atwater, Bill Clinton, and George Bush to CIA Operative entertainers such as Boxcar Willie and Lee Greenwood. On one occasion I was instructed to meet with former President Gerald Ford in the Underground where Lee Atwater was picking and singing. As I waited through the smoke-filled room to Ford's table, Atwater interrupted his song to cryptically acknowledge my unwelcome presence by singing choruses of "Over the Rainbow" and Byrd's song for me "Country Roads" while emphasizing the lines of "Almost heaven, West Virginia".

My purpose at the Grove was sexual in nature, and therefore my perceptions were limited to a sex slave's viewpoint. As an effective means of control to ensure undetected proliferation of their perverse indulgences, slaves such as myself were subjected to ritualistic trauma. I knew each breath I took could be my last, as the threat of death lurked in every shadow. Slaves of advancing age or with failing programming were sacrificially murdered "at random" in the wooded grounds of Bohemian Grove, and I felt it was "simply a matter of time until it would be me". Rituals were held at a giant, concrete owl monument on the banks of, ironically enough, the Russian (rushin') River. These occultish sex rituals stemmed from the scientific belief that mind-controlled slaves required severe trauma to ensure compartmentalization of the memory, and not from any spiritual motivation.

My own threat of death was instilled when I witnessed the sacrificial death of a young, dark-haired victim at which time I was instructed to perform sexually "as though my life

depended upon it". I was told, "...the next sacrifice victim could be you. Anytime when you least expect it, the owl will consume you. Prepare yourself, and stay prepared." Being "prepared" equated to being totally suggestible, i.e., "on my toes" awaiting their command.

After returning to Tennessee, Houston attempted to distort my Bohemian Grove experience by instructing me to "prepare myself for imminent death".

He ordered me into a bathtub of cold water, placed ice cubes in my vagina, then transferred me to his bed. There he tied a coroner's type tag on my toe, and hypnotically deepened my trance to the point where my heart and breathing were nearly stopped. Then he gratified himself on my cold, still body through faux necrophilia—reportedly one of his favorite perversions. Houston had "perfected" his perversion to the extent that he handed the keys to my deathstate programming to Lt. Col. Michael Aquino for use in Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations. My death-state also further equipped me in my role of "anything, anytime, anywhere with anyone" to be accessed at Bohemian Grove.

The club offered a "Necrophilia" theme room to its members. I was so heavily drugged and programmed when used in the "necrophilia" room, that the threat of actually "slipping through death's door" and being sacrificed "before I knew it" did not affect me. My whole existence was balanced precariously on the edge of death as a matter of routine anyway. My robotic state did not permit me the "luxury" of self-preservation, and I could only do exactly what I was told to do. My necrophilia room experience was only for the purpose of providing Dante a compromising film of a targeted member anyway.

Other perversion theme rooms at the Bohemian Club included what I heard Ford refer to as the "Dark Room". When he not so cleverly said, "Let's go to the Dark Room and see what develops," I understood from experience that he was interested in indulging in his perverse obsession for pornography. In the Dark Room, members had sex with the same mind-controlled slave they were viewing in porn on a big screen television.

There was a triangular glass display centered in a main through way where I was locked in with various trained animals, including snakes. Members walking by watched elicit sex acts of bestiality, women with women, mothers with daughters, kids with kids, or any other unlimited perverse visual display.

I was once brutally assaulted by Dick Cheney in the Leather Room, which was designed like a dark, black leather-lined train berth. As I crawled through the leather flaps covering the narrow entrance, I heard Cheney play on the word "berth/birth" as the soft blackness engulfed me. With the small opening covered, the blinding darkness enhanced the sense of touch and provided an option of anonymity. Cheney jokingly claimed that I "blew his cover" when I recognized his all-too-familiar voice and abnormally large penis size.

There was a room of shackles and tortures, black lights and strobes, an opium den,

ritualistic sex altars, a chapel, group orgy rooms including poster beds, water beds, and "kitten" houses. I was used as a "rag doll" in the "toy store," and as a urinal in the "golden arches" room.

From the owl's roost to the necrophilia room, no memory of sexual abuse is as horrifying as the conversations overheard in the Underground pertaining to implementing the New World Order. I learned that perpetrators believed that controlling the masses through propaganda mind manipulation did not guarantee there would be a world left to dominate due to environmental and overpopulation problems. The solution being debated was not pollution/population control, but mass genocide of "selected undesirables."

1. Moore often operated under the cloak of World Vision.
2. The wooden sign was carved to read: U.N.DERGROUNd

CHAPTER 19: E.T. PHONE HOME

Anyone attending the Bohemian Grove on a regular basis was referred to by those in the know as a "Grover". One such Grover was Ronald Reagan's then-Secretary of Education, Bill Bennett, Bill Bennett, who later became "Drug Czar" during the Bush Administration, wrote the so-called Book of Virtues and was/is? vying for the office of President. Bennett is apparently very close to his brother and fellow Grover, Bob Bennett. Although Bob Bennett holds the position of Legal Counsel to President Clinton, it is apparent that the brothers recognize no party lines.

It was clear to me that there were no partisan differences amongst those ushering in the New World Order, any more than there was loyalty to our Constitution. The close relationship I witnessed between the Bennett brothers, like the marriage between Clinton's and Bush's 1992 campaign managers James Carville and Mary Matlin, should raise questions as to their agenda. When Bill and Bob Bennett together sexually assaulted my daughter, Kelly, and me at the Bohemian Grove in 1986, I had already known Bill Bennett as a mind-control programmer for some time. Bennett anchored his Jesuit/Vatican based programming of me in my Catholic conditioning initially instilled via the Rite to Remain Silent. Through further manipulation of my "innerdimensional" perceptions, Bennett believed he had forever compartmentalized his personal secrets of perverse sex with his brother, Bob, and my then six-year old daughter. Bennett also had manipulated my mind in accordance with Vatican "Orders" via Byrd's Jesuit College programming center in West Virginia.

He used his role as Jesuit programmer for the purposes of carrying out his efforts as Education Secretary to implement Education 2000.1

In order to program my mind for my role in bringing Education 2000 into the "Volunteer State" of Tennessee's school system, Bennett used sophisticated mind manipulation to set the stage葉he same kind of mind manipulation propaganda executed on national

and international scale, Bennett's penchant for manipulating minds is apparently rooted in his knowledge of Catholic/Jesuit mind-control techniques.

When I met Bennett at a White House cocktail party in 1984, I was wearing the rosy cross necklace that Guy VanderJagt and Father Don had presented to me during my first communion, to signify the mode of program I was operating under at the time. Byrd had ordered that I wear it for the occasion.

Byrd was already talking with Bennett when a White House butler led me in to see Byrd.² Byrd was saying, "I was just talking about you with my friend, Secretary of Education³ William Bennett."

"Bill," Bennett corrected, sweeping his lecherous gaze over me as though I were merchandise. "How do you do?"

"As I am told, thank you," I said as I extended my hand as trained.

Bennett clumsily fingered the rosy cross necklace, blowing his alcoholic breath in my face as he said, "Your necklace is as beautiful as you are, and no doubt, as significant in purpose. Where did this come from and what does it mean to you?"

"From my first communion," I responded. "Guy (Byrd interrupted to clarify 'VanderJagt') gave it to me to consummate my holy communion."

Byrd corrected me, "Commemorate your holy communion."

"She doesn't need a translator, Bobby," Bennett laughed, "I'm hearing her loud and clear."

Byrd left me with Bennett, who went into a long winded recitation on an interpretation of the Bible deliberately intended to further distort my Catholic instilled perceptions. "Christ was an alien in this land," he was saying in accordance with his learned Jesuit mind manipulation techniques. "Once he landed in Earth's plane, it was plain to see he was a leader in interdimensional travel, We (Jesuits/aliens) followed his lead since he was the first to slip into Earth's dimension. In Christ's transformation from porpoise⁴ to purpose, he lost his will to Earth's demands. He lost his porpoise, so to speak." Totally "trance-fixed," I listened as Bennett rallied on and on. "When Christ emerged from the deep to inhale of Earth's atmosphere, time began ticking. It was not recognized or acknowledged until Christ's passing, however. We began marking time with his death. BC-AD-or is that AC-DC?" Referring to high voltage used to compartmentalize memory, he continued, 'No, AC in DC stops time. At any rate, we followed his lead, He referred to you as sheep. He knew you needed to be led. He led us. He led you. He led us to you. We're here to lead you. The transformation is perfected now, updated with the latest in alien technologies whereby we no longer have to follow Christ's course to the grave. We can transcend dimensions free of the confines of Earth's gravitational pull. The time is now, and we are here to lead you. We know your mind. That's how we make you mind.

Make you mine. Make you a mind. Make you mine. Journey with me now..."

Bennett manipulated my perceptions until, at last, he informed me, "You and I will be working closely together on a global education project." Sweeping his hand around the crowded room, he continued, "This atmosphere is not conducive to the kind of work we need to be doing. Something else just came up that demands immediate attention. Let's complete tonight's business with pleasure, beat it out of this dimension, suspend your suspended animation, and get with the program."

In one of many White House bedrooms available for such purposes, Bennett led me into bed. I told you we were going to beat it out of this dimension, and that's exactly what I intend to do. A little Byrd told me you like a whip. Since I am not the Senate kind, I'll just represent the majority by giving you what you need most."

Bennett apparently found perverse pleasure in whipping me. With my wrists bruised and my body slinging with pain, Bennett lit up a cigarette and cryptically asked, "Was that your first cum-union with an alien?"

He threw me my clothes, and ordered, "Make yourself presentable. Make sure your wrists are covered. I'm not waiting around for you, I'll see you in THE morning."

Bennett left. After awhile I was escorted back to Byrd, with whom I spent a brutal, short night. On the way to his room, Byrd told me, "You've got work to do come morning with Mr. Bennett. Working for him is like working for me. We are working in conjunction with the state Governors in an effort to implement the global 2000 education formula for the future. I am excited at the prospect of meddling in the future through what I accomplish today. Since I hold this country's purse strings, it is up to me to delegate as much funding as is necessary to implement the educational program. I've withheld funding and withheld funding to the point where the individual states must rely on federal funding to get them out of hot water financially. I am ready to do just that so long as they follow my guidelines. Mr. Bennett is working out the details of this plan, and will be sharing much of that with you. I need you to do what you do best by enlisting the full cooperation of state government at the upcoming Governor's Convention. I have never demanded Conventional sex of you before, but this time is different. Persuade these Governors at their weakest moment 儻ring them to their knees while you are on yours, and convince them that global education is the gateway to the future if there is to be any future at all."

Early the next morning, deep underground in the NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center mind-control lab near D.C., Bill Bennett began preparing me for the program. NASA uses various "CIA designer drugs" to chemically alter the brain and create exactly the mind set required at the time, Huntsville, Alabama's NASA drug of choice, "Train-quility," created a feeling of absolute, peaceful compliance and a sensation of walking on air. The drug administered this time was sufficiently similar to Tranquility to create total compliance. The bearing I had endured the night before had rendered me helpless, anyway, and I could barely crawl up onto the cold, metal lab table as the drug

took effect.

In the darkness surrounding me, I could hear Bill Bennett talking, "This is my brother, Bob. He and I work as one unit. We are alien to this dimension, two beings from another plane."

The high-tech light display swirling around me convinced me I was transforming dimensions with them. A laser of light hit the black wall in front of me, which seemed to explode into a panoramic view of a White House cocktail party-as though I had transformed dimensions and stood amongst them. Not recognizing anyone, I frantically asked, "Who are these people?" .

"They're not people, and this isn't a spaceship/ Bennett said. As he spoke, the holographic scene changed ever so slightly until the people appeared to be lizard-like aliens. "Welcome to the second level of the underground. This level is a mere/(mirror) reflection of the first, an alien dimension. We are from a transdimensional plane that spans and encompasses all dimensions."

"Infinite dimensions," Bob injected, "Infinite dimensions spanned simultaneously-"Bill said, "No limitations".

Bob softly sang, "Let freedom ring".

"There truly is no where to run and no where to hide from us. We're who is looking from behind the Eye in the Sky," Bill continued, "We're watching you," Bob said. He sang a line from the popular rock song "I'll Be Watching You".

"I have taken you through my dimension as a means of establishing stronger holds on your mind than the Earth's plane permits," Bill Bennett was saying.

"Being alien, I simply make my thoughts your thoughts by projecting them into your mind. My thoughts are your thoughts."5

The brief message Bennett programmed me with pertaining to Education 2000 was to be directed to state Governors at the upcoming convention while delivering a packet of information:

The children. We must consider the children. Think for a moment beyond tomorrow. Our children are the future. Their future lies in education. We can control the future today by regulating education. Our thoughts and plans for the future-put in their text. A text they can understand. Children's textbooks. The highest levels of government, the most brilliant minds on the face of this m - Earth would like input into the future by way of the children. You, as Governor, are in a position to provide that link. Global Education 2000 is ready for implementation. Look into it. Look into it and see the future."

1. Education 2000 was designed to increase our children's learning capacity while

destroying their ability to critically think for themselves. You can learn more about Education 2000, also referred to as America 2000 and Global 2000, through reading: Educating for the New World Order by B.K. Eakman, published by Halcyon House ISBN # 0-89420-278-2-3441000, and A Critique of America 2000: An Educational Strategy by Kathi Simonds, published by Citizens for Excellence in Education,

2. Anytime I was taken to "see Byrd," I was deliberately reminded of his name, (Robert) C. Byrd and "its alien mirror reversal," Sea-Byrd as a triple bind lock in.

3. Bill Bennett, who was still acting as Chairman of the National Endowment of the Humanities in 1984, was designated (tapped) to become U.S. Secretary of Education through his allegiances to George Bush and the New World Order. In 1985, Reagan (Bush) officially appointed Bennett as Secretary of Education. Apparently Byrd considered my "Need to Know" Bennett as Secretary of Education pertinent to my role in the Global Education project.

4. Jesuit/NASA based whale and dolphin programming suggests that water is a mirror to other dimensions and is the means by which aliens have mixed with our population.

5. If this were so, why did he have to audibly tell me?

CHAPTER 20: NEW WORLD ORDER OF THE ROSE

Still feeling drugged from the programming session instilled in me by Bill Bennett at the nearby Goddard Space Flight Center, I attended a White House cocktail party later that night as instructed.

Dressed "to Order," I wore a slinky, black dress that gathered at one hip decorated in rubies, with a red rose barrette in my hair. "The Chief called for her," my Secret Service escort told the butler as he left me at the door. The lights were dim and the air was formal as the butler led me through the unusually large crowd of people. He released my elbow, aiming me in the direction of then President Ronald Reagan. As I walked through the crowd toward Reagan, I saw familiar faces associated with the "Order of the Rose.¹" Across the room, Bill and Bob Bennett were laughing with Dick Cheney. Then-Governor of Pennsylvania Dick Thornburgh was engaged in conversation with Senator Arlen Specter.

Within the farthest reaches of my expanded peripheral vision, I saw George Bush talking with his U.N. confidant Madeleine Albright². Knowing I could see him as though I had eyes in the back of my head, Bush subtly signaled me to join them.

"You know Madeleine Albright," Bush began, Expertly using terminology from previously instilled Catholic Jesuit beliefs, he continued, "She's the reverend mother of all sisters (slaves). She's so close to God that an order from her is an order from Him." Albright snickered, apparently impressed with Bush's "witty" manipulation of program verbiage. "She rose in the U.N. through me to implement the New World peace process."

Albright said to me, "I hear you're a world (whirled?) piece".

"Who told you that?" Bush demanded.

"Larry Flynt, for her stint in Jamaica³," she quickly explained.

Bush threw up his hand in apparent disgust at the idea of sex relating to someone with two digits in their age. "Spare me," he said.

"That's my job," Albright said matter-of-factly with a smile of pride. She shooed me away while condescendingly saying, "I'll see you tomorrow at the OAS (Organization of American States) office. Now, you run along and go play." Noting that her nonspecific orders left me unable to determine which way to turn, literally, she aimed me back in the direction of Reagan.

Reagan was dressed in a dark, navy blue suit and red silk tie. His red rosebud⁴ boutonniere instantly triggered me into a Jesuit "Order of the Rose" sex slave mode. "Well, hello, Kitten," Reagan said, blowing his cognac breath in my face as he bent over to kiss my hand.

"Uncle Ronnie..." I said, sexually responding as conditioned. Reagan turned to the man beside him and said, "Brian, this is one more of those benefits of the New World Order I was telling you about. Kitten, this is Brian Mulroney, Prime Minister of Canada."

The connotations of my childhood experience with the former Prime Minister⁵ of Canada, Pierre Trudeau, suggested that Mulroney was Jesuit^預s did the mode I was operating in. He, too, was wearing a red rose boutonniere signifying his involvement and commitment to the Order of the Rose.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir," I said as I extended my hand.

"The pleasure is mine," Mulroney said as he kissed my hand, "Please, call me Brian."

"Yes, Sir, Brian," I responded, my brain still whirling with the NASA designer drugs.

Chuckling but insistent, Mulroney reiterated, "I am not a Sir".

Reagan jumped in, "He is a Prime Minister, which means he is more important than your average Minister, and certainly more important than any Sir. Brian is my friend."

"Oh, Brian," I said, finally understanding,

"O'Brien is her father's name," Reagan told Mulroney, "She is of Irish descent and hails from Michigan."

Brian turned to me, "I've been in your neck of the woods here recently-in one of my favorite get-aways-on Mackinac Island." "Mackinac Island was her launch point into the project," Reagan explained in terms used by those familiar with mind-control operations. Mulroney apparently was aware of my mind-controlled state and leered at me as though I were merchandise, Reagan noticed his interest and proceeded to function in the capacity of a pimp. "I highly recommend you take her along with the rest. She is an excellent game piece for you to use in any position. And there's security.

Her head is in the ethers and come tomorrow, she wouldn't know you from the man in the moon. I'll give you the keys later."

Expertly using Order of the Rose signals and triggers, Mulroney said, "Just give me the key to her heart, and she's mine." "You are wise in the ways of the world," Reagan commented.

"I have to be on top of things. It's a New World Order," Mulroney said matter-of-factly.

As a guard led me away, I heard Reagan tell Mulroney, "You will be on top of the world soon".

I was searched by uniformed Canadian bodyguards and pointed in the direction of one of the White House's many bedroom suites. When I opened the door, I saw three blonde sex slaves undressing and preparing the bed~~room~~ one of whom was my close friend and Senator Arlen Specter's slave.

I excitedly called my friend's name. "What are you doing here?" I asked as we hugged each other.

"Small world," she said, as she always did when we were thrust together in various places for prostitution and/or pornography. This universal term was often used among those familiar with the Small, Small World Disney-developed mind-control program.

I hugged my friend again, "Wow, it is a small world. I'm so glad you're here." I had no comprehension of our predicament and could not see beyond the moment "Hell girls! It is a small world!" Mulroney entered and strode across the room, tossing his coat on a chair and loosening his tie. "Watch it get smaller and smaller as we rocket further and further away." He slipped out of his shoes, suspenders, and pants while he continued his hypnotic metaphors.

"Soaring through the sea of black space. As the world gets smaller and smaller and smaller, then sinks into the black sea of space." Removing his boxer shorts, he announced, "I brought you here for a purpose..." and proceeded to access our sex programming.

In retrospect I know it was no coincidence that my friend and I were brought together to satisfy Brian Mulroney's perversion for mind-controlled slaves. Identically mirror

programmed, we operated in unison. The delicate red rose tattoo on my friend's left wrist signified her enslavement to the (New World) Order of the Rose to which Mulroney belonged.

My friend and her young daughter reportedly were often transported across the U.S.-Canadian border at Niagara Falls for prostitution to Mulroney. The sexual abuse of her precious child was used as a trauma base to maintain control of her mind just as Kelly's abuse traumatized me, Mulroney had previously accessed sex programming at Niagara Falls in my friend and me-along with our daughters-to satisfy his sanctioned perversions as though it were "business as usual". Had I been capable of connecting events, I would have felt enormous relief that our daughters were not forced to participate in his sexual assault this time.

"Mission" complete, I slipped on my dress and prepared to leave, Mulroney pointed to me and cryptically said, "I'll be seeing you around. Maybe I'll see you in Mackinac. Maybe somewhere in time." In three lines, Mulroney expertly tied the immediate moment to childhood cues and current Mexican NAFTA operations, as well as prepared me for my next encounter with him on Mackinac Island,

1. "The Order of the Rose" was an emblem of those ushering in the New World Order. "Orders from the Rose" were orders From George Bush.

2. Reagan first introduced me to U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright as "my mentor" in Jesuit operations in the Caribbean "Madeleine Albright is a Saint," Reagan told me, forming my perception of her "The Mother Teresa of the Caribbean."

3. While I was in Jamaica under Albright's (via Bush's) instruction, Larry Flynt photographers took advantage of my being there to use the picturesque Dunn's River Falls as a backdrop for pornographic photos to be used in Hustler.

4. Reagan's red rose triggered a sexual mode usually used to compromise/blackmail dignitaries and lock them into loyalty to the Order of the Rose.

CHAPTER 21: GLOBAL EDUCATION 2000

My programmed role toward implementing Education 2000 according to the plans of those ushering in the New World Order brought me back in contact with former Governor of Tennessee, Lamar Alexander, and eventually Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, I had met Lamar Alexander in 1973, at a satanic ritual I was subjected to in an affluent neighborhood of Nashville, Tennessee. Lamar Alexander presided over this sex-oriented occult ritual with full understanding of my Project Monarch Mind-Control victimization and the impact his actions were having on my mind. It was my experience then, and intermittently throughout the years, that Lamar Alexander's sexual perversion was to bring his victim to the point of death through oral suffocation.

During the course of publicly exposing Tennessee's need for education reform as

instructed, I was in contact with Commissioners, Superintendents, Mayors, and Lamar Alexander. Lamar Alexander, who followed Bennett as Bush's Secretary of Education, worked in close association with Bill Bennett to manipulate the minds of the masses to accept Education 2000 as the ONLY means of education reform. When Ned McWherter was moved into the office of Governor to rubber stamp federal projects, Lamar Alexander maintained influence over state politics. At the same time, he maintained influence over national politics through his role as chairman of the National Governor's Association in 1986.

As the 1984 Governor's Convention drew near, I met with Lamar Alexander at the Stockyard nightclub where he was drinking with his long time associate and partner-in-crime, Nashville's Mayor Richard Fulton. In the basement bar of this old, converted stockyard was a modified antique "Shoe Shine" booth, where the term took on new meaning. A key to a private shoeshine booth could be obtained by those in the know through Stockyard owner, Buddy Killen. This closet-sized booth was lined in mirrors and had a small bench where Lamar Alexander sat after our business was concluded. I knelt at his feet as ordered to perform oral sex. Programmed sex slaves such as myself were trained to go long periods of time without drawing a breath, and users such as Alexander stretched this time to the maximum.¹

On this occasion, Alexander apparently exceeded the maximum. I do not recall completion of my programmed task. It was afterhours when my mindcontrol handler, Alex Houston, dragged my limp body from the booth, roused me, and ordered me out of the building. Buddy Killen opened a back door that once was a cattle run, and Houston half-dragged me out the back exit unseen.

The night of the Convention, Alex Houston's youngest daughter, Bonnie,² was to join me. Bonnie and E were close to the same age, and together we dressed for the occasion. As a prostitute, Bonnie was familiar with Lamar Alexander and his perversions but nevertheless was excited at the prospect of seeing "old friends" at the Convention via Louise Mandrell,³ who would be entertaining there. The comradery between Alex Houston and Mandrell that developed during Bob Hope's U.S.O. tours in the 1960s lasted for decades due to their shared involvement in running mind-controlled slaves for Byrd.

Bonnie shared in this friendship with the Mandrells and was looking forward to seeing her "friends" in the band.

I, too, was looking forward to talking with Louise Mandrell, but for a very different reason. Barbara had just endured her near-fatal car crash, and I was deeply concerned for her welfare. Throughout the 1980s while traveling under the guise of the Country Music Industry, Alex Houston toured with Barbara and/or Louise Mandrell on a regular basis. Occasionally Barbara and I saw each other in "church," the Hendersonville Lord's Chapel. This church was an offshoot of Billy Roy Moore's Lord's Chapel, and was pastored by his mindcontrolled slave, Mike Nelson, who became close friends with Barbara.⁴ Alex Houston and I were present when Mike Nelson broke program, and

attempted to flee for his Life with Barbara Mandrell. The pastor was subdued with a stun gun and immediately relieved of his position, while Barbara frantically sought answers to the questions the two of them had managed to raise.

Alex Houston was touring with Louise Mandrel in 1984 when Louise had a "premonition" of Barbara's imminent demise洋uch the same way Loretta Lynn "psychically predicted" her son's murder. Like the murders of Loretta's son and Country Music entertainer Keith Whitley, I was aware of Barbara's planned accident before it occurred due to Alex Houston's direct involvement. These traumas were also used as a means of locking in my mind-controlled belief that I had "no where to run and no where to hide". Worst of all, I could not think to speak of what I knew due to my own absolute mind control. While Barbara physically survived her ordeal, her voice was silenced as planned.

When Bonnie and I arrived at Opryland Hotel, we hurried to the ballroom where Louise Mandrell would be performing. My concern for Barbara detracted me from my appointment with Lamar Alexander until one of Louise's dancers who knew of my role put me "back on track".

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "You're supposed to be at Rhett Butler's restaurant NOW."

I hurried to the restaurant where Lamar Alexander was having dinner with Senator Byrd and several governors. Byrd was participating in the function for reasons unknown to me, but I was aware that he had fiddled at the Opry. Byrd stopped eating just long enough to acknowledge my presence, "Where have you been?"

"I was checking on Barbara over at the show," I replied as Lamar Alexander excused himself and walked over.

Putting an arm around me and turning me away from the table, he whispered, "You could wind up just like her if you don't get with the program.

You've got programs to hand out. But right now, you're interrupting my dinner. Have you had anything to drink?"

"No, Sir," I replied, traumatized at the magnitude of his threat.

Lamar Alexander instructed me to leave immediately, order a grasshopper from the conservatory bar, and wait for further instructions.

It was a matter of routine for me to order a "grasshopper" from Opryland Hotel's conservatory. The ice cream "drink" was specially made預lways with a hypnotic drug in it. As sometimes happened, the waitress was unfamiliar with the process, and conservatory harp player and CIA operative Lloyd Lindroth interceded. The drug had the same effect as that administered at the D.C.

NASA programming center by Bennett, and my mode was robotic compliance.

After the drug kicked in, Lloyd Lindroth instructed me to proceed to the main ballroom of the Hotel, where Lamar Alexander would be meeting me.

The outer lobby of the ballroom was decorated in wall-size murals that extended to the top of the gothic ceiling. A life-size steam engine depicted on the far wall appeared to be racing toward the grand staircase. I had seen the murals numerous times before, but never had they seemed so real as they did to me that night on the NASA drug. The heavy double doors leading to the ballroom caused me to feel very small as I pulled with all my strength to open it. Inside, the room was a sea of black suits and ties, and I was relieved when Lamar Alexander ushered me back out into the lobby.

Alexander positioned me near the train mural as a cryptic indicator to those in the know that I was a "trained" mind-controlled slave. I was provided a box of brown envelopes packed with the Education 2000 information I was to hand out to the governors. Alexander instructed me on exactly what I was to say in conjunction with the message Bennett had programmed me with in D.C. Then he returned to the ballroom, where he apparently acted in the capacity of a pimp.

"Are you waiting on the train?" a paunchy governor asked, "No, Sir," I answered. Then, as instructed, I said, "But I do have a packet of information with your name on it. Shall I take it to your room for you?"

"Oh? And what is my name?" he asked.

"Governor," I responded. There actually were no names on the envelopes.

"Astute," he responded. "And what is it you have for me?"

"This packet," I answered, handing it to him. "And anything else you want compliments of Lamar Alexander and (tapped) Secretary of Education, Bill Bennett."

According to some of the men, Alexander had cued them as to my position.

Others, such as then Governor of Pennsylvania, Dick Thornburgh and Ohio Governor Dick Celeste already knew me, "I've got a packet of information with your name on it.. " I was saying as I bent over to lift one from the box.

"I don't think so," Governor Blanchard of Michigan interrupted. "Bill (Bennett) wouldn't stoop so low as to insult me that way. I'm doing the same thing here you are, but from a very different approach. The figures I offer reflect the success of Education 2000 in the Michigan school system."

I recognized Governor Blanchard, and was well aware of Michigan's ranking first in the nation in education. "Speaking of which," he continued, "I believe I see your mother

more often than you do these days since she is working in the schools. That little sister of yours (Kimmy) is a prime example of what proper instruction can produce. Your little sister is coming to Mackinac to further her skills. Your whole family is a prime example of how good Education 2000 works."

I finally met up with Bonnie again in Lamar Alexander's room as the night came to a close. "Bonnie, how's that snake of yours?" he asked. Bonnie, who had been filmed pornographically by CIA commercial photographer Jimmy Walker with Dick Flood's snakes, had a pet boa constrictor.

"Great!" Bonnie laughed. "How's yours?"

"Constricted," he replied,

Bonnie unzipped his pants as she admittedly had done numerous times in the past, playfully saying "Let it loose!"

Lamar Alexander began removing his pants. Referring to me in Project Monarch terms he said, "When I first saw you, you were a worm with no hint of being a butterfly."

"Daddy (Alex Houston) said she was a diamond in the rough," Bonnie volunteered,

"She shines now". Turning to me he said, "I know you are a shoe shiner, and mine need a shine."

Bonnie, also familiar with the Stockyard booth and Lamar Alexander's meaning, laughed when he said, "Why don't you both take a foot."

Task complete, I went to Byrd's nearby room as instructed. He was in the bathroom preparing himself for bed, "Louise had her feathers fuffed over Barbara's collision with destiny and I had to smooth them down a bit," Drying his dough grey hands on a towel, he turned to me and said, "Looks like you've had your wings spread a bit tonight."

"I wore a path up and down the stairs," I stated.

Much to my relief he said, "I'm not going to fiddle with you farther. I just wanted to give you something to remember me by--Bye." He compartmentalized my memory with his stun gun.

Soon thereafter, Kelly and I were transported to Mackinac Island. Michigan to meet with Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney at then-Governor James Blanchard's mansion.

Houston led Kelly and me to a horse drawn carriage as quickly as we stepped off the ferryboat onto the timeless, antiquated island, I noticed that the Canadian flags were again flying at the Grand Hotel, but was of no mind to question, Kelly sat quietly beside me, apparently drugged as our carriage took us through the woods to the Governor's

mansion.

The guests in the mansion were reminiscent of the recent Tennessee Governor's convention: Michigan Governor Blanchard, Ohio Governor Dick Celeste, and Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh. Guy VanderJagt and Jerry Ford were also present. Mulroney appeared to be the guest of "honor".

He reached out his hands and greeted me, "I told you I would see you somewhere in time! I slipped time, space, and distance to be here this evening.

You and I have some ground to cover."

"Yes, Sir. President Reagan's Global Education Secretary Bill Bennett has sent me to deliver this education packet directly to you." I was to deliver a large, brown envelope of documents similar to those handed out at the Governor's Convention.

Blanchard excused himself. "I've already heard the schpiel," he said as he turned to his other guests, leaving Mulroney and me alone.

"Global Education is the wave of the future," I recited as programmed. As the world gets smaller and smaller due to higher technology spanning the globe, our children must be educated in the ways of the world. Education as it is, barely equips them for life in their own backyard. We need to become involved in our children's education for the sake of their future and our legacy. Global education is the way. The only way, Look into it..." I handed him the envelope. "...Peer into the future."

Mulroney uncrossed his arms long enough to accept the envelope, which he casually tossed on a chair. "I am interested in the children, the legacy we leave them, and how we shape their future by the way we record our history in their test." Using Order of the Rose cues, he signalled me to photographically record his words for future delivery. "Tell Mr. Bennett(sss)," he hissed, cryptically revealing his knowledge that Bill and Bob Bennett worked together using reptilian-alien themes, "implementation is high. I'm already sold on Global 2000 and have additional points I would like for them to consider. Headsets at every computer station for openers. Double the impact with dual learning.

We're being thrust forward at warp speed, and the generations of the future may need an added booster to bring them up to speed. A united global effort using your education package as a basis is destined to bring the future into a clear and present reality."

Business complete, Mulroney triggered my sex programming and led me upstairs to the bedrooms where Kelly was robotically waiting, entranced under Orders of the Rose,

1. I have witnessed girls die of suffocation from this practice even though 3 to 5 minutes without breathing is common.

2. While Bonnie was not raised in Project Monarch, Houston's pedophilia and stage

hypnosis techniques rendered Bonnie unable to control her own actions. Bonnie is a multiple with a record of prostitution in need of therapy and care.

3. Irby Mandrell openly discussed Senator Byrd's direct involvement in the Project Monarch government mind-controlled victimizations of his incestuously abused daughters with Houston. "Having babies can be a lucrative way to feather your nest-that's what the Byrd taught me." Mandrel continued, "Louise was a little withdrawn, and she needed to come out of her cocoon and spread her wings. I ran the idea by Byrd, and he said 'If she doesn't have a talent, let's make her one. What is a band without a fiddle?' And viola, there she is. Another star on the rise launched from NASA City, USA (Huntsville, Alabama)."

4. Friendships between mind-controlled slaves are usually forbidden, and conversations are kept to a minimum lest cross-programming triggering occurs. Throughout the years, my own relationship with the Mandrells was limited to a superficial basis, whereas Irby Mandrell employed Houston's hypnotic abilities to maintain mind control over his daughters while touring.

CHAPTER 22: MY CONTRA-BUTION

U.S. and Mexican relations were flourishing in the successes of NAFTA's groundwork, while political differences pertaining to Nicaragua remained a minor point of contention. Since the Catholic Vatican's Intelligence arm of Jesuits were working closely with U.S. Intelligence to usher in the New World Order, they used their established influence in Mexico and Nicaragua to provide a common ground for "diplomatic relations". My dual mind-control victimization by the CIA and the Jesuits since childhood, and my previous "diplomatic relations" in Mexico thrust me into the role of messenger and prostitute to Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega.

Were President Reagan's Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters fighters OF freedom or FOR freedom? My mind-controlled existence rendered me incapable of pondering such questions. Nevertheless, I had a programmed "passion burning in my bosom" for the Contras as was patriotically instilled through torture, when I embarked on my "peacekeeping mission" to Nicaragua for Reagan tale in the summer of 1985, I boarded NCL as usual to reach my appointed destination. Since Nicaragua was not a port of call for NCL, I flew from the Yucatan of Mexico to a remote military airstrip in Managua. It was in this small mountain top clearing that I met with Commandant Daniel Ortega, as had been arranged through the Vatican.

I was dressed seasonably in shorts, with my long blond hair lucked back in a French braid. Ortega's attire, too, was reflective of the casual air to meeting.

His tan, military uniform had worn thin, and was free of any protocol insignias.

The dark, rose-colored sunglasses he peered through apparently had not changed his somber view of the "noble cause" he claimed to represent. A man of few words, he

greeted me with an order, "Come with me." I rode with him in silence as he drove a jeep the short distance across the airstrip to a small, near, two story, white, frame house.

As we came to a stop in front of the house, Ortega said In a sad, slow voice.

"I have needs like any man. But I feel like a whore myself for accepting your President's offer."

His bedroom was clean and functional, with numerous assault weapons scattered around, I did not see any modern conveniences or personal effects, but Ortega seemed to be at home in his surroundings.

Ortega's demeanor was that of a man who had abstained from sex longer than most in his political position. As he slowly unbuttoned his shirt, I noticed a Catholic medallion with the secret Jesuit ascension/descension symbol on it, a common accessory among Jesuit spooks. He sat in wicker chair as I followed his silent lead in gratifying him orally.

While he chain smoked cigarettes, I sat in front of him on the floor, and relayed Reagan's message to him as programmed. I began. "President Reagan has sent me as a messenger of peace."

He casually interrupted. slowly looking me up and down. "I'd like to have a piece in a few more minutes."

I continued, "Your people have endured many hardships Throughout their existence. He (Reagan) only wants to help. The American people want to see peace and freedom in your land. Mexican and U.S. relations are growing stronger by the day, and it is imperative that we resolve your conflict in order to resolve our own with the Mexican government We have come to the agreement with Mexico that the Nicaraguan conflict must be resolved for the sake of your people as well as our own, I am here on a peacekeeping mission representative of Vatican-based common ground shared by both Mexican and American governments, to enlighten you to our peaceful intentions. The unified effort of Mexican-American Catholic missions is to promote peace in your region, while only enhancing your culture. The world is rapidly turning toward world peace, and Nicaragua is way behind the times from technology and education to government ideals and religious convictions. Pope John Paul is praying diligently for peace in your region, and has joined forces with President Reagan, Mexico, and even the Soviet Union to ensure that peace. He (the Pope) knows your goals, he knows your motives (I leaned forward, almost whispering from my own instilled belief), he knows your soul. We can all work in tandem to achieve that peace. Nicaragua, small though it may be in relation to the rest of the world, is a significant stepping stone toward unifying world powers. It can no longer be a source of contention and disagreement.

Your people must be free. Free to worship God through your holy Catholic church. That is first and foremost on President Reagan's agenda, as well as the Pope's and President de la Madrid's. A New World Order is coming into being with or without you; it

is an inevitable process that cannot be stopped. A whole new world of peace awaits us all. I can see you are a peace-loving man. It emanates from your being. Blood has flowed across your land so heavily that your people are drowning in it. Together we can cauterize that wound.

Replace blood flow with cash flow. Americanization can upgrade your technology at a rapid rate. Your people could compete in world markets by the turn of the century. Your future global position has already been determined by geography alone. Flow with it. Lead your people out of poverty. Educate them in a manner conducive to their destined position in world markets. Free them from their struggles that have held them captive for so long. Allow the church bells to ring with good news of peace, prosperity and freedom. You can achieve all of your goals for your country's advancement with our help."

Ortega thoughtfully finished smoking a cigarette, and lit up another as he confidently replied, "Tell your President that I have seen his freedom, and listened to" his words projected through yet another example of it. He paints a beautiful picture suspended within his framework. A picture can appear serene to its beholder while it is being gazed upon. I cannot worship a graven image, and the picture he paints is just that. We have fought too hard and too long, spilling sweat and blood across this land in our determined effort to maintain human values instilled in us by our forefathers, who gained their profound wisdom from the original Catholic missionaries. These values are the same as those portrayed in President Reagan's painted picture-only ours are real. His have only surface value, like any other painting. If I were to concede, I would only be framed within me picture he paints, hung on his wall like a trophy. I will not mislead my people, in spite of his offers of wealth and position, I am true to my convictions, and when he is true to his, then we will meet on common ground and have something of substance to discuss. For now, words are only a waste of our time."

Ortega put out his cigarette, and pulled back the covers on his bed. "I'll take you somewhere pleasant." He took a well-used opium pipe/bong off his dresser and handed me a nozzle, I had been trained to accept any drug given to me with the only exception being the strictly forbidden marijuana. I hesitated until Ortega assured me it was opium. As the drug took affect he said, "This could be the way to world peace." Sex with Ortega was at very least free of pain and perversion. Unlike most I was forced to have "diplomatic relations" with for the Reagan Administration, he fell asleep when he was through due to the difference between opium and cocaine.

The honk of a jeep's horn outside awoke him. As I prepared to leave, he said, "Wait". He took a small, 1/4 inch or so ball of black opium from his personal stash, wrapped it in the cellophane from his cigarette package wrapper, and said, "Give this to your President and tell him that you and I found more peace with this substance than he'll ever impart on the surface of his painted globe," As he closed the door quietly behind me he said, "Come back and see me when you have more to offer. "

I was immediately returned by plane to Washington, D.C. where my "mission" had originated. This time I was taken directly to Bush's office, where I delivered Ortega's

message verbatim. Eliminating most of the dialogue, Bush instructed me to deliver a partial message to Reagan. Unable to perceive message content and people beyond my "Need to Know" mindcontrolled limited view, I had no concept that Ortega's message would have a negative impact. It never occurred to me that Ortega had proven himself to be as much a hypocrite as he purported Reagan to be by using me as a prostitute and messenger of bad news knowing full well that I had no free will with which to make the message more palatable. Bush's revision of Ortega's message added fuel to a proverbial fire that I didn't even know was burning when I delivered the message to Reagan.

Bush was with Reagan and me in Reagan's secondary office (to the Oval office) of the White House as I relayed the message as instructed, "Daniel Ortega is a peace loving man, who seeks the same resolutions that we do. But he told me to tell you-(I dug in my purse for the opium) that he and I found more peace in this substance-(I handed the opium to Reagan) than you'll ever impart on the surface of your painted globe."

Bush smiled as Reagan's face instantly turned beet red with rage. Bush then reacted and spun up out of his chair, took the opium for himself, and told Reagan, "Settle down. There's more. It seems the only peace she spread was between her legs." He headed for the door, saying, "I would reconsider my position if I were in your shoes considering what's filling hers." Bush dropped his gaze down the back of my legs to my shoes as he continued, "It's running down both sides of her legs."

Obviously I wouldn't be subjected to sex with Reagan that day. I was quickly excused and flown back to Mexico, where I resumed my NCL cruise. With my memory of the event compartmentalized through high voltage, I believed at the time that I had never been gone at all.

CHAPTER 23: WHIRLED VISION

In the fall of 1985, the same part of me that met with Ortega was walking with (Reagan appointed) CIA Director William "Bill" Casey through the arbour'd rose garden of his Long Island estate. Casey began by manipulating my Jesuit/Vatican programming base personality with the expertise indicative of the current union between Catholic and CIA operations. Casey, whom Reagan referred to as a "man of Vision," was forming my Jesuit mind-control programmed "understanding". "I have a World Vision,¹ one of peace. By removing the more violent factions of societies world wide and replacing them with faithful leaders of one world government, and the one world church, global unification is eminent. It is a beautiful vision, and it came to me in my dreams.

God has moved me to move men. I've moved them here and I've moved them there now it's time to remove them. My World Vision encompasses the globe and puts to rest any and all tensions, strife, overpopulation, and starvation. My vision is a World Vision, and the churches see it my way as evidenced by their support of the cause."²

Referring to my mind-controlled involvement in Haitian operations via NCL, Casey

further defined 'the cause,' "Your heartfelt mission in Haiti has helped in my World Vision quest for her people to abandon hedonistic voodoo and turn their eyes to God and Godly ways. By their own design, they have created an atmosphere of evil whereby a plague will be visited on their land.

The Lord has so moved me to move men who share our goals into place, and re-move those who stand in the way of peace. It is for this reason that your mission in Haiti must be brought to a close. Baby Doc, in his tireless devotion to saving the demonically possessed cannot bear the burden of watching his people die the wretched death unleashed upon those doomed for hell. We are left with no alternative but to heed the word of God and spare him from annihilation. For this reason, we will send in the missionaries (Jesuit Mercenaries) to inoculate the population with a vaccine that will spare only the good of heart by virtue of its design. All attempts to maintain Haiti within the loop of financial gain will cease. Tourism must be stopped for the sake of the innocents visiting a plagued land. Despite our differences, Baby Doc has complied with the Vatican's orders to the best of his abilities in his demon infested land, and must resign his post. We owe it to him to transport him to safety. It is our duty as Americans and followers of God to obey the commands of our Lord and Master and enforce the World Vision. It is your duty as an American and follower of God to instill the understanding that God has spoken, and a plague is imminent. Baby Doc is being prepared for transition and awaits word of direction. You will provide him with that word."

With my perceptions distorted and Catholic Jesuit programmed "understanding" instilled, I was prepared to "religiously accept" any and all I was told. I believed that the revolution in Haiti was a holy war, never capable of realizing it was a test run battle for the minds in this 4th world country.

The devotion I felt toward the Haitian people was more than a religious understanding of these alternately Catholic-Santeria³ voodoo worshippers. I was actually subconsciously recognizing other tortured mind-controlled slaves in this human created hell called Haiti. Consciously, I now know it was due in part to the visible stun gun/prod marks, plastic ever-present smiles that never quite reach their dead appearing eyes. The children clung to their wide-eyed mothers, as they performed their tasks in robotic servitude. I had recognized these characteristics in other slaves throughout the years, but never had I seen a whole country entranced. My compassion for the Haitian people penetrated into the realm of the spiritual, into a part of me that mind control and manipulation of religion could never touch, Casey and I had been walking through the garden, guarded by more armed men than the President, It wasn't that I was a threat, I couldn't even think to save myself. It was that Casey and his World Vision were a threat to humanity that so many guards were needed. The men appeared to be U.S. Secret Service officers according to their attire, weapons, and earphone headsets. One guard conspicuously placed his hand to his headset, listening as though it were remote control. He walked briskly over to Casey, who signalled me to leave with an escort who instantly arrived at my side awaiting instruction.

"Take her to my chambers," Casey told him, "Clear her mind. I have something I need

to instill," Robotically I followed my escort into Casey's office library. The room was barren, dark, and hot-just as described in a book I had been given to read in keeping with You Are What You Read programming. It produced a sensation of having somehow stepped into the novel Chameleon by insider William Diehl. The mind scramble of the book and reality instantly commenced, "It's warm in here," the agent said, unbuttoning my white eyelet blouse.

"Bill (Casey) likes to keep it this way in case-he (Casey) gets a chill and his blood runs cold. Chameleons⁴ are naturally cold blooded. Make yourself comfortable while I turn up the heat. Mr, Casey doesn't want to hear a peep out of you, so I'll warn you now-be Silent." He deliberately triggered and activated the Jesuit programmed part of me that believed in my Vow of Silence.⁵

The walls have ears and the plants have eyes, so your silence is tantamount to success. I'm going to leave you to reflect in Silence, Bill will be along any minute."

Had I been capable of "reflecting," I would have questioned the validity of Casey's dramatic position of "religious overtones" on Haitian policy. Like Reagan's, Casey's sincerity did not ring true considering the fruits of his labor. But then, I could not consider any more than I could reflect, and I sat in a state of what felt like suspended animation awaiting my instructions. I could not anticipate nor dread what was about to happen as futuristic thinking was left in the hands of my controllers. Had I realized the scramble of reality with William Diehl's book, I could have "psychicly" predicted what happened when Bill Casey strolled in.

Casey walked over to his highly polished, dark wood desk and opened the top drawer. Casey's desk was one of the few furnishings in the large, airy room. The dark, polished, reddish-wood paneling seemed even darker with the midnight blue carpeting curving slightly up the wall. Heavy, gothic maroon velvet drapes blacked out the sun from the windows behind his desk, "I can see quite clearly that you have taken a Vow of Silence, Maintain it.

Maintain it and Lisssten," Casey hissed, using preset triggers. He reached into the drawer and took out a foot-long, maroon box with a diamond embossed on the top.

"I received a box, quite anonymously as I do from time to time," Casey said in keeping with the book scramble. "The box has your name on it. I expected to open it and find the usual pierced chameleon and found, instead, a weapon intended for one."

He opened the box in front of me. Inside, laying on a bed of cotton, was an elaborate dagger with a handle of the same rose crystal from which the crucifix Byrd had presented me on "our wedding night" was made. My first personal meeting with Casey promised to be torturous as I recognized Byrd's participation in the grisly ordeal.

I listened, deeply tranced, as Casey said, "Is it a knife or a crucifix? I can't tell. Both symbolize martyrdom as far as I'm concerned. Note the rose pattern cut into the crystal.

Now, I wonder who would have sent me this to give to you."

Even under mind control I knew, as I was supposed to, that Byrd had provided him with the knife. My worst fears were confirmed when Casey began using Byrd's hypnotic induction, "In like a knife, sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want." Casey sliced through the front of my bra, exposing the area between my breasts where Byrd routinely cut me with his pocketknife. He pierced into my breastbone deeply so that I believed I would split, and indeed did split off a personality fragment compartmentalizing this event. Using standard Jesuit-based infinity program, Casey instructed me and programmed me with messages that I would deliver as though my life depended on it.

"You must go to the Citadel and warn our Dominican brothers of impending doom to their neighbors in Haiti. From the Dominican side (of the Haitian island) you will be flown to Port Au Prince where you will meet with Baby Doc (Duvalier) at his Palace. He is already receptive to your word, and knows that my words are your words and your word is Silence. You must tell General Cedras his Order is from The Rose." Casey touched the white rose in his lapel, signaling me to photographically record his words verbatim.

When he was through programming me with his message, Casey told me, "As quickly as you complete this mission, you must depart Haiti, never to return again." Casey used excessive high voltage to compartmentalize my memory. I recall being nauseated and ill from his stun gun as I departed his Long Island compound/home via ferry programmed with messages to Cedras and Baby Doc.

Haiti had recently been dropped from the NCL itinerary as a Port of Call, but the Dominican Republic side of the island remained open to tourism. When Houston and I debarked the NCL ship in Puerto Plata, we walked past a World Vision cargo ship that was being unloaded at the dock. I recall that a soft ocean breeze gently lifted the hem of my white, gauzy dress as I weaved my way through the dockload of World Vision freight to a waiting automobile.

Religion and politics apparently mix in the Dominican Republic as evidenced by the inseparable mixture of Catholic Missions, old forts, statues of Christopher Columbus, and Catholic Shrines. As we drove past the mountain tramway that takes tourists up and down to the rustic Citadel and Catholic Shrine at the top, Houston perpetuated the "Chameleon" book scramble. Dually referring to Cedras and the short donkey ride from the tram to the Citadel depicted in Diehl's book, Houston threatened to put me on the rickety tram saying, "Some Jackass will see you at the top."

In an area reserved for covert activities, out of view of tourists, I met with General Cedras in his Citadel office. Dressed in the eerie, Jesuit, dark, hooded robe, Cedras completed Casey's "Chameleon" book scramble scenario as we walked through the ancient structure to his office. Cedras' demeanor made him appear more as a militant than a "spook," despite the corny monk's attire. With his hood down his back, Cedras' sharp, craggy features and darting steel blue eyes kept my full attention. I had seen him at a monastery in Santo Domingo as ordered before,⁶ when Haiti was still being used

by the CIA for Operation Watchtower to transport cocaine and Contra weapons from Cuba.

Alone with Cedras and properly signaled, I began photographically reciting Casey's message, "I have word of warning from the Vatican by way of the honorable and faithful William Casey. He sends word of impending doom that is to befall your neighbors on the darkside in Haiti. Voodoo manifest itself in mysterious ways while the way of the Lord is clear. Evil must be stopped at all costs. The cost shall be in terms of human casualty, as a plague is being visited upon the land. Those who fornicate with devils shall be infested with the plague. Woo unto them who have stood in the path of World Peace. By God's design the New World Order shall come into being with or without the Haitians.

All American operations in Haiti are now destined for your ports. Your people (the CIA-UN operated Dominicans) will flourish in peace and prosperity while the dark side (Haitians) drown in the blood of this holy war that they have brought upon themselves. Close your borders swiftly and maintain guardians at the gate lest the Haitians infest your land with their evil plague. Inoculation of the masses shall be masked in the body and the blood shall carry the doom. As more and more Haitians turn to God in their final hour, the communion they partake will be Satan's own. With their God as the scapegoat, your Island in the Son (sun) will be freed of the vile and wicked. I have seen a vision, a World Vision, and it is through communion with the ancients that we have been granted the Keys to the Kingdom⁷ to unlock the gates of hell. The holy water sent herein has the blessings of the Vatican and must be sprinkled like rain upon the Haitians. Our God reigns, and he rains rivers of blood upon the Haitian masses, and he reigns supreme upon your mission. Your mission is clear. You serve communion and let God son them out. Those who serve the body of Christ are covered by the Vatican, those who serve voodoo evil shall be covered in the blood of their own. It is clear our God reigns. Lei the games begin."

Combining the cryptic language of Cedras' CIA and Jesuit operations, Casey had weaved numerous cryptic commands into his message. Had I been inadvertently accessed, the instructions would make little sense to those not cued to the language. Cedras was listening religiously, fully grasping the magnitude of Casey's instructions. I concluded the message, "The holy water with the Vatican's blessings will arrive at 1 PM today by way of World Vision. The blood shall host the plague."⁸

I was relieved to depart Cedras' presence without being subjected to his usual perverse sexual brutality. This would be someone else's job this time, as my programmed trance was maintained until I delivered Casey's message to Baby Doc Duvalier on the "dark side" of the "Island in the Son".

Houston took me to the small CIA-operated airport at the foot of the mountain where I boarded a small, white airplane destined for Port Au Prince, Haiti. When we landed, the pilot walked me over to Baby Doc's Tonton guards, and ordered that I be taken to the Palace. He spoke in rapid Haitian French, and lifted my symbolic, rosy cross necklace

for emphasis to the guards.

Reinforcing my instilled belief that the Catholic emblem would protect me, the guards treated me with the respect that apparently was reserved for identified Jesuit spooks. I was driven by white Mercedes to the Haitian Presidential Palace. Looking even more conspicuously out of place in contrast to stark poverty than his fleet of Mercedes, Baby Doc's Palace was decadent. I stood reverently in the foyer waiting for my arranged meeting to begin, unable to question Baby Doc's luxurious surroundings in view of the despair and starvation around him.

I had met with Baby Doc throughout the early '80s in the capacity of a Project Monarch prostitute. All Haitian-based U.S. covert operations were run by a bed-ridden old man referred to as "Ol' Charlie," who resided at the El Presidente Hotel until his death in the mid '80s. During my tenure as a mindcontrolled messenger and prostitute in Haiti, I had been forced to attend a voodoo ceremony for my (and others') traumatization purposes. I was ordered to perform oral sex on Baby Doc as his dark-windowed Mercedes slowly proceeded through the crowds of Haitians on their way to the ritual. With my Haitian missions previously established with Ol' Charlie for business and Baby Doc for prostitution, my meeting Baby Doc for business was unprecedented.

"What brings you here?" Baby Doc spit the words at me in English. I had been led into his library by three armed guards, "I have no need of a Catholic whore," Baby Doc's applicable knowledge of the English language was limited by his intellect whereby an aide filled the need for an interpreter as I delivered Casey's message.

"I come in the name of peace. I have a message for you from William Casey, sanctioned by the Vatican, The Pope is in agreement with U.S. policy in Haiti. He has seen a vision, a sign from God. The vision is a World Vision, whose people are reaching out to yours with charity in abundance. The goods and services provided require only that the people of Haiti anoint the sick, feed the hungry, and clothe the poor through his servants of World Vision. Their mission will separate good seed from bad and restore peace in your region. The peace that shall be visited upon your land amongst your people is imminent, but not before the rivers run red with the blood of the wicked. The vision is plague, and your people will fall in the streets pleading for mercy, and you will not be here to hear it. The time has come for you to leave. It is God's will that you escape the plague with blessings from the Vatican, never to return to your homeland. Prepare for your exodus today for tomorrow holds a promise of doom. Using your prophetic wisdom, warn the masses of impending doom and arm them with World Vision. The vision is one of peace for those who flock to the tents and churches for salvation. Your destiny is clear, and the Vatican has cleared the way for your departure."

With Casey's message delivered, Baby Doc's Tontons returned me to the same airplane I had left a short time before. I flew in silence, unable to think to comprehend the magnitude of what had just transpired. Events to a mindcontrolled slave are all perceived as first and last times. Therefore, Casey's instructions that I would "depart

Haiti, never to return again" seemed business as usual to me. Flying over the mountains that separate Haiti from the Dominican Republic, I noticed the gentle people below bathing in the waterfalls, tirelessly washing their bright clothes on the rocks, and primitively hauling goods in the baskets balanced on their heads. An occasional goat ran across the barren land, and the children, bellies swollen from starvation, played with slicks and vines. With my mind-controlled and spinning with misperceptions, my whirled vision, like Ortega's rose colored glasses, prevented me from seeing the reality of New World Orders.

1. World Vision was/is a Jesuit controlled organization that led churches to give them money under the guise of spreading world peace. What they were not saying was what the money was actually funding-a world peace plan under mind control.

2. Perceptual distortions of the virtues that good people hold most dear is one reason for the proliferation of criminal activity within such organizations as World Vision. There are those within affected factions of such organizations, the Catholic church, and even the U.S. Government that operate under distorted perceptions referred to by the CIA as a "Need to Know" basis--and they "Need to Know" that their minds, religion, and/or perceptions are being deliberately manipulated.

3. Since the Catholics had joined forces with the United Nations to overtake the world through mass mind control, the Jesuit influence on Haiti was complete. By maintaining much of the ceremony, placing literal interpretation on "eating the body and drinking the blood," and providing a mirror reversal of good and evil, Catholicism and voodoo, like Catholicism and the United nations, became one in the same.

4. The term "Chameleon" is a term used to describe spies who are expertly trained to blend into any environment at any time unnoticed-just as an MPD mirrors the one they're with.

5. The Jesuit Vow of Silence was installed through the Rite to Remain Silent of my childhood. Now I know, like so many others in Intelligence, that "Silence Equals Death". Knowledge is our ONLY defense against mind control.

6. Byrd had told me that Cedras was "a strategically placed chess piece that the CIA, Jesuits and U.N. moved around" to usher in their New World Order.

7. "Keys to the Kingdom" was defined by Bill Bennett in accordance with Jesuit programming as follows: "At the onset of Christianity, the Apostles compiled all the information that they had obtained from Christ and built the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Christ intended it to be the one world church then 葉he truth, the light, and the way. The secrets were kept in the ark of the covenant, and passed down generation after generation. And generation after generation Christ caused for more to be written-the fruits of his labors expounding on the truth. Now the ark has become archives預 wealth of information. This information is accessible to very few the very few who hold the Keys to the Kingdom".

8. Interpretation of the final message is left to the minds of the masses who can still discern truth. My conclusions are "clear", based on conversations overheard and my experience as a White House sex slave. Although Byrd and Reagan, among others, had prostituted me to officials in AIDS-infected countries, they used no protection against "the plague" when having sex with me.

9. There can be no world peace without peace-of-mind, and there is no peace-of-mind under mind control. Haiti, once a prototype of New World Order controls has now been used up and discarded by the CIA and Jesuits. U.N. "peacekeeping forces" have created a smoke and mirrors illusion of "peace" by keeping it FROM the Haitian people.

CHAPTER 24: A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

On December 4, 1986, I turned 29 years old. Usually mind-controlled slaves were discarded, "thrown from the Freedom train," at 30; but I argued with Houston when he told me my government abusers only had one year left to "use me up". I had had no conscious awareness of the passing of time, and believed I was still only 24. Regardless of what I believed, my abusers did their best to "use me up" physically and psychologically before even a month had passed.

I was in Washington, D.C. on a routine trip, which included being prostituted to President Reagan. "Uncle Ronnie's" cheeks were flushed from excitement and cognac as he told me, "I always take two weeks off for Christmas to go back to California." Reagan interrupted himself to break into an old Hollywood style song and dance, "California here I come..." The White House, he claimed, had always been confining to him, and he appeared genuinely excited about his upcoming trip. "I look forward to this trip every year because I get to see old friends. Oh, I still work while I'm there-the President's work is never done-but at least I'm there. It's about time you see where I call home." Then, quoting the Wizard of Oz, he said, "'There's no place like home.' And you're about to see why. Say it with me, 'There's no place like home. There's no place like home.'" Then he instructed me in Oz cryptic, "Click your heels. There's no place like home."

Blue-white light seemingly exploded in my brain, like being hit with deadly low voltage AC electrical current. Reagan was "setting the stage" for an attempted mind scrambling time slip, to be reactivated at an upcoming meeting I would have with him in Bel Air, California.

The motor home was packed to the walls, and the walls were packed with cocaine as Houston, Kelly, and I departed on our long drive to California.

Houston had planned several "tourist stops" along the way that proved as nightmarish as the California ordeal itself.

In Las Vegas, Nevada, Houston kept Kelly and me busy prostituting us to everyone he

knew "in the know" and in attendance at the Country Music Association's annual convention. Weary of being sent from room to room, I was back in the lobby literally trying to catch my breath when I saw Michael Dante. He was dressed in an expensive, light grey silk suit and dark glasses, looking more like a Fed than a mobster, leaning on a post, waiting for me. "Our love" he professed over the phone for mind conditioning purposes was certainly not apparent now. "You're late," he growled as he looked at his watch. He ordered me into the Ladies' Room to activate programming by having me "lose myself in the infinity mirrors that lined the walls. With my mind set like he wanted, he then used and directed me in commercial pornography. Later, he did the same with Kelly.

At the Grand Canyon, Houston traumatized Kelly and me in preparation for the upcoming events in California. While hiking down the canyon, Houston attempted to anchor hypnotically all of the trip's events behind the death and insanity programming to which he was subjecting us. When we stopped for a late afternoon lunch in the Canyon, Kelly collapsed in a state of shock, unable to eat. Houston was pleased because he "got to eat it all himself". I was, as usual, undergoing the food and water deprivation. I was so thirsty, I could not think to eat. Kelly's condition magnified my own terrified state, and I did all I could to keep Houston from supposedly pushing her over the edge. I carried her for hours all the way out of the canyon, without pausing to rest. In my own mind I wanted to believe I was actually able to protect her. The fact was, Houston was wearing me down physically to ensure that I could not protect her at our next destination: Lake/Mount Shasta, California.

George Bush was highly active in both the Lampe, Missouri and Shasta, California retreat compounds. Just like Lampe, Shasta's cover was country music. According to everyone I knew, singer and songwriter Merle Haggard supposedly ran the show at Lake Shasta, diverting any and all attention from the nearby Mount Shasta compound. Shasta was the largest, covert mind-control slave camp of which I am aware. Hidden in the wooded hills, military fencing corrals an enormous fleet of unmarked, black helicopters and more mindcontrolled, military robots than I saw in all of Haiti. This covert military operation served its own agenda, not America's. I was told and overheard that it was a base for the future Multi-Jurisdictional Police Force; for enforcing order and law in the New World Order. In the center of the high security compound, was another well-guarded military-fenced area that was regarded as a "Camp David" of sorts for those running our country. George Bush and Dick Cheney shared an office there, and claimed the outer perimeter woods as their own hunting ground where they played "A Most Dangerous Game". Predicated on conversations I overheard between the two, it was this world police military background that earned Dick Cheney his cabinet appointment as Secretary of Defense¹ with the Bush Administration.

Houston stayed at Haggard's Lake Shasta resort while Kelly and I were helicoptered to Mount Shasta for our scheduled meeting with Bush and Cheney.

The helicopter pilot directed our attention to the military fencing surrounding the outer perimeter of the compound. Rarely did pilots ever speak to either of us, but this one

smiled wickedly as he told us we would need to know the outer limits for A Most Dangerous Game.

As soon as we arrived at Bush and Cheney's inner sanctum, I noticed George Bush, Jr. was with them. It was my experience that Jr. stood by his father and covered his backside whenever Bush would become incapacitated from drugs or required criminal backup. It appeared that Jr. was there to serve both purposes while his father and Cheney enjoyed their work-vacation. Hyper from drugs, Cheney and Bush were eager to hunt their human prey in "A Most Dangerous Game". They greeted me with the rules of the game, ordered me to strip naked despite the cold December winds, and told me in Oz cryptic to "beware of the lions and tigers and bears". Kelly's life became the stakes, as usual, which resurrected my natural and exaggerated programmed maternal instincts. Tears silently ran down my cheeks as Bush told me, "If we catch you, Kelly's mine. So run, run as fast as you can. I'll get you and your little girl, too, because I can, I can, I can. And I will."

Cheney, daring me to respond, asked, "Any questions?"

I said, "There's no place to run because there's a fence 葉he kind I can't get over. I saw it"

Rather than physically assault me. Cheney laughed at my sense of "no where to run, no where to hide and explained that a bear had torn a hole in the fence somewhere, and all I had to do is find it. He lowered his rifle to my head and said, "Let the games begin. Go."

Wearing only my tennis shoes, I ran through the trees as fast and as far as I could, which wasn't very far at all. Bush was using his bird dog to track me, the same one that had recently been used with me in bestiality filming as a "Byrd-dog" joke on my owner, Robert C. Byrd. When caught, Cheney held his gun to my head again as he stood over me, looking warm in his sheepskin coat. Bush ordered me to take his dog sexually while they watched, then he and Cheney ushered me back to their cabin.

I pulled on my clothes and sat in the office part of the cabin awaiting instructions. I had no idea where Kelly was, nor do I in retrospect. Bush and Cheney were still in their hunting clothes when the programming session began.

Bush said, "You and I are about to embark on A Most Dangerous Game of diplomatic relations. This is my game. You will follow my rules. I will have the distinct advantage of hunting you with my Eye in the Sky (satellite). I'll watch every move you make. As long as you play the game by my rules and make no mistakes, you live. One mistake and I'll get you, my pretty, and your little girl, too. You die, and Kelly will have to play with me. I prefer it that way. Then it will be her Most Dangerous Game. The cards are stacked in my favor because, well, it is my game! Are you game?"

There was no choice. I responded as conditioned, "Yes, Sir! I'm game."

The parallels to The Most Dangerous Game that had just occurred in the woods were deliberate and intended to make retrieval of memory "impossible" due to cryptoamnesia scrambling.

"Good. Then let the games begin. Listen carefully to your instructions.

You have no room for error." Cheney flipped his "game timer" over an hourglass.

Bush continued, "This game is called the King and Eye, and here's the deal.

You will be establishing stronger diplomatic relations according to order between Mexico, the U.S., and the Middle East. Your role will require a change of face at each new place. I'll chart your course, define your role, and pull your strings. You'll speak my words when I pull your strings. There is no room for error,"

Cheney was half lying across the plain, military issue style desk in an apparent drug stupor as Bush talked. Still wearing his hunting coat and hat, Cheney aimed his rifle at me from the desk and threatened, "Or a-hunting we will go." Bush finished Cheney's threat by singing, "We'll catch a fox and put her in a box and lower her in a hole."

Bush looked at Cheney and burst out laughing. The sight of him dressed in his hunting clothes with a huge bore, double-barrelled shotgun to his shoulder inspired Bush to tell him he "looked like Elmer Fudd".

Cheney, imitating the cartoon character, said, "Where is that waskily wabbit?"

Operation The King and Eye would involve Reagan's #1 envoy Philip Habib (who cryptically played the Alice In Wonderland role of the White Rabbit with slaves such as myself) and Saudi Arabian King Fahd. So when Bush referred to the two as "Elmer Fahd and the Waskily Wabbit," he and Cheney laughed until they cried. Since both were already high from drugs anyway, they had a great deal of difficulty maintaining composure long enough to complete my programming.

1. Dick Cheney has no official U.S. military history to justify his position as our nation's former Defense Secretary under President George Bush.

CHAPTER 25: BUSH BABY

It was late evening when Bush and Cheney finished programming me with numerous messages pertaining to the immediate opening of the Juarez, Mexican border to free (drug and slave) trade. They then took me downstairs to the living quarters of the western cedar and redwood structure where Kelly soon joined us. George Bush, Jr. deposited my obviously traumatized and withdrawn child at the door. Referring to The Most Dangerous Game she told me in a quiet, defeated and sad voice, "I was caught same as you".

In retrospect, I do not know if she was actually hunted (I can only hope she was not). Regardless, this reinforced the fact that I had been caught and therefore was "responsible" (when in fact I was not) for everything that happened to Kelly from that point on.

The decor of the residence area reflected Cheney's primitive, rustic, western preference. Like his "ultra secret" Pentagon Bunkhouse, use of leather was in abundance. The main room was small, but appeared larger due to an infinity mirror on one wall. The room was decorated in mirror fashion with one side looking like the other. Centered between two facing black leather sofas was a coffee table littered with drugs and paraphernalia. Bush and Cheney were sitting in matching black leather recliners angled towards the large stone fireplace where a fire was blazing, illuminating and heating the room.

Heroin, Bush's drug of choice, was in abundance and Cheney joined him in using it. The smorgasbord of drugs laid out supposedly included opium, cocaine, and Wonderland Wafers (MDMHA-XTC aka ecstasy), which indicated to me they intended to celebrate their vacation with abandon. I had seen Cheney stumbling drunk before, but this was the only time I saw him use heroin and give it to me. Kelly, too, was subjected to the drugs.

Bush attempted to sell Cheney on the idea of pedophilia through graphic descriptions of having sex with Kelly. Both were already sexually aroused from drugs and anticipation. Cheney demonstrated to Bush why he did not have sex with kids by exposing himself to Kelly and saying, "Come here". Upon seeing Cheney's unusually large penis, Kelly reeled back in horror and cried, "No!" which made them both laugh. Bush asked Cheney for his liquid cocaine atomizer as he got up to take Kelly to the bedroom. When Cheney remarked how benevolent it was of Bush to numb her with it before sex, Bush replied, "The hell it is. It's for me." He described his excited state in typical vulgar terms and explained that he wanted it to spray cocaine on his penis to last longer.

Cheney said, "I thought it was for the kid."

Bush explained, "Half the fun is having them squirm." He took Kelly's hand and led her off to the bedroom.

Cheney told me that since I was "responsible" for Bush's assault on my daughter by being caught in A Most Dangerous Game, I would "burn" (in hell). He burned my inner thigh with the fireplace poker, and threatened to throw Kelly in the fire. He hypnotically enhanced his description of her burning to traumatize me deeply. As he sexually brutalized me, I heard Kelly's whimpers coming from the bedroom. As her cries grew louder, Cheney turned on classical music to drown out her cries for help.

At 4:00 am, as ordered, Bush Jr. (and his helicopter pilot) came to retrieve Kelly and me. We were flown (by helicopter) back to the Lake Shasta area where Houston and

the motor home awaited us. Bush's assault of Kelly proved to be a mind shattering experience for me, and physically devastating to Kelly.

She was in dire need of medical attention and was unable even to move.

Houston threatened to stop the motor home in the Yosemite area and throw me from a steep cliff if I didn't settle down. His threats and commands could not control my hysteria, as much of his control programming had inadvertently shattered. Fearful he would lose both his "money-makers," Houston permitted me to telephone Kelly's doctor and begin administering medicines. As for me, he arranged for assistance in picking up the pieces in order that I complete my primary purpose in traveling to California, i.e., meet with Mexican President Miguel de Ja Madrid and finalize plans Co open the Juarez border.

CHAPTER 26: NEW WORLD ORDERS

There was "no time to lose" in bringing me back around to a functioning level. I knew I had work to do. Although I was to be "used up" by my 30th birthday, I do not believe it was Bush and Cheney's intention to expedite the process so quickly. Apparently it was their incompetence due to overindulgence of drugs and subsequent abuse of Kelly in my presence that destroyed parts of my maternal-based programming. Regardless of their "excuse," Houston drove us to San Francisco, California where Temple of Set (Satan) founder U.S. Army Lt. Col. Aquino made some emergency "repairs".

I was not taken to a hospital or a mental institution, but to a brain/mind research and development lab on the U.S. Army Reservation at Presidio. There are many facilities such as this one across the country at various CIA, military, and NASA compounds where hyper-advanced government knowledge is put to the test, developed and modified. Those I met who had expertly learned the scientific mechanics of the brain in conjunction with the ins and outs of the mind used their gained secret knowledge to manipulate and/or control others.

The only thing Mark Phillips, Byrd, and Aquino had in common was the belief that "secret knowledge equals power".¹ Byrd explained to me that New World Order "powers were strengthened" by allowing the mental health community only partial and/or deliberate misinformation through their organization lobby, The American Psychiatric Association (APA), concerning treatment modalities for severe dissociative disorders being created through mind control! Perpetrators believed that withholding knowledge and the proliferation of deliberate misinformation allowed them control over their secrets, and subsequently over humanity. They may be correct if no one can or will react to the information presented in this book.

Intended or not, I overheard a conversation pertaining to death and the mind between Aquino and a lab assistant as I lay on a cold, metal table in a deep hypnotic state, Aquino was saying that I had come close to death numerous times which "increased my ability to enter other (mind) dimensions en route to death". I had listened to Aquino talk

at length about such concepts before, as though he were trying to convince himself of some interdimensional time travel theory. "Whether in principle or in theory, the results are the same," he claimed. "The concept of time is abstract in itself." Hypnotic talk of past-present-future set my mind in a spin that, when combined with Alice In Wonderland/NASA mirror world concepts, created an illusion of timeless dimensions. I now know that the only "dimensions" I experienced were elaborate memory compartmentalizations of real, earthly events by real, earthly criminals, and certainly not by aliens, Satan, or demons.

After moving me from the table to an elaborate box, Aquino then shifted my mind to another area of my brain, claiming to have taken me into another dimension by way of "death's door". This was accomplished while I was subjected to sensory deprivation combined with hypnotic and harmonic reprogramming.

The seemingly coffin-like structure was transformed in my mind to a crematorium, where I endured the sense of increasing heat while "I slowly burned" through hypnotic suggestion. Aquino then "pulled me through death's door" and into another dimension, "void of time". Parts of my programming were "recreated for the recreation of world leaders," i.e., U.S. President Reagan, Mexican President de la Madrid, and Saudi Arabian King Fahd.

In my next recollection of awareness, Houston, Kelly, and I were in Hollywood, where Houston claimed the motor home "broke down" and I over used attempted memory scramble. He sent me down the street to telephone Michael Dante, who lived nearby in Beverly Hills. Dante was expecting Kelly and me to join him in his Beverly Hills mansion for several days as had been previously arranged by our handler, Alex Houston. Kelly and I waited at the phone booth as instructed until Dante arrived to pick us up in his midnight blue Ferrari. As soon as I sat down, Dante said, "I got something for you, Baby, Give me your arm." Heroin was a common "vice" he shared with Bush, and he shot me up with the drug right in front of Kelly.

Later that evening at his house, Dante told me that he refused to "handle damaged goods," and that he would not be my next handler as previously planned. Not only was I "not fit to live with" him, but I was not "fit to live" at all. I am not certain what he meant to accomplish by these threats, but I know in retrospect that this was not his decision to make. Besides, I never perceived existence with him and his professed "love" as a "future" anyway- Instead, he said he would go along with the original plan long enough to acquire Kelly".

The next day, hours before I was to meet with de la Madrid, L.A. Dodgers baseball team manager Tommy LaSorda, George Bush, Jr., and star pitcher of Jr.'s Texas Rangers, Nolan Ryan (who was also a banker) were at Dante's house working out the details of money laundering and bank transactions for the imminent opening of the Juarez border cocaine, heroin, and white slavery route.

The common bond of covert criminal activity overrode any professional baseball

conflicts between them. All three were in town to be in attendance at various gatherings and parties of Reagan's, who would be arriving in a matter of days.

And all three appeared to have an understanding of my function as Reagan's "Presidential Model" mind-control sex slave.

Dante was gathering the necessary clothes and props for the evening rendezvous with de la Madrid. LaSorda, Nolan Ryan, and Jr. were standing in the entrance way of Dante's house attempting to activate my "Baseball Mind Computer" programmed personality fragment that had inadvertently been shattered by Bush and Cheney's traumas at Shasta. Dante told them, "She knows more about baseball than you and Tommy (LaSorda) put together. Go ahead and ask her something. Anything."

Much to LaSorda's amusement, Nolan Ryan asked, "How many times does Fernando Valenzuela (Dodger pitcher) touch his hat if he's going to throw a screwy (screw ball)?" I could not respond, although I had once known more statistical data than would ever be in print, Jr. hollered, "Hey, Dante". What's with your baseball computer here, huh?

Are we supposed to say a magic word?"

"I don't know," Dante responded. "Could be drugs. Her sex is working fine, though. Give it a whirl."

Jr. declined, saying, "No thanks. The Baseball Computer sucks enough.

Listen, we'll see you later." Jr. had never shown any interest in me sexually.

Like his father, he had only shown sexual interest in Kelly, who had been away with him most of the day. As he turned to leave, he stroked me under the chin and cryptically said, "Have a Ball tonight".

LaSorda, who had not been on his Ultra Slim Fast-sponsored diet yet, said, "Speaking of balls, mine could use a little attention here." He unzipped his pants.

Dante told me, "We gotta get dressed. Three minutes." Three minutes was a trigger for me to perform a specific, oral sex act. I knelt on the floor and pushed up LaSorda's enormous belly, resting it on my head as I groped for his penis as ordered. Dante's two Great Danes came in as Jr. and Nolan Ryan left I had been forced to participate in a bestiality film with these sex-trained dogs earlier that day, and I had to fight them off as I sexually gratified LaSorda before getting ready for "the Ball".

1. Mark Phillips explained to me that, by revealing their "secrets" their power would diminish. "Good always prevails through positive application, whereas the bad guys are hindered and slowed in their criminal endeavors through having to cover-up their negative actions with lies to support lies. This inevitably allows the truth to emerge," Mark said.

CHAPTER 27: HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Dante threw me a short, red, slinky dress with rhinestone straps and a pair of "glass slippers" to wear to "Cinderella's Ball". The shoes, like Oz ruby slippers and Philip Habib's "magic lightening boll" shoes, were to trance-form me into the personality fragment I had been pre-programmed for the event. Dante escorted me to the party/"Ball" where I was to meet with Mexican President de la Madrid. Dante had been bragging about his "second home in Malibu" ever since I first met him, and the place was opulence personified. I do not know who actually owned "his" second home in Malibu, California, but Reagan's influence was evident in the decor. From the front, the white stucco house gave the illusion of being two-story. The view overlooked a secluded Pacific bay, and revealed three levels built into a cliff. Through the smoked glass wall panels that spanned the back, the three stories, lavishly carpeted in red, white, and blue provided a patriotic view. All levels had a beige-white interior decorated in gold and crystal. An enormous chandelier hung from the "cathedral ceiling, illuminating all three levels at once from the greatroom which overlooked the bay.

I was told that Uncle Ronnie (Reagan) would be arriving the next day. It was my "patriotic duty" to attend de la Madrid's welcome party and "wear down any resistance he may have" in order that Reagan's business meeting with him would "go smoothly". This was not the first time I heard this excuse for being politically prostituted, nor would it be the last. In reality, I was to do the initial dirty work, delivering messages, and encourage de la Madrid to use drugs and party with abandon. The diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Mexico were already strong, but this phase of the operation required total commitment from de la Madrid.

Dante and I waited at the top of the staircase as de la Madrid, accompanied by two bodyguards, climbed to the red level of the house. I greeted de la Madrid, "Welcome to the U.S. and (seductively) welcome to the Hotel California." His deep-throated laugh indicated he had been cued to the ramifications of my cryptic statement. "Hotel California," taken from a popular song by the Eagles, stated "you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave." To de la Madrid this confirmed the permanency of his involvement in the criminal, covert operations in which he was conspiring.

Blackmail was openly initiated to ensure that each criminal participant understood that if one fell, they all fell. Maintaining "dirt" on each other through this Mafia-style method was seemingly the only way these criminals implementing the New World Order kept each other "honest."

De la Madrid and I went into a nearby bedroom, followed by Dante and the bodyguards. Dante then activated the programmed message instilled at the Shasta resort from Bush to de la Madrid. I recited, "If you please, Sir, I have a message to deliver to you from the Vice President of the United States. Welcome to our Neighborhood. As you know, Salinas and I have worked out the details towards implementing our plan to open the Juarez border tomorrow.

In preparation and celebration of this accomplishment, this little party tonight will bring you face to face with a trusted few who are integral parts of this endeavor, and give you the latitude to see firsthand the friendship and honor among the (government-involved Mafioso) family members, I regret that I could not be here in person to greet you, but Ron (Reagan) can show you the ins and outs of the organization better than I. The transaction numbers have been recorded, and are available to you for cross reference purposes and to uphold the integrity of the players involved on your end of the Juarez border.

Your commitment today ensures you of a higher economic standard of living for your people, increased relations with the U.S., an influx of American industry, and a position of high esteem in the New World Order, With your 'Seal of Approval' we can dissolve the Juarez border and make way for a future of prosperity for Mexico. For now, relax and enjoy your stay."

One of de la Madrid's guards was shuffling through some papers from a briefcase, and he told Dante he would like the bank transaction numbers. Dante switched me to "You Are What You Read" Passbook programming, and I delivered the numbers intended for the border guards to de la Madrid as ordered. A computer of sorts was used to calculate and confirm the numbers.

Aware that the meeting was being filmed by one of Dante's high tech "hidden" cameras, de la Madrid held up a paper-wrapped ball of Mexican heroin.

Speaking directly at the camera, he cleverly said, "A token of appreciation, Mr. Bush, Something for your private stock. The finest heroin available. Enjoy."

Dante strode across the room and said, "I'll take that and see to it that he gets it myself."

"I'm sure you will," de la Madrid laughed. He then put all but one paper back in the briefcase. I was instructed to present the elaborately embossed Mexican Presidential Seal (of Approval) to pre-appointed Juarez border guards as proof of de la Madrid's commitment, then deliver it directly to Bush for his file on the future NAFTA agreement.

Prepared to present a modified Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstration to de la Madrid, Dante said, "You've heard from a Carrier Pigeon (messenger).

You've seen her in a mode to accept program. And now I will demonstrate some of her sexual modes."

"That will not be necessary," de la Madrid told him. "I have been given a handful of keys that I would like to use on my own, including the one to destroy all memory. Not that it matters when we are monitored (he gestured toward the camera), but nevertheless I was instructed to do it." Dante did not seem to know this was not the first time I was sexually prostituted to the Mexican President.

"She rides a horse well," Dante said, referring to both the rare practice of heroin to supposedly block my memory of this event, and a Reagan-inspired sex act. Dante stuck a needle in my arm. "May I recommend a ride for you?"

"I am on one now that I would like to maintain," de la Madrid answered, referring to cocaine use and his running nose. Dante laid out several generous lines of the white drug on a black mirror. He stroked me under my chin triggering Reagan's sex Kitten personality, picked up Bush's heroin, and ushered the two guards out the door.

De la Madrid, fully aware of my pornography exposure, said, "You like cameras? Let's give them something to watch." He snorted two more lines of coke, undressed, and further activated my sex programming with the verbal and physical keys and triggers Reagan had previously provided him. At one point he enthusiastically commented that "if I have my way, the Free Trade Agreement will include a few top of the line (he snorted another line of coke for emphasis) "models" (vaginally) carved and trained like you." De la Madrid had long been obsessively fascinated with my vaginal mutilation carving. He was perversely excited at the prospect of the Juarez border joint venture drug deal including protected "free trade" of mind-controlled slaves. He reiterated his desire the next day during a meeting with Reagan.

CHAPTER 28: "FREE TRADE" OF DRUGS AND SLAVES AT THE JUAREZ BORDER

The next day. Dante drove me to a Bel Aire mansion high on a hill where another party was underway. As I joined those who had gathered on the manicured lawn, I recognized many of the same Mafia people who had been at the Malibu retreat aka "Hotel California". This was a welcome party for President Reagan who had just arrived. He was walking across the yard toward me with his friend. Jack Valenti, who was the president of the powerful Motion Picture Association of America. Reagan looked his role amongst his mobster friends, his beige coat with fur collar draped over his shoulders revealing a dark grey, pinstripe suit underneath. In retrospect I remember him as dressed like the one mobster I did not have to meet, John Gotti. As soon as my eyes met his, I was knocked to the ground by a familiar blue-white blast (high voltage) like the one I had recently experienced in D.C.

When I came back around and my eyes refocused, Dante was holding me up. Reagan said, "Well, hello Kitten".

"Uncle Ronnie, how'd you get here?" I asked in child-like innocence.

"The rainbow, Kitten, the rainbow," he answered in Oz cryptic, "I told you I was coming home. There's no place like home, and you said it with me. So, here we are. I keep a little piece of the rainbow in my pocket so I can get back over it (to D.C.) anytime I want to. I make a wish, and click my heels, and I'm gone."

For the moment, Reagan succeeded in confusing my mind with Oz cryptic metaphors,

reconfirming to my child personality that he was indeed the powerful Wizard. As we went inside for a brief meeting, my personality was deliberately switched to the one that had dealt with de la Madrid the night before.

The grey-white stucco house was decorated in plush Presidential blue carpeting and deep, cherry wood tones. The "office" was small and further crowded by those of us present for the meeting. De la Madrid was comfortably seated, as was Jack Valenti. I was not privy to Valenti's exact role in opening the Juarez border, I only know that he was well educated to the particulars of this meeting. Dante and I remained standing since we would be leaving as quickly as I heard what Reagan, who was shuttling papers and pacing the room, had to say.

"Well, Kitten," Reagan said to me, "this is your death sentence: You'll go out in a blaze of glory." I was not surprised to receive confirmation of my imminent death by Reagan. I had heard about death by fire from seemingly everyone involved in establishing "free trade," through Mexico, of our nation's children for drugs. Reagan's use of patriotic metaphors and puns while matter-of-factly informing me he ordered my death was reflective of his often displayed lack of respect for human life. What reflected his character even more were the crimes he was involved in that prompted him to cover-up through "sentencing- me to death. I had witnessed the criminal foundations of NAFTA, which in turn could threaten the successful implementation of the New World Order should these secrets ever be revealed. Initial "Free Trade" including drugs and white slavery extended beyond the U.S./Mexican border. It routed U.S. traumatized, robotic, mind-controlled children into Saudi Arabia, while building up weapon stockpiles in Nicaragua and Iraq. Although I was considered to be no threat, predicated on the (erroneous) belief that I could not be deprogrammed to regain my memory of these events, my death would provide extra insurance to those involved. I was nearly "used up" anyway, and recording my death via "Snuff Film" was agreed upon as proof to De la Madrid and other leaders at risk, that I had indeed been silenced through death, I could not think to respond to Reagan's "death sentence". Dante wanted to make sure I grasped the point as he graphically expounded, "The next time I ignite your (sexual) flame. Baby, it will consume you, body and soul. And you will burn, Baby, burn. And I'll take your ashes and scatter them to the wind. I'm going to blow you away. On film."

Upon hearing something cryptic to which he could relate, Valenti laughed at Dante's twist of words. Referring to the old, porn, blue pencil editing term "Blue movies," he added, "Blue blazes".

Dante laughed with him. "We'll call it 'Who In Blue Blazes Was That?'

Or, how 'bout 'Cream-Ate'?"

De la Madrid noticed Reagan was not laughing and said, "That's like erasing a Mercedes to film a stunt," He leaned forward in his chair closer to Reagan, lowered his voice and said, "It is my desire to have seven just like her roll off the assembly Line and shipped to me prior to the agreement's completion."

Reagan agreed, responding, "Those (blonde-haired, blue-eyed) fine kids on the relay to Saudi Arabia are top of the line, but they don't have what she's got."

"Two faced Ones are hard to come by," de la Madrid quipped, referring to my vaginal mutilation and Presidential programming code. He cut his eyes over to me, touched himself and cryptically continued, "From one perspective, anyway. And I like having 'One' I can 'count on.'"

Reagan chuckled while Dante shifted his feet and unfolded his arms long enough to cough-laugh. Valenti seemed to be bored of cliches or was missing many of the cryptic double meanings, but judging from the tone of the meeting, that was just as well. "I'll mention it to Bobby (Byrd) and delegate your order to him," Reagan told his Mexican counterpart. "It should be relatively simple to slip one in for you every few shipments or so once the Juarez border is open to such free trade activities as planned." Reagan spoke as though he were distracted and thinking of something else, even when he looked my direction.

"If you please, Sir," I began, "I have the Presidential Seal of Approval and am prepared to fulfill my role." Dante looked at his watch, aware that I was scheduled to be at the Juarez border by the "stroke of midnight". Reagan walked over to see the paper I had received from de la Madrid the night before.

"OK. Well, farewell. Kitten," Reagan said, as he kissed my cheek. He added in Oz cryptic, "I'll see you on the other side (of the rainbow in D.C.). Click your heels..."

My world spun black. Someone had hit me with a powerful stun gun and I was down, feeling as though Dante was half dragging me as he led me to his car, which was already idling in the circular drive. We soon pulled up to the motor home at the gas station on Hollywood Boulevard, where he had picked Kelly and me up several days before, Kelly was already in the motor home, vomiting sick and horribly traumatized. She had been convinced by someone that I had been killed. Houston attempted to create a hypnotically induced "time slip," acting as though I had only been gone a few minutes. We drove quickly, stopping only for fuel in order that I be in Juarez at the appointed time.

There I robotically presented the Presidential Seal of Approval to the proper officials as programmed, officially opening the border to "Free Trade" of crimes against humanity. Houston and I had hurried across the Juarez border where we were met by the Mexican official in charge. The guard looked to be in his late 40s, with classic, rugged, Mexican features. He stood approximately 5'11", had black hair, an unkempt moustache, black beady eyes and a paunchy belly protruding over his short, squat legs. He spoke excitedly in Spanish, with a harsh, cold lilt to his voice as he spit out the necessary words in English, "Give me the Seal", He snapped his fingers, impatiently hurrying me. He took the Presidential seal and knocked me face down on top of a small, barren metal desk while he closely inspected the document. Even Houston was unusually quiet while

this particular uniformed guard paced the small tower room, sweating profusely while he talked on his walkie talkie. Finally, he accessed and verified the bank transaction codes provided through whom he said was George Bush, Jr. He concluded the encounter by taking a stun gun from his belt and jolting me with it, supposedly to erase my memory.

I was nauseated and weak from high voltage and the ordeal as Houston and I made our way back across the border. My empty stomach rolled, prompting Houston to lie, "I told you not to drink the water". In reality, I had had nothing to drink since the champagne at the Hotel California, and I hadn't eaten in days. I was thoroughly exhausted when we reached the motor home in El Paso, but Houston was sexually aroused from cocaine and the criminal events that merged Mexico with the U.S. at the Juarez border.

CHAPTER 29: THE LIZARD OF AHS

After the opening of the Juarez border, I was kept actively busy according to the plan to "use me up" before my 30th birthday death sentence. I was subjected to a brutal (near death gang rape) "celebration benefit" at an identified Masonic Lodge in Warren, Ohio to "celebrate the free trade benefits" gained by involved East Coast politicians. Centers such as the nearby Youngstown "Charm School" went into mass production of slaves to mule drugs or be part of the mind-controlled sex slave "trance-sport operations". Mexico was not the only country reaping the economic benefits of criminal free trade.

After Kelly's ordeal in California, Dante and Houston were criminally exploiting her for literally "all she was worth". Subsequently, she missed an extraordinary amount of schooling. When she was in school, she was experiencing difficulty with her peers. These factors prompted plans to send her to a local Catholic school the next year, where her unusual behavior would be overlooked and covered up. Soon thereafter, Senator Byrd came to Nashville to fiddle at the Grand Ole Opry and, as my handler. Houston, remarked, "fiddle around with me" at the Opryland Hotel. Byrd explained that close association with me had become volatile due to my roles in Iran-Contra and NAFTA, and therefore he would be distancing himself from me. He spent most of "our last night together" working on his memoirs for a voluminous book on the U.S. Constitution he was writing (now published at taxpayers' expense), which focuses on his long-winded Senate (filibuster) speeches.

Byrd attempted to strengthen my programmed "loyalty bond" to him to keep me quiet "until death do us part". He told me, "If it was up to me, I would let you live". He talked at length about how our time together had been infringed upon by both de la Madrid and Reagan. Bitterness over their stronger controls on me was evident as he mocked their self appointed roles as the Wizard and Lizard of Oz. De la Madrid's fascination with U.S. mind-controlled slaves reportedly inspired him to combine Bush's lizard-like alien themes and his reputed

Mayan roots/lizard man theories with Reagan's Oz themes to claim the role of Lizard of Ahs. From Byrd's ramblings, it appeared that his mockery of their roles was due to their having decided how "his" slave would die, and had nothing to do with caring that I would

be killed. Byrd maintained his "bonding" programming charade all night. He played his fiddle and sang "to: me" in place of his usual torturous whipping and brutality. Sex was, for the first and last time, painless.

Byrd had not distanced himself too far from me, though, where government operations were concerned. When I was "over the rainbow" in D.C. during the summer of '87, it was business as usual with Byrd. I was escorted to Goddard Space Flight Center where Byrd was waiting for me in a sterile hallway near the brass-trimmed, mirrored elevators. He was loaded down with items, which he deposited on a small table as he greeted me. He picked up a NASA ID badge and clipped it on my nipple, the metal teeth biting me with their serrated edges.

When I (softly) cried out, he said, "Oh OK. I'll wear it," removed it, and clipped it on his white lab coat. He handed me a NASA lab coat like his and a white hard hat. His hard hat suggestively and "humorously" said HARD in bold red letters. My hat said NASA, in a mirror reversal of the standard bold red lettering. When I read it in a mirror, it appeared as though I were on the wrong side of the mirror and needed to step through (according to Alice In Wonderland/NASA programming). It also clearly indicated to those-in-the-know that I was under mind control. Byrd looked at his pocket watch prompting a wave of terror in me, and said in Wonderland cryptic, "We're late."

As the elevator drops down the rabbit hole, we'll reverse time in order to get there a few minutes early."

Byrd spun me around to face the elevator's mirrored doors saying, "Look deep into the mirror and be all that you can be by becoming infinitely lost in all that you see." Byrd timed his hypnotic induction so that when he ordered.

"Step through the mirror," the doors opened and we stepped through.

As the elevator supposedly went "down 99 (taken from Aquino's corny reversal of 66) levels to the depths of hell," Byrd told me the Earth "spins faster and faster at the core, causing us to spiral downward in a tornado effect." I dropped deeper in my hypnotic trance. The elevator doors opened to what appeared to me as an exact replica of the floor we just left. However, this floor's hallway led to a computer room and sanitized-looking lab area. Several of the scientists working there were amused by our hats, prompting Byrd to ham up his comedic act, Byrd ignored the fact that these NASA workers, like many others, may have deliberately stroked his entertainer's ego because they relied on his appropriations for funding, Byrd made me robotically announce to the workers, "He's taking me to your leader."

"I'm the Commander, here," the apparent director of the underground lab said. The workers again busied themselves as he stood, arms folded defensively across his chest, while his bespectacled intelligent eyes darted the room surveying the situation. The Commander had a few, grey strands salting his short, dark hair, yet his build was surprisingly youthful and trim for his age.

He and Byrd apparently knew each other quite well. Byrd strode over to him, dragging me along. "Tom," Byrd called to his 50ish 6'1" friend. "This is your specimen of the day that I promised I would deliver. I will be most interested to see what you can deliver since diplomatic relations with Mexico depends on it. Not that I want to increase any pressure you may feel, but we need seven more just like her to stuff in the mouth of his royal Lizardry (de la Madrid) to keep him from spilling his guts on the project."

"It's just as well, my friend," the Commander said, stroking his chin without uncrossing his arms. "That way he can't talk without implicating himself."

"That's the way the Chief feels about it," Byrd agreed. "He's already in deep anyway, but this order (for slaves) hits him closer to home since they'll be serving him personally."

We walked to a clinical, sanitized area that had a maze of small rooms where I was undressed and prepped for the lab. A nurse of sorts injected me with the NASA "Tranquility" drug and instructed me to put my lab coat back on. "Walk this way," she ordered as she led me down the hall, swinging her hips in an exaggerated manner. I immediately complied. The Tranquility drug had no recreational affects, but produced an attitude of peaceful compliance to all orders given. As we approached the theater-type lab, a small group of men who would be in attendance were talking with Byrd and the so-called Commander. They looked at us and laughed at my literal compliance to walk like the nurse.

I was then led by the Commander to a "backstage" entrance which was actually a glass-encased lab surrounded by seats in ascending rows. Scientists in NASA lab coats looked down on the lab table where I lay as the Commander wired me up to a computerized machine. A camera was positioned high in one corner of the room, filming all that transpired. I was aware through conversations between Byrd and the Commander that de la Madrid had requested a video of the latest advancements in mind-control technique being used to create his seven slaves. In reality, the camera was filming scientific methodisms salted with "comic" misinformation as a humorous "no" to his request.

Since I was considered "used up" and my death was imminent, the Commander told the scientists to "feel free to fuck the lab specimen", "But first," he said, "before you satisfy your mental and physical curiosities sampling the President's (Reagan's) wares, we must satisfy El President's (de la Madrid's) perverse intellect with a little space humor." He turned to one of the technical workers and said, "You're going to have to edit this tape for de la Madrid's benefit and take this part out while we prepare her for an 'off color' chameleon joke."

A live lizard encased in a glass test tube of sorts was inserted in my vagina. The camera was focused on the area while my legs were spread in a birthing position. Acting as though I had conceived while having sex with de la Madrid, the Commander said, "Now for the finished product, which in layman's terms equates to the reproductive

offspring of a Lizard breeding machine." He dramatically snapped on a rubber glove and probed me as though he were giving me a gynecological exam. In fact, he was opening the trap door of the Lizard's tube to turn him out. Very slowly, the sluggish lizard poked his head out of my vagina and crawled out onto the metal table, "This concludes all of the experimentation demonstration of the cloning of a Presidential model," the Commander said, I apparently had been selected as the prototype for the seven programmed slaves de La Madrid had requested. De la Madrid was interested in NASA programmed staves that would be vaginally mutilated like I was. He was sexually obsessed with the hideous carving. I have no way of knowing what, if any, technological advancements were actually provided to de la Madrid via the film. I only know that deliberate misinformation tainted the methodologies depicted, and that I had never experienced programming or testing before or at the time by any such methods.

This video created for "his Royal Lizardry" was one of many cryptic lizard themes that NASA used in its Mexican operations. All of my programmed roles in Mexico involved the prolific, local, iguana lizards. De la Madrid had relayed the "legend of the Iguana" to me, explaining that lizard-like Aliens had descended upon the Mayans. The Mayan pyramids, their advanced astronomical technology, including the sacrifice of virgins, was supposedly inspired by the lizard aliens. He told me that when the aliens interbred with the Mayans to produce a form of life they could inhabit, they fluctuated between a human and Iguana appearance through chameleon-like abilities. "A perfect vehicle for transforming into world leaders." De la Madrid claimed to have Mayan/alien ancestry in his blood, whereby he transformed "back into an Iguana at will." De la Madrid produced a hologram similar to the one Bush did in his You Are What You Read initiation. His hologram of lizard-like tongue and eyes produced the illusion that he was transforming into an Iguana. While in Mexico, I was always ordered to wait by rocks where the abundant Iguanas sunned before being "trance-ported" to my scheduled meetings with "his Royal Lizardry," the Lizard of Ahs.

CHATTER 30: IN THE INTEREST OF TIME AND SPACE

Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vermont), who served as vice chairman on the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee in 1985-86, was a "friend" of Senator Byrd. Leahy's position on Byrd's Senate Appropriations Committee, coupled with his former position in Intelligence, afforded him an inordinate amount of power and influence. While I had cause to have contact with Senator Leahy on numerous occasions, Kelly was apparently more familiar with him than I. This was evidenced by our meeting with him in Vermont in the late summer of 1985.

Alex Houston was booked to "entertain" at the State Fair in Rutland, Vermont. The entire trip proved to be a whirlwind of covert activity for me, during which time I obtained a packet of papers from an unidentified operative with orders to hand deliver them to Senator Leahy. Kelly had been kept as busy as I, since Boxcar Willie and other CIA operative pedophiles were in abundance at the fair in Leahy's home state.

President Reagan had given me specific orders to carry out while in Vermont, which

included delivering a message to "Patrick" for him. He also told me, "When you go to Vermont, be sure and go by ("buy") LL Bean."

Literally interpreting what he suggested, I asked, "The whole store?"

"No," Reagan laughed. "I meant stop by there. I didn't mean buy the whole store. I already own it. Just buy a few things, like an LL Bean Swiss Army Knife."¹

When Reagan said he "already owned" LL Bean, I thought he was referring to the amount of shopping he did there." He wore LL Bean shirts, sweaters, and slippers; slept on LL Bean flannel sheets in his LL Bean pajamas; and carried his "Presidential" black, LL Bean, Swiss Army Knife, with which he cleaned his fingernails. But I learned the real significance of Reagan's statement when I "stopped by" the Vermont LL Bean outlet on the final day of Houston's lengthy Vermont State Fair engagement.

The LL Bean outlet, located near the top of supposedly the highest mountain in the pristine forest, appeared to be a store front for CIA covert activity. When I asked the 'clerk' assigned to Kelly and me for a black, Swiss Army Knife, his response was indicative of familiarity with government covert operations. Using the old familiar statement (trigger), he ordered Kelly and me to "Walk this way," as he led us through a storage area and out the back door.

There, a black, unmarked helicopter was waiting on a pad for us.

The pilot flew us a short distance to the top of a mountain, where we landed in a clearing next to a house that appeared to have no other access. The place was run like a fortress, and two guards in suits met us as Kelly and I emerged from the helicopter. The guards escorted us into the house, keeping Kelly while I met with Senator Leahy.

I walked into an office-type room that had a panoramic view of the wilderness, where Leahy was leaning against a highly polished, wooden desk.

He was wearing an orange flannel shirt that lost its purpose in crispness. It was my experience that Leahy's surroundings, like his appearance, were as sanitized as possible.

I delivered the documents and message as ordered. Leahy then proceeded to explain that he was aware that my death was imminent due to my groundwork participation in NAFTA, and that subsequently Kelly would be traded to the West Coast pornography operation. Not only did he obviously want to join in on "using me up" before my 30th birthday, but he had "tracks" to cover-up where Kelly was concerned.

Most of my traumatic encounters with Leahy were alien-themed, but he often relied on my Catholic upbringing to drive his points into my mind. From my perspective, Leahy was unquestionably one of the most intelligent criminals of this entire Shadow Government. His carefully contrived chameleon-like characteristics provided him the

latitude of appearing to share the principals and beliefs of whomever he was masterfully manipulating on both a national and international level. He won Reagan's respect through their shared diplomatic ties to the Vatican, and his Irish-Catholic heritage. While he appeared publicly to oppose Byrd on Senate Appropriations issues, they actually worked together behind the scenes in their shared world dominance efforts. Again from my perspective, Leahy was a loner who had his own agenda and answered to no one I knew. Leahy's intelligence was often manifested to me by triple depth meaning to his words and actions. Everything he did was for a deeper purpose, and this trip to Vermont proved to be no different, Kelly and I had been given what felt like a sophisticated variation of the NASA CIA-designer drug, Tranquility, which turned us into the robotic mindcontrolled slaves that Senator Leahy preferred. As the drug was overtaking me, I attentively listened to what Leahy was saying.

"God condones that one," Leahy said, referring to both my role in NAFTA and his pedophile abuse of my daughter. "Of course, God is not the one you need to be concerned with. He is a passive God, One who's passed on and lives only in a Bible. The God you need to be concerning yourself with is the all-seeing, all-knowing God. That great, big, Eye in the Sky. It sees all, records all, and transmits the information right where it's needed. Let me give you some sound advice-Keep your mouth shut and none of this need be known anywhere. Only your Vice President (Bush) will know for sure, and he's been keeping secrets all his life. I'm not suggesting George Bush is God. Oh no, he is much more than that. He is a semi-God, which means he is straddling the heavenly and earthly planes in order that he take action on what he sees with his ever watchful Eye In The Sky." Content with his metaphorical manipulation of my literal mind, he finished, "Now, that's enough fore-play. Go get the kid."

Kelly was standing quietly and robotically just outside the door with the two guards. They ushered us down the hall, through an ornately carved door, and into Leahy's bedroom. The room was highly effeminate for a man, decorated in pastels, white eyelet, and huge billowy pillows. When the Senator walked in, Kelly groaned, "Noooo, not you again", Leahy signalled Kelly with his hand, thus switching her into total silence and submission. Then, accessing specific personality fragments that previously recompartmentalized in my mind from Bush's and Byrd's sexual abuse of Kelly, Leahy began undressing. His pale skin looked even whiter against the white eyelet sheets, which seemed to accentuate the perversity of his pedophile actions with my daughter that I was forced to watch. His torturous abuse complete, Leahy ordered Kelly and me to follow him downstairs to his "torture lab", I had seen and experienced basement "spy conditioning" torture chambers before both in the U.S. and Mexico, and Leahy's "torture lab" looked more like a NASA lab. His access to the latest advancements in electronic/drug mindcontrol technology was consistent with his ability to use it. I was immediately strapped to a cold, chrome and stainless steel table by the two guards. Leahy began reciting, "Cross your heart and hope to die, Stick a needle in your eye".

A wirey "needle" was pushed slowly into my right eye while Kelly was forced to watch. This entire ordeal was directed for trauma purposes primarily at Kelly since Leahy figured I would be dead soon anyway. "If you holler, if you cry, Kelly will be the first to

die. Pray to God and Bush will hear, because his Eye now has an ear." Leahy interrupted his poem to explain that I was now a "computer-eyesd" link-up to Bush's Eye in the Sky, with the needle-like "antenna" transmitting every word Kelly spoke. He continued with me, "Each word you speak, each breath you sigh, Your eye trance-mits to the Eye in the Sky". Kelly believed it, which locked her into silence. Leahy's secret was safe-for the moment.

While I was literally out of my mind from intense pain, Leahy utilized the opportunity to program me with what he said was financial information to deliver to Byrd. This required no "personality", therefore the shattered fragments Leahy had deliberately shifted me into when raping Kelly would be ideal to "computer-eyes" his message. He told me that my body was a conduit to link him up to the Eye in the Sky, where he was transmitting the information for storage until such time as Byrd accessed it. "Only the tiniest little prick can access the computer-eyesd' storage bank," Leahy said, laughing at his own double meaning mockery of Byrd's penis size.

This was not the first time Leahy transferred apparently sensitive U.S.

Government intelligence information to Byrd through me. I had photographically recorded numbers in my mind's "computer banks" ever since Leahy prepared me for the task some months before at White Sands Missile Base in New Mexico. It was there in the TOP SECRET mind-control area of the base that Leahy subjected me to extreme tortures and high-tech programming. Combining purposes as usual, Leahy was saying, "Funding will continue to be approved as long as (mind-control) Projects such as this continue to receive your full attention". I was treated like a lab animal with no apparent regard for whether I lived or died. I was put in an electrified metal walled and floored cell, referred to by some as the woodpecker grid, which provided inescapable physical torture.

In spite of his tortures, intelligence, high-tech methodism, and sophisticated mind manipulations. Senator Leahy failed to cover his "secrets" including his sexual abuse of Kelly. He did succeed, however, in causing Kelly and me to be hospitalized from his torturous abuses upon our return to Tennessee. I had suffered excruciating pain and irreparable damage to my right eye, while Kelly psychosomatically suffered respiratory failure due to his extreme traumas. The physical manifestations of the psychological devastation wreaked on us by Senator Leahy failed to raise questions from outsiders as to the cause.

Equally worthy of mention, are numerous other high profile perpetrators that Kelly and I had exposure to over the years. These individuals, in spite of the CIA's "need-to-know" M.O. of maintaining "the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing," were in positions to be knowledgeable of Kelly's and my victimizations. All of them accessed our programming either for drug distribution, banking/message delivery, mind-control demonstrations, or, most often, for their perverse sexual gratification.

These too numerous individuals and events are significant chapters in my life who, in

the interest of time and space, will be fully exposed in a forthcoming book. Rather than point a finger at these individuals for reasons of "vengeance" (there is none comparable), they must be publicly identified for all our sakes and, above all, for our children's sakes. Therefore, a list of perpe-Traitors has been compiled and strategically distributed for posterity, as well as to prevent these individuals from interfering in any Congressional hearings² that should be forthcoming as a result of this exposure.

1. Black LL Bean Swiss Army Knives were a coded indicator of White House-level operations. Red LL Bean Swiss Army Knives, and regular Swiss Army Knives were a standard CIA indicator with which I was also familiar.

2. Please support us in this effort by writing your Congressmen.

CHAPTER 31: THE KING AND EYE

Saudi Arabia threaded in and out of most operations in which I was involved, primarily due to their purchase and routing of weapons, drugs, and blond-haired, blue-eyed programmed children. According to George Bush's claims, Saudi Arabia was in essence a controlled financial arm of the United States. Saudi Arabian King Fahd and his Ambassador to the U.S., Prince Bandar, provided a front for the unconstitutional and criminal covert operations of the U.S. This included the arming of Iraq and the Nicaraguan Contras; U.S.

involvement in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (B.C.C.I.) scandal; and funding of the Black Budget through purchase of our nation's children to be used as sex slaves and camel jockeys. Since the U.S. "won" control of the drug industries through the so-called Drug Wars, Saudi Arabia played an integral role in distribution. It was my experience that Bush's claim of having Saudi Arabian King Fahd as his puppet was, in fact, reality. It was only natural that criminal diplomatic relations with Mexico interface with Saudi Arabia under the circumstances. After all, King Fahd and Mexican President.

Miguel de la Madrid were active members of George Bush's elite "Neighborhood" in the New World Order. Before I left Washington, D.C., it, was "my duty as a (programmed) American Patriot" to participate in initiating the King and Eye branch of Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks.

While plans were being finalized for a clandestine 3:00 A.M. meeting at L'Enfante Hotel which I would be attending, I was rushed around D.C. gathering last minute messages and information. I had no choice in leaving.

Kelly at Bush's Residence Office where Houston had dropped us off earlier in the day for my initial briefing. Congressman Guy VanderJagt was in Bush's office along with Dick Cheney when we arrived. Before taking Kelly upstairs to the residence area, VanderJagt told Bush his story about taking my virginity when I was a small child. He recommended Bush do the same to Kelly before someone else "beat him to it". Bush laughed and replied, "What makes you think I haven't?"

VanderJagt took Kelly by the hand and led her upstairs while Bush and Cheney began giving me my instructions. Bush joked about working "grave yard" in the "shadows" for "the White House night shift" of the King and Eye operation. Cheney began my instructions with the usual threat to Kelly's life, and was interrupted by a phone call ordering me over to the White House. The whole time I was gone, I experienced a sensation of panic and dread at having had to leave Kelly at Bush's. Although I could not think to reason, the Shasta experience had left me with an incomprehensible subconscious fear for Kelly's life that was compounded by Cheney's most recent threats. I was apprehensive when I was returned to Bush's house late that evening for completion of my instructions. A party was underway, and I was dismayed to see the place so crowded yet void of children.

As I made my way through the crowd, Cheney saw me and started across the room towards me, I spotted VanderJagt nearby, who had been drinking excessively, and anxiously asked him where Kelly was. He said, "Upstairs sleeping, George is expecting you". I wanted desperately to go to Kelly, but Cheney, who was drunk as usual, had reached me by that time.

"Walk this way," Cheney slurred. He imitated the Oz Scarecrow's walk as he led me through the middle of the crowd to Bush's office. Bush was busy behind his desk, and his tension was apparent. He said, "Phil Habib is doing a number on his highness' (Fahd's) head, I want you to do a number on his 'dick'".

"Please," Dick Cheney groaned at the term. "That means give him a Royal fucking. Wear him out. You're going on a magic carpet ride tonight, little Genie, down through the rabbit hole, through the minor and we'll meet you on the other side."

"Good. He'd better have a smile on his face when we walk in (to the 3:00 A.M. meeting)," Bush told me as I went out the door. "If you do your part right, he will."

I was escorted to L'Enfante Hotel where I was to be prostituted to King Fahd. I had been exposed to him sexually before, but this was my first time with him and his five young girls. Physical likeness characteristics strongly suggested that these Saudi Arabian girls were his own children. Their ages ranged from approximately ten to twenty years old. Indicating Genie-in-the-Bottle programming, of which Fahd was familiar, I bowed and said, "Your wish is my command", Fahd's first wish was for information, which I told him I would deliver later at the meeting. Fahd "disrobed" as his girls removed my dress. Then they "prepared" me as ordered by "washing me" with their tongues, while the youngest briefly performed oral sex on him. The girls were ordered aside while I proceeded to sexually gratify Fahd according to his instruction and those I had received earlier from Cheney and Bush. When I finished doing "my part" in the name of "Diplomatic Relations," Habib was at the door to escort me out. I was to meet with Fahd again at 3:00 A.M. in Habib's suite.

As I stepped out the door, Habib was impatiently hopping up and down like he was

energized from cocaine. Using his role as White Rabbit, he said in Wonderland cryptic, "We're late! We're late! For a very important date!" He led me downstairs to the entrance of the hotel, where Bush and Cheney had just walked in looking ridiculously conspicuous in their trenchcoats. Bush immediately ordered Habib, "Call in" and gestured to the phone across the lobby. Habib turned and hurried for the phone. Cheney dashed up the stairs, leaving me alone with Bush. Bush said, referring to Habib, "Don't you love to see the wabbit hop?"

When Cheney returned a moment later, my (identified) Secret Service escort led me to the boutique area of the hotel to wait while the meeting in Habib's suite got under way. I had endured water deprivation for some time, which my escort noted as we sat near a fountain. He told me his orders were, "You can lead a whore to water, but you can't let her drink," He teased me further, stating that he knew I could "suck the humps of a thousand camels dry." At last, he took me on to the meeting in Habib's room, where Bush, Cheney, Fahd, and Habib were in the midst of discussion.

Bush accessed the messages and bank transaction details I was programmed with at Shasta, and ordered me to relay an account of my meeting with de la Madrid and subsequent opening of the Juarez border. The complexities of this meeting, compounded by my being privy only to certain parts, should not be documented here out of context. I do know that Bush was setting the stage for implementing the New World Order, using Mexico and Saudi Arabia's roles for cover and for further expansion of U.S. covert criminal activity. This included the arming of Iraq with weapons and chemical warfare capabilities. The message Reagan had me programmed with earlier that day was further evidence of this.

I delivered Reagan's message to King Fahd as ordered: "Greetings to King Fahd from President Reagan. The negotiations you are about to embark on are not only critical to the world peace process, but may solidify U.S.-Saudi relations beyond your wildest expectations. You have my word that what appears to be the building up of forces in Iraq is but a mirage in the whirlwind. And when this operation is completed and the dust finally settles, you will see that the sands have shifted in time, running out on our adversaries and shifting all power and control to our unified effort. United we stand to conquer all in the name of world peace and world order, and I am confident that together we can not fail. The more Saddam destroys is that much less for us to do and deal with when we implement the Order. In the meantime, we all have much to gain and not a moment to lose."

It was raining by the time I was escorted back to Bush's residence where Houston was waiting to take Kelly and me back to Tennessee.

1. The Alaska state-appointed child sexual abuse physician's exam and photos corroborate that, for once, Bush may have told the truth.

CHAPTER 32: A PLACE TO RUN, NO NEED TO HIDE

Alex Houston had maintained his capacitor distributing business cover throughout the years, routinely changing company names and customers. By summer's end in 1987, Houston had stumbled onto a legitimate sales inquiry from the Peoples Republic of China. Unable to profitably manage a legal business, he look on a partner whom he said checked out to have a curious but inconclusive association in U.S. Intelligence. This partner was Mark Phillips. Houston had forbid me from meeting Mark until his background check was completed and his allegiances understood. As much as he was intrigued with Mark's past, Houston was enthralled with his propensity for conducting international business. In exchange for Mark's cooperation, Houston and he formed a legal corporation. Mark Phillips became President and CEO of Uniphayse. It wasn't long thereafter that he won Houston's confidence through repeated professional successes, and Houston permitted me to meet him.

I sensed right away that Mark was very different from the other men I encountered routinely. He treated me as though I were a person, and his eyes revealed no sexual interest in me at all. Instead of discussing world domination, slavery, pornography, drugs, and genocide like the other men I knew, he introduced me to the raccoons he had years ago rescued from certain death and then tamed. I was deeply impressed with how his "wild" pets loved and trusted him. I could not think to trust, ask for help, or even question at the time what it was that made Mark different.

In the fall of 1987, Kelly was enrolled in Nashville, Tennessee's St. Pius Catholic School. Her unusual behaviors were addressed in school counseling, but their causes and/or origins were never addressed. Kelly still laughs at the absurdity of being counseled to vent her "anger" by scribbling the source of her anger on a piece of paper and then jumping on it. With her "anger" being caused by extreme physical and psychological tortures and sexual abuse, it could not be so simplistically relieved. Houston had forbidden Kelly to display emotion, and had so conditioned her. Once, when he savagely beat her for laughing, I huddled in a corner holding her for hours. That did not positively affect her enormous nurturing needs any more than jumping on a piece of paper. With tears streaming down her face, she opened her bedroom curtains and cried out to what she believed was "Bush's Eye in the Sky". "Why do you hate me? Why do you hate me so much, world, when I love you? I want to die now. I can't take it any more."

That, as evidenced by the near death asthma attack she endured, further proved that Houston's tortures were too much for a seven-year-old child to coexist with. In retrospect, that remaining part of her mind that could question why her existence was too horrible to comprehend was locked away- And so it goes in the "life" of a mind-controlled slave.

In December 1987, my 30th birthday launched the final countdown to my death. Houston was in regular contact with Michael Dante (as telephone receipts prove), and arrangements were finalized for Kelly and me to be transferred to California. There, I was supposed to be burned alive in a snuff pornography film and Kelly would become the property of Dante. But first, I had orders to conclude my part in Operation

Greenbacks for Wetbacks by meeting with de la Madrid. Houston had booked a New Year's NCL cruise to Mexico for all three of us.

Kelly and I were walking among the Mexican pyramid ruins in Tulum, when Houston pointed out an iguana lizard sunning itself on a rock near the parking lot. As Kelly and I approached the iguana, two Mexican Secret Servicemen emerged from a dark blue Mercedes. They used the keys, codes, and triggers to our programming that had been provided them to hypnotically create the illusion that the iguana was trance-forming into de la Madrid. This control technique was to build an amnesic block to ensure against memory recall.

In reality, we were transported by automobile to de la Madrid's tacky museum-style house nearby. There, Kelly and I were taken into his all too familiar bedroom by a uniformed matronly woman. De la Madrid's bed was a king-size waterbed set in a dark wood canopy frame. This time the bedspread was a plush black-blood red, which de la Madrid pointed out to Kelly as he set her on the bed. It was my experience that de la Madrid's bed was in itself a NASA technology adventure.

Mounted inside of the canopy was a movie screen where de la Madrid viewed porn videos and/or NASA-provided films. From his bed I saw replicas of the NASA Goldstar multiscreen monitors that were routinely used in "experimental" mind-control conditioning. By filming the actual NASA multiscreen grouped monitors, the resultant video provided the illusion of seeing a Goldstar multiscreen when shown on a (single) screen such as was built into de la Madrid's bed canopy. For example, once when I was in his bed, the same light blue sky with moving clouds was depicted on the monitor screens that NASA had used to lock-in my programming "Somewhere in Time," de la Madrid showed on his canopy movie screen. He further enhanced the effect by having me hypnotically "float/drift" on his waterbed which he had covered with a spread of similar light blue sky with clouds print. My previous NASA programming was easily accessed "Somewhere in Time" through this simple, but nevertheless complex visual triggering method. The pornography shown was of me from previous taping, alternating with a built-in video camera projecting our sex acts onto the screen as they occurred.

This time de la Madrid said, "Let us end where we began..." referring to my witnessing the rape of my daughter in Shasta. He ordered me to undress and recline against the headboard of his bed. At the foot of the bed, he began pulling Kelly's jeans off as he said, "You gave birth to her, just as you gave birth to the border agreement, and now your role is through on both counts. The tears she will shed as you burn cannot extinguish the flames of passion you have passed on to her. Your intense sexuality has been regenerated in her, and this hormonal experiment in genetics will successfully evolve for generations to come. Your role is complete. And thanks to my friends in Washington, NASA has perfected the formula and given birth to the technology of mirrored procreation using recreated bloodlines. The only detectable difference makes the blood run cold. Reptilian. See for yourself" De la Madrid gestured up toward the canopy screen, where the NASA created video of my "giving birth" to the lizard was depicted. By this time, the NASA provided designer drug for mind control, "Tranquility,"

had been administered and was kicking in full force. My eyes were hypnotically fixed on the video as he began performing oral sex on my daughter. She, too, was rendered helplessly defenseless by the drug and quietly complied with his every demand. Using specific commands, de la Madrid ordered me to spread my legs and display the vaginal mutilation carving. He positioned himself over Kelly's face, smothering her with his penis while he performed oral sex on my carving.

When at last we were returned to the NCL cruise ship, Kelly and I were vomiting sick from de la Madrid's abuse and the high voltage trauma that followed. An unusually large shipment of cocaine and heroin had been loaded, which was transferred into the walls of our custom built motor home once we docked at Key Biscayne, Florida. Houston supposedly stayed aboard ship for the next week of his engagement, while I drove the motor home full of drugs and my sick daughter to Houston's farm where we resided in Tennessee.

By the time Houston returned to Tennessee from his NCL cruise, Ken Riley had already emptied the motor home and dispersed the drugs as previously planned. The only business Houston had to attend was implementing the final phase of trance-ferring Kelly and me to Dante and being updated on Mark Phillips' latest successes.

Houston immediately began programming me to not take anything but Kelly's and my clothes when sent to Dante. At the same time, Mark Phillips and I had reached a level of communication that was new to me. Although I had no conscious understanding of what he was saying, the truths he spoke resounded throughout the depths of my being. For instance, when he showed me his "Back to the Future" DeLorean sports car, he wisely cryptically stated, "Sometimes you have to know where you've been in order to know where you're going."

Just before Kelly and I were to leave for California, Mark asked me to help him force Houston out of business by providing him with the files on suspected (corporate) criminal activity that Houston kept hidden at our house. Not only did I gladly do so, but "somehow" I was able to ask for help in return. I asked him to help Kelly and me get away from Houston before I was killed and Kelly was sentenced to a fate worse than death. Mark assured me that he would help.

The day Houston intended for Kelly and me to be transferred to Dante, I felt a strange compulsion to telephone Mark and notify him. That morning, Houston drove to Mark's office believing he was going to meet with him later that day. But Mark had brought a team of movers to the house, and rescued Kelly and me. He had brilliantly intercepted us as we were being passed to our intended destination! Mark even understood Kelly's and my need to rescue our farm pets from Houston's abuse. He not only found good homes for our livestock, but he had arranged for them to be loaded and transferred during our frantic rush to move out of Houston's house. Within two hours, Mark safely moved Kelly, me, our pets and livestock to freedom. Despite brilliant orchestration, pandemonium broke out when it was discovered that Kelly and I had been intercepted and detoured from our intended demise.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty," Mark said as he gently roused me with a cup of fresh coffee. "Welcome to a new day."

My eyes opened. I had never experienced such kindness before, and it seemed like a whole new world to me. Mark presented me with a beautiful watch, which he strapped on my wrist. Noting my wonder and surprise, he explained, "Now you will always know that I gave you the time of day." The time of day? No one had ever given me their time before. They only took mine. And I never wore a watch before. I did not even know what month or year it was, let alone the tune of day. I had no concept of time, which Mark explained I must always monitor from that moment on.

"You say someone is trying to kill you. Why?" Mark asked. I could not think to answer. I was totally amnesic. All three of us were now in grave jeopardy, literally dodging bullets while I desperately sought the answers. How could I have requested help when I did not even know who and/or what I was running from? Somewhere inside were the answers, and I intended to uncover them all. Fast. Now there were three lives on the line.

Mark understood that safety was tantamount to memory recovery. At the same time, none of us could be safe until I could recall who and what we were up against. Mark quickly sold everything he owned, including his DeLorean, retaining only basic necessities. He also sold the motor home which had been awarded me in my divorce from Alex Houston. Using these funds, Mark took Kelly and me to the peaceful wilderness of Alaska.

February 4, 1988 marked the beginning of life for Kelly and me, free from our mind-controlled existence. It also marked the beginning of a new kind of survival as we embarked on "The Most Dangerous Game" of international proportions. Despite death threats and attempts, intimidation and cover-ups, we have survived these past seven years by refusing to keep secrets-which is in itself "another story."

1. As quickly as the accuracy of my deprogramming notes were corroborated and/or verified, abstracts of various experiences and identification of abusers were vastly disseminated. Those who read these abstracts over the years, literally watched me gain piece/peace-of-mind (reintegrate.)

TRANSCFORMATION OF AMERICA

TRANSC Formation of America is the documented autobiography of a victim of government mind control Cathy O'Brien is the only vocal and recovered survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's MK-Ultra Project Monarch mind control operation. Chiseled deep into the white stone of the CIA's Langley, Virginia headquarters is a partial verse lifted from the Holy Bible and writings of Saint John..." ami the truth shall make you free."

This statement, like the agency, is total reality. The building that it is engraved upon

houses the world's most successful manufacturer of lies to facilitate psychological warfare.

The "Company" uses truth and technology as their raw materials to produce "pure" lies for control of you and America's allies. Within the pages of TRANCE Formation of America you'll find the truth.

US. GOVERNMENT MIND CONTROL

On August 3rd, 1977 the 95th U.S. Congress opened hearings into the reported abuses concerning the CIA's TOP SECRET mind control research program code named MK Ultra. On February 8th 1988, an MK Ultra victim, Cathy O'Brien, was covertly rescued from her mind control enslavement by Intelligence insider Mark Phillips. Their seven year pursuit of Justice was stopped FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

TRANCE Formation of America exposes the truth behind this criminal abuse of the Unconstitutional 1947 National Security Act Thanks for the Memories

by Brice Taylor

"It isn't that they can't see the solution. It's that they can't see the problem."-- G. K. Chesterton

"Power is the Ultimate Aphrodisiac"-- A Quote by: Henry A. Kissinger Then Secretary of State

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Historical Overview: Mind Control in the Modern Context

PROJECT MONARCH: NAZI MIND CONTROL by Ron Patton

MANUFACTURING THE MIND CONTROLLED SLAVE

AWAKENING TO THE REALITIES OF MIND CONTROL

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO MY CHILDREN COLLECTIVELY--Mountains of love are still held in reserve for each of you as I take this necessary step toward insuring your ultimate freedom. Please forgive me for divulging and making public the persons and events that should have remained private to your lives. However, the magnitude of the problem we face requires that I do as God guides me. I know that in a 'normal' healthy family I would have been able to discuss this all with you so we could have decided how to do this together. But, that was not possible. Forgive me for taking any liberties that may effect your lives in ways I could not have anticipated. I have put my decisions before the Lord and trust in His infinite wisdom to lead us all to sweet peace and freedom. The mother-child bond we share has very powerfully been the wind beneath my wings.

KEVIN--My child who was also my friend. Thanks for always being so helpful, capable, thoughtful of others, kind and cheerful. I am proud of you and pray for your release so

that you can take the many talents and gifts you possess and use them in ways you and you alone choose. I love you Kev.

KELLY--A promise is a promise! And I will keep mine to you. I will never let go, and I will never stop exposing this and seeking help, no matter what. Thank you for always being so kind and loving. Your gentle nature and the immense love you are shines through even the mind control you are under, in ways everyone can feel. I pray for your release from the programmed state that keeps you shut away from yourself and the world. I miss you and know that God is working powerfully in and through you to bring healing to you and others. I love's ya.

DANNY--My child who walks to the beat of a different drummer. I wait in great anticipation to see what you do with the many individual gifts and talents that are yours, yet not yet yours. I grieve for the necessary separation that caused you to have to grow up without a mom at a very early age. I pray that God will restore those years in divine ways. I love you more than you could ever know!

TO THE BABY SON TAKEN FROM MY ARMS AT BIRTH--My soul longs for you. I still grieve the immense loss of your physical presence. I've missed you over the years and look forward to our reunion if it is God's will! God has promised restoration of family and I look forward to meeting you again, only this time as a big strong man!

MY PARENTS--Thank you for allowing me passage into the genetic and spiritual structures that would insure the success of my mission here on earth. I love you for birthing me and for allowing me to have the necessary experiences my soul required to learn and make my contribution. Dad, your ability to be ahead of your time and Mom, your ability to unconditionally love, even under mind control, helped me find my way, ultimately. I know now that you were both caught in the same dark web that I found myself in. I love and forgive you both.

CRAIG--We never had a chance, but we did love each other through it. Thank you for your gentle nature and for supporting me in the ways that you were able toward my recovery. I forgive you. Do you forgive me?

MY BROTHERS--Like Pop told us: "May the Truth Set Us All Free!"

CATHERINE GOULD, PHD--What would I have done without you? Thank you for so many things, the first of which saved my life ...the clever safety letter attached to my memory packets that I believe kept me alive. Your continued support and helpful listening ear proved to give me that extra leg up that I needed to trust myself in order to go forward with this manuscript.

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needed. I love you!

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WALTER BOWART--May God bless you abundantly for holding the space of truth for victims of all ages starting way back in 1978 when your first edition of Operation Mind Control hit the bookstores. You have stayed in the battle for truth and justice and I thank you for continuing to hold onto the reality which most were faint of heart and not strong enough to endure. Thank you for being there!

JOE--Thanks for encouraging me to continue and for teaching me the place mat method.

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LYNN MOSS-SHARMON--Who had the spiritual courage, fortitude and determination to found Stone Angels to support mind control victims in Canada, and then ACHES-MC (ADVOCACY COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION SURVIVORS-MIND CONTROL). Your work is crucial, as you've documented the reality of mind control experimentation through the chronicling of countless victims' testimony. May the Great Spirit richly reward you for your beautiful spiritual purity and faith ...and your work here!

BOBBI GAGNE--May the love and compassion you have shown for countless survivors return to you multiplied. Thank you for educating many in the field of law enforcement so they may now help victims who are still suffering. Thank you for doing what Christ would do! I love you!

ALICE MILLER--The example you showed me through your books was priceless. Through them I was to learn that by trusting my own experience, especially those that I had as a child, that I might transcend what is currently known in order to more fully advocate for children.

STUART PERLMAN, PHD--Thanks for telling me the truth was within, when others told me to forget the past and live in the present. You were right! Thank you for listening for hours to the horror of my past. I know it was very difficult for you to hear. God Bless You!

CLAIRE REEVES--President, Mothers Against Sexual Abuse (MASA)--Thank you for holding the shield of protection for children and for being there for and with me, even in court, when I began exposing my affluent abusers back in 1992! I know it has been difficult at times and that you have had to withstand much opposition, but just know that many have been helped because of the work you have done! God Bless You.

MARGARET--My sister in Christ. Thank you for being my trusted secretary, best friend, and support team through the rough times. I thank Jesus for guiding you into my life so that together we could fulfill His plan for freeing His children, large and small! May God bless and keep you all the days of your life. You are so precious to me.

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ALL THOSE THAT WENT BEFORE--I want to thank all those courageous souls who gave their lives in the service of ending this abuse.

JESUS--The love of my life, my Lord and Savior. Thank You for Your leading. Thank you for bringing the Holy Spirit to lead and guide me through the danger to make this contribution. It is because of You that I survived through this life and healed in order to bring the truth to light. Continue to work in me to create my mind to be more like Yours!

A NOTE TO RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVORS AND/OR THOSE UNDER MIND CONTROL, WHETHER CONSCIOUS AND IN RECOVERY OR STILL UNCONSCIOUS AND UNAWARE

Certain material contained within these pages may illustrate the precepts of mind control. Nothing in this book should create any problems in the internal structure of those who have Dissociative Identity Disorder (formerly called Multiple Personality Disorder), or those currently under mind control; however, some survivors report difficulty in reading anything which relates to their current perception of their victimization. Readers who know or suspect they are incest, ritual abuse, or mind control survivors and are in therapy would do well to consult with God before reading this book.

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Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Foreward by Walter Bowart: Thanks for the Memmemmormee!?!1

More than 25 years have passed since I began research into what was then called "brainwashing," a comically euphemistic term invented in the 1950's by CIA propaganda specialist Edward Hunter. It's been 21 years since my book on the subject Operation Mind Control was published internationally, and five years since it reappeared as the greatly expanded Limited Researcher's Edition, featuring an account of "Lois" that offers a synopsis of the book you hold in your hands. Now it can be told. "Lois" is Susan Ford, whose pseudonym is Brice Taylor. Her book Thanks for the Memories, which, by all reports is greatly anticipated by an audience better educated than the one I encountered in the 1970's, is now published for all the world to read.

I wrote my book Operation Mind Control while living in Arizona, still 'a backward state, dominated by Federal funds and jobs, and the dissociated and extremely provincial beliefs that come with it. In the 70's most of the people I spoke with about what I called, generically, "mind control" thought I was crazy. Those who were not afraid to express

their opinions on the subject believed it to be impossible. They strongly believed they could not be made to do something against their will and without their own knowledge. They believed they had indomitable powers of will, like the CIA funded psychologist, Timothy Leary's fellow debater and Watergate burglar, G. Gordon Liddy. They believed, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they could not be broken, fragmented, and mentally enslaved by any technology, even if it included hypnosis, drugs, electronic brain stimulation or what came to be called biological process control.

My interest in this subject was piqued by a young man, David, I had known all my life. He returned from a four-year tour with the United States Air Force in a confused and deeply tormented state. You could not say that he had a destroyed mind. He suffered from complete amnesia about the past years of service in the USAF, but he was making straight "A's" in premedical courses at a prominent University.

I did not recognize him as he sat, slumped in an overstuffed chair in my living room in 1973. He had undergone a couple of years of treatment with a competent psychiatrist and was finally asked by her, "Do you want to know what this is and how it was created, or do you just want to be able to function?" He decided the functioning was good enough, and his treatment accelerated, taking a wide turn away from the historical events he remembered, which included being a "human tape recorder" and witnessing the most secret negotiations with North Vietnam and with "Royals" of the Arabic persuasion who beheaded a prisoner he had just witnessed being interrogated. The image of this decapitation still haunts him in his dreams.

In 1973 the Rockefeller Commission's Report revealed that CIA Director Richard Helms had supposedly destroyed 153 separate files on a long running, top secret project called MKULTRA, as his last act in office. In years to come many of those files were discovered as "misplaced" files. They revealed a long history of criminal activities by individuals who hid behind the National Security Act and ran amok, arrogantly treating citizens of their own country as just so many lab rats.

"I can hypnotize a man -- without his knowledge or consent -- into committing treason against the United States..." -- Dr. George Estabrooks, 1943.

This Canadian-born Rhodes Scholar was a hypnosis expert and former Professor at Colgate University with long-standing ties to U.S. military and domestic intelligence, and to Martin Orne, MD, a master "spy-chiatrist," author of Patty Hearst's "brainwashing" defense, and founding Board member of the False Memory "Spindrome" Foundation.

As I was researching The Rockefeller Commission's Report, following anecdotal evidence, putting the pieces together, then writing what turned out to be Operation Mind Control, I felt like the villagers in this Sufi tale:

An elephant had entered a cave near a town in Morrocco and had bellowed all night, keeping the whole village awake. Nobody in the town had seen an elephant, nor did anyone know what an elephant looked like.

The villagers held a meeting and four brave people among them volunteered to go into the cave to investigate what was making the strange bellowings.

The first one felt the elephant's trunk and came running out to report a large python was making the noise they heard

The second one felt a foot and came out to report that a palm tree was making the noise. The third one felt the elephant's tail and came out to report that a broom, obviously controlled by a witch, was making the noise.

The fourth villager felt the elephant's ear and came out to report that there was nothing to fear because a large leaf from a tropical plant was making the noise.

Once they understood there was nothing to fear, the villagers went to sleep that night and didn't hear the elephant snorting and bellowing as he left the cave. Nor did they mention it again.

In those days, shrinks (psychiatrists and psychologists) told me that what I was reporting were the results of a disease called "schizophrenia." The word meant fragmented personality, but in time, schizophrenia turned out to be a familial disease which could be treated and controlled with medication. The stories I was reporting took several years to understand. I eventually discovered that what I was reporting was the real cause of the cryptocracy's trained elephant in the particular cave next to our hometown.

I cannot tell you the experiences Sue Ford reports are accurate to the letter, since I was not a witness to all of them. But, as I revealed in *Operation Mind Control* (1994), I once saw Sue on a Palm Springs golf course in the company of her alleged handler, Bob Hope. At that time I was Editor-in-Chief of Palm Springs Life magazine, which had just won the "Maggie" Award for publishing the best city magazine. It was at the Bob Hope Classic that I saw Sue, but I didn't speak to her, as I was busy covering the happenings and celebrities, which have graced the magazine since the 1950's. Sue was one of the Bob Hope Classic hostesses, assisting the public and the press in a variety of functions.

My path crossed Sue's again years later when I was interviewing another survivor of mind control, but I'll spare you those details. Just read my book. I can tell you that Sue Ford believes the story she has written with all her being, and her account as described herein has remained consistent.

Most of her memories, conveyed in her book, she obtained outside of the therapy setting on the Island of Kauai, while journaling on the beach, since she could not afford a therapist at that time. The perceived safety of the location and the steady sound of the waves in the background provided her with the ability to focus inward, allowing intense flashbacks to recur, including intense memory of her physical sensations during those events (called body memories), all of which she was able to write down in her journals.

Sue's journals are amazingly free of mistakes, and that's no small feat since they were written in indelible ink. One gets the impression that Sue simply 'downloaded' this material from her inner 'multiple personalities,' who were desperately wanting to get this information out.

Offering up these truths in these post-False Memory "Spindrome" Foundation days takes courage. The well-funded "foundation," composed of alleged pedophiles and spy-chiatrists, my term for professionals who worked for the CIA in mind control projects over a period of approximately fifty years, has led an effective fight in the courts to establish the fact that a person can easily be made to believe things which are not true. When I asked many of those who would later sit on the FMSF Board, if a person could be made to do something against their will and without their knowledge, they denied that it was possible in the mid-seventies.

They have not yet turned their earlier stance completely around. Nor have they taken the next step to offer proof that a person can be made to do something against their will and without their knowledge, but they have gone far enough with their argument that "justice is no longer served by 'eyewitness' accounts." Responding to FMSF lawsuits, the State of California, I'm told, has made new laws, which would disqualify the testimony of anyone who has ever confessed to having been hypnotized.

Most lawyers and judges don't understand dissociative disorders because most "mental health professionals" don't understand them, and/or haven't bothered to educate the judicial branch of government. To begin to understand the full range of dissociative disorders, from Post-traumatic Stress Disorder to Bipolar Disorder to the former Multiple Personality Disorder (now called Dissociative Identity Disorder), one must confront the National Security State and its military/industrial complex, which created the killers who all too often came home from their service to their country to beat and sexually abuse their wives and children.

One gets the impression today that the majority of both "mental health experts" and judges believe that Multiple Personality Disorder can easily be faked during expert examinations. However, most professionals with experience treating DID will tell you that it is almost impossible to fake an autonomic response, the kind of response that is used to assess the reality of a dissociated state. Faking an autonomic response would be about as easy as deliberately dilating or contracting your pupils without any change of light stimulus.

On one case the Freedom of Thought Foundation sent me to investigate, the case of Robert Joe Moody, an alleged serial killer with a Top Secret security clearance in the USMC, I brought one of the leading experts in the treatment of DID into the prison conference room. Within minutes this doctor had the killer manifesting four different personalities. When he first switched into the killer personality the room filled with heat. The doctor told me it was not unusual for a whole variety of physical changes to occur when a multiple switched. The room quickly getting hot from the temperature change of Moody's body when he switched from one personality to the other is a good example of

the sort of autonomic response I'm talking about. I'd like to see even the best-trained actor do that on cue!

After the interview with Moody, as we were leaving the prison, the doctor said to me, "Well, what do you want to do? Integrate these personalities, or just let the little nine-year-old personality take the punishment (death by lethal injection) for all the others, just like he has always been doing."

In the only study of death row inmates in America, roughly 14% tested as being undiagnosed cases of DID. Only a few prisons were used in this study. It focused only on convicted murderers and did not investigate violent criminals who were convicted of assault or crimes less than murder. Other non-capital offenders were omitted. This study clearly showed the ignorance, or prejudice, of the American judicial system, one in which the diagnosis "malingering" is given to people suffering from DID. Malingering is a psychiatric term that means the subject is faking an illness. The poorly trained psychologists and psychiatrists working as court appointed "expert witnesses" don't know how to test nor diagnose Dissociative Disorders.

The most tragic moment of Moody's story, for most, is when they view the police videotape of the accused killer being read the Miranda Warnings. Here, clearly, is the nine-year-old personality, "Bobby," picking at a scab on his hand, speaking in a halting voice, not understanding who he was, due to Amnestic Fugue, nor what the words in the Miranda Warnings meant. It was the only time the accused was read his rights. And as you might expect, Bobby wasn't the killer, nor was he even "present" at the scene of the crime. The killer personality was named XE and was, by all present indications, created during Moody's service in the Marine Corps.

"Mental health professionals" generally overlook the possibility of deliberate programming. Or maybe that's part of the conspiracy against freedom of thought. Many shrinkers are themselves unwitting accomplices in this conspiracy. Professional expressions of denial about the access and deliberate programming of dissociated children by agents of National Security States is about as comforting as if they'd told you that the conclusions of the Warren Commission Report were accurate and correct. Even certain members of The International Society for the Study of Dissociative Disorders has put DID in a separate legal category, so that, people expressing multiple personalities cannot be found "not guilty by reason of insanity."

Dr. Colin Ross, one of the leading experts on Dissociative Disorders, expressed the opinion that DID may be the cause of most of the serious problems of our society, such as gangsterism, drive-by shootings, schoolyard assassinations, random acts of terrorism and all the rest of the trauma America has been experiencing over the past few years--an idea not yet examined by criminologists, prison experts, and others who would supposedly protect and serve.

To understand dissociation is to understand the paradigm shift in our culture--from an industrial culture to an information culture. To understand it is to look into the heart of

the Dissociated States of America and the Dissociated States of Europe and the Orient.

The seeds of dissociation have been sown throughout history, from our earliest recorded days until the present. You can find evidence of it in the first terrors of the cavemen, in the shamanic practices of most primitive cultures, to the present co-option of severely dissociated people found among the ranks of modern military recruits. A cross section of our society finds its way into military service, and a representational number of them suffer from Dissociative Disorders. These form a fertile pool for recruitment of programmed personnel.

After you've met a few of them, you realize they have one thing in common--they are highly suggestible. Thus it is easy to capitalize on the trauma implanted in their child's mind by daddy, uncle, a neighbor or whomever. Once dissociation shows up in the military "entrance tests," they are sorted out for programming. From their ranks are created autonomic assassins, amnesic couriers, and Mata Hari sexpionage agents who've given their involuntary all with no consent form requested.

Who would do such a thing you ask? Read on. Learn about the cryptocracy that has been gradually amassing its power over the human mind since the days when the swastika was forced underground, and its armbands torn from the sleeves, but its legacy was not removed from the hearts and minds of those welcomed to America under Project Paperclip, when Nazi war criminals, posing as scientists, were flown from the front, hidden among those who had spilled their blood fighting fascism.

The value of programming to the cryptocrats is understood when you realize its usefulness in harnessing a slave labor force and covering up crimes. More than one forensic psychiatrist has told me that our criminal justice systems are not prepared to deal with these cases. And it's been that way for quite some time. The litigious actions of the False Memory "Spindrome" Foundation have done further damage to justice by successfully obfuscating the realities of Dissociative Disorders and by blaming its cause on the treatments of incompetent "mental health professionals."

Whether a victim of DID, trained and conditioned and honed for government use, claims they have been raised in a Satanic Cult, or a Secret Society, or been abducted by aliens matters not at all. For eons of time, throughout the entire history of mankind (as far as we know) war and trauma have created this evil, which is multi-generational, passed down the family tree from parent to child in an unbroken chain. The flavor of the torture matters not--it is none the less torture. The style of programming matters not--it is none the less programming. Usually the women are turned into slaves of one kind or another; the men are turned into killers or handlers. Regardless of the content of their story, the professional can only take it at face value, support the client, use it as a metaphor if nothing else, and try one technique after another until they get the results they are seeking, reintegration and eventual recovery.

After spending the past five years studying programmed killers, it is refreshing to turn once again to Sue Ford's case. Most of us cannot keep from wincing at her vivid

descriptions in certain parts. Others similarly victimized have experienced tortures so terrible (literally unspeakable) that they might think Sue had a "privileged" time of it. Though, Sue was used at a very "high level" in such ways that required her physical preservation. Many survivors, it would appear, are generally too incapacitated to write their own story and too destitute or crippled to achieve sufficient recovery.

Sue's story, truly a spy-chiatrist's "nightmare come true," is like a fascinating, multifaceted gemstone washed up on a white, sandy Hawaiian beach after having battled typhoons, rip tides and the treacherous forces of man and nature. It is the story of a survivor who truly has emerged as a 'Victor' against all odds.

We must salute Sue. She has preceded the therapeutic community's understanding of dissociation and reintegration in the context of mind control. She's been a teacher as well as a patient, and has inspired many of those who are leading the way toward real healing, not just a drugging of symptoms as is too commonly found to be the "mental health" cure for MPD/DID. Through her valiant recovery from trauma-based mind control, Sue has paved the way for other survivors to follow.

Let's join her in shining the light on the path for those survivors who are ready, willing and able to stand and be counted. Their liberation will be ours--all of us!

To your own Free Thinking!

W.H. Bowart Director Freedom of Thought Foundation

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Historical Overview: Mind Control in the Modern Context

'Mind control' is a rather vague and nebulous term used to label methods of extreme coercion that result in an individual's involuntary, robotic compliance. In order for the reader to fully understand the account presented in this book, it is essential to gain some background knowledge about the history of mind control.

There was a Special Report (article) that appeared in the US. News & World Report (January 24, 1994) entitled "The Cold War Experiments," which provides one with an introductory and conventionally accepted perspective on the subject of mind control.

The article begins, stating the widely held view that "...U.S. government scientists, spurred on by reports that American prisoners of war were being brainwashed in North Korea, were proposing an urgent, top-secret research program on behavior modification. Drugs, hypnosis, electroshock, lobotomy -- all were to be studied as part of a vast U.S. effort to close the mind-control gap."

At the time this article appeared, congressional inquiries were being held to examine new disclosures about government experiments that had intentionally exposed

American citizens to radiation. The article continues, "But the radiation experiments are only one facet of a vast cold war research program that used thousands of Americans as guinea pigs." And, "From the end of World War II well into the 1970's, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department, the military services, the CIA and other agencies used prisoners, drug addicts, mental patients, college students, soldiers, even bar patrons, in a vast range of government-run experiments to test the effects of everything from radiation, LSD and nerve gas to intense electric shocks and prolonged "sensory deprivation." Note the portrayal of this activity as a "vast" governmental effort.

The article also illustrates the recent congressional concern: "'It's not just radiation we're talking about,' says Democratic Sen. John Glenn of Ohio, a former Marine and astronaut who is holding hearings on the subject this week. 'Any place government experimenting caused a problem we should make every effort to notify the people and follow up. We ought to set up some sort of review and compensation for people who were really hurt'." Years later, on January 22, 1997, Sen. Glenn introduced before Congress the Human Research Subject Protections Act of 1997. It was referred to the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, chaired by Sen. Arlen Specter (author of the Warren Commission's 'single bullet theory'), and never made it out. With the many bare-brained pieces of legislation that make it to the Senate floor, you would think that one which attempts to safeguard human subjects of experimentation would be a 'no-brainer,' but apparently it is not with this Congress.

Parallel with this activity, President Clinton published an Administrative Order known as Memorandum of March 27, 1997 entitled "Strengthened Protections for Human Subjects of Classified Research" (see appendix), which attempted to implement the recommendations of the Advisory Committee on Human Radiation Experiments, which he established in January 1994. To date, these well-intended efforts have had little or no impact.

Last year (April 15, 1998), Harlan Girard, on behalf of the International Committee for the Convention Against Offensive Microwave Weapons, brought suit against the Federal government for its non-compliance in carrying out President Clinton's Administrative Order. This case is still in the process of working its way through the Federal courts. The U.S. News & World Report article concludes with the following paragraph:

"Another former CIA official, Sidney Gottlieb, who directed the MKULTRA behavior-control program almost from its inception, refused to discuss his work when US. News reporter visited him last week at his home. He said the CIA was only trying to encourage basic work in behavior science. But he added that after his retirement in 1973, he went back to school, practiced for 19 years as a speech pathologist and now works with AIDS and cancer patients at a hospice. He said he has devoted the years since he left the CIA 'trying to get on the side of the angels instead of the devils'."

Gottlieb's praiseworthy activities since 1973 speak to the seriousness of what he had participated in prior to that date, under Project MKULTRA. He was one individual who at

least tried to do something to 'save his soul,' which is more than one can say for the host of others who were similarly involved. Gottlieb passed away earlier in 1999, just in time to miss all the 'fireworks.'

The following article, "Project Monarch: Nazi Mind Control" by Ron Patton, provides an excellent historical overview on mind control in its many different aspects and is reprinted here almost in its entirety. The article appeared in the trend-setting, alternative press magazine Paranoia: The Conspiracy Reader in the Fall 1996 issue. This magazine, one of several 'iconoclasts,' has published a number of such informative articles on related subjects and, to date, appears to be the leading source for news and information about mind control.

Note: The actual name of a classified project known to many as 'Monarch' is yet to be officially confirmed, therefore, the reader is advised to substitute the phrase "trauma-based mind control" for the author's usage of the code name "MONARCH."

PROJECT MONARCH: NAZI MIND CONTROL by Ron Patton

Amidst the subtle cerebral circumvention of the gullible populace, through a multitude of manipulated mediums, lies one of the most diabolical atrocities perpetrated upon a segment of the human race: a form of systematic mind control which has permeated every aspect of society for almost fifty years.

To objectively ascertain the following, one may need to re-examine preconceived ideologies relating to the dualistic nature of mankind. Resolving the philosophical question of whether we are inherently good or inherently evil is tantamount in shaping our perception of reality; specifically, the spiritual variable within the equation of life.

This exposition is substantiated by declassified U.S. Government documents, individuals formerly connected to the U.S. intelligence communities, historical researchers knowledgeable in mind control, publications from mental health practitioners, and interviews taken from survivors unwittingly subjected to a highly complex form of trauma-based mind control known as MONARCH programming.

A word of caution for survivors of intensively systematic mind control and/or some form of ritualized abuse: There are numerous "triggers" in this article. It is therefore recommended not to read it unless appropriate support systems are in place or if you have a thoroughly reintegrated personality.

A Brief History of Control

The Mystery Religions of ancient Egypt, Greece, India and Babylon helped lay the foundation for occultism, meaning "hidden knowledge." One of the earliest writings giving reference to occultism is the Egyptian Book of the Dead, a compilation of rituals explicitly describing methods of torture and intimidation (to create trauma), the use of potions (drugs) and the casting of spells (hypnotism), ultimately resulting in the total

enslavement of the initiate.[1] These have been the main ingredients for a part of occultism known as Satanism, throughout the ages.

During the 13th Century, the Roman Catholic Church increased and solidified its dominion throughout Europe with the infamous Inquisition. Satanism survived this period of persecution, deeply entrenching itself under the veil of various esoteric groups.

In 1776, a Bavarian Jesuit by the name of Adam Weishaupt was commissioned by the House of Rothschild to centralize the power base of the Mystery Religions into what is commonly known as the Illuminati, meaning "Enlightened Ones." This was an amalgamation of powerful occultic bloodlines, elite secret societies and influential Masonic fraternities, with the desire to construct the framework for a "New World Order." The outward goal of this Utopia was to bring forth universal happiness to the human race. However, their underlying intention was to gradually increase control over the masses, thus becoming masters of the planet.

The Anglo Alliance

By the 19th century, Great Britain and Germany were recognized as the primary geographic areas of Illuminati control. It then should be of little surprise to know the first work in Behavioral Science research was established in England in 1882, while much of the early medical and psychiatric techniques involved in mind control were pioneered at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Germany.

The Tavistock Institute of Human Relations was set up in London in 1921 to study the "breaking point" of humans. Kurt Lewin, a German psychologist, became the director of the Tavistock Institute in 1932, about the same time Nazi Germany was increasing its research into neuropsychology, parapsychology and multi-generational occultism. Interestingly, a progressive exchange of scientific ideas was taking place between England and Germany, most notably in the field of eugenics: the movement devoted to "improving" the human species through the control of hereditary factors in mating. The nefariously enigmatic union between the two countries was bonded, partly through the Order of the Golden Dawn, a secret society, which consisted of many high ranking officials in the Nazi party and British aristocracy. Top SS Nazi officer, Heinrich Himmler, was in charge of a scientific project called Lebensborn, which included selective breeding and adoption of children, a peculiarly large number of twins among them.[2] The purpose of the program was to create a super-race (Aryans) who would have total allegiance to the cause of the Third Reich (New Order). Much of the preliminary experimentation concerning genetic engineering and behavior modification was conducted by Dr. Josef Mengele at Auschwitz, where he coldly analyzed the effects of trauma-bonding, eye-coloring and "twinning" upon his victims.

Besides the insidious surgical experimentation performed at the concentration camp, some of the children were subjected to massive amounts of electroshock. Sadly, many of them did not survive the brutality. Concurrently, "brain-washing" was carried out on inmates at Dachau, who were placed under hypnosis and given the hallucinogenic drug

mescaline. During the war, parallel behavioral research was led by Dr. George Estabrooks of Colgate University. His involvement with the Army, CID, FBI and other agencies remains shrouded in secrecy. However, Estabrooks would occasionally "slip" and discuss his work involving the creation of hypno-programmed couriers and hypnotically-induced split personalities.[3]

After WWII, the U.S. Department of Defense secretly imported many of the top German Nazi and Italian Fascist scientists and spies into the United States via South America and the Vatican. The code name for this operation was Project PAPERCLIP.[4] One of the more prominent finds for the U.S. was German General Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's Chief of Intelligence against Russia. Upon arriving in Washington, DC in 1945, Gehlen met extensively with President Truman, General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, Director of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and Allen Dulles, who would later become the stalwart head of the CIA. The objective of their brainstorming sessions was to reorganize the nominal American intelligence operation, transforming it into a highly efficient covert organization. The culmination of their efforts produced the Central Intelligence Group in 1946, renamed the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in 1947.

Reinhard Gehlen also had profound influence in helping to create the National Security Council, from which the National Security Act of 1947 was derived. This particular piece of legislation was implemented to protect an unconscionable number of illegal government activities, including clandestine mind control programs.

Evolution of Project MKULTRA

With the CIA and National Security Council firmly established, the first in a series of covert brainwashing programs was initiated by the Navy in the fall of 1947. Project CHATTER was developed in response to the Soviet's "successes" through the use of "truth drugs." This rationale, however, was simply a cover story if the program were to be exposed. The research focused on the identification and testing of such drugs for use in interrogations and the recruitment of agents.[5] The project was officially terminated in 1953.

The CIA decided to expand their efforts in the area of behavior modification, with the advent of Project BLUEBIRD, approved by Director Allen Dulles in 1950. Its objectives were to: (1) discover a means of conditioning personnel to prevent unauthorized extraction of information from them by known means, (2) investigate the possibility of control of an individual by application of special interrogation techniques, (3) investigate memory enhancement and (4) establish defensive means for preventing hostile control of agency personnel. In August 1951, Project BLUEBIRD was renamed Project ARTICHOKE, which evaluated offensive uses of interrogation techniques, including hypnosis and drugs. The program ceased in 1956. Three years prior to the halt of Project ARTICHOKE, Project MKULTRA came into existence on April 13, 1953 along the lines proposed by Richard Helms, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence CDCI with the rationale of establishing a "special funding mechanism of extreme sensitivity." [6]

The hypothetical etymology of "MK" may possibly stand for "Mind Kontrolle." The obvious postwar translation of the German word, "Kontrolle" into English is "control." [7] A host of German doctors, procured from the Nazi talent pool, were an invaluable asset toward the development of MKULTRA. The correlation between the concentration camp experiments and the numerous sub-projects of MKULTRA are clearly evident. The various avenues used to control human behavior under MKULTRA included radiation, electroshock, psychology, psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, graphology, harassment substances and paramilitary devices and materials (LSD being the most widely dispensed "material"). A special procedure, designated MKDELTA, was established to govern the use of MKULTRA abroad. MKULTRA / MKDELTA materials were used for harassment, discrediting or disabling purposes. [8]

Of the 149 subprojects under the umbrella of MKULTRA having been identified, Project MONARCH officially began by the U.S. Army in the early 1960's (although unofficially implemented much earlier) appears to be the most prominent and is still classified as TOP SECRET for "National Security" reasons. [9] MONARCH may have culminated from MKSEARCH subprojects, such as operation SPELLBINDER, which was set up to create "sleeper" assassins (i.e. "Manchurian Candidates") who could be activated upon receiving a key word or phrase while in a post-hypnotic trance. Operation OFTEN, a study which attempted to harness the power of occultic forces, was possibly one of several cover programs to hide the insidious reality of Project MONARCH.

Definition and Description

The name MONARCH is not necessarily defined within the context of royal nobility, but rather refers to the Monarch butterfly. When a person is undergoing trauma induced by electroshock, a feeling of light-headedness is evidenced; as if one is floating or fluttering like a butterfly. There is also a symbolic representation pertaining to the transformation or metamorphosis of this beautiful insect: from a caterpillar to a cocoon (dormancy; inactivity), to a butterfly (new creation) which will return to its point of origin. Such is the migratory pattern that makes this species unique.

Occultic symbolism may give additional insight into the true meaning. Psyche is the word for both "soul" and "butterfly," coming from the belief that human souls become butterflies while searching for a new reincarnation. [10]

Some ancient mystical groups, such as the Gnostics, saw the butterfly as a symbol of corrupt flesh. The "Angel of Death" (remember Mengele?) in Gnostic art works was portrayed crushing the butterfly. [11] A marionette is a puppet that is attached to strings and is controlled by the puppet master, hence MONARCH programming is also referred to as the "Marionette Syndrome." "Imperial Conditioning" is another term used, while some mental health therapists know it as "Conditioned Stimulus-Response Sequences."

Project MONARCH could be best described as a form of trauma-structured dissociation and occultic integration in order to compartmentalize the mind into multiple personalities within a systematic framework. During the process, a Satanic ritual, usually including

Cabalistic mysticism, is performed with the purpose of attaching a particular demon or group of demons to the corresponding alter(s). Of course, most [people] would view this as simply a means to enhance trauma within the victim negating irrational belief that demonic possession actually occurs.

Alters and Triggers

Another way of examining this convoluted victimization of body and soul is by looking at it as a complex computer program: A file (alter) is created through trauma, repetition and reinforcement. In order to activate (trigger) the file, a specific access code or password (cue or command) is required. The victim survivor is called a "slave" by the programmer/handler, who in turn is perceived as "master" or "god." About 75% are female, since they possess a higher tolerance for pain and tend to dissociate easier than males. Subjects are used mainly for covert operations, prostitution and pornography; involvement in the entertainment industry is notable.

A former military officer connected to the DIA told this writer, "In the 'big picture' these people [MONARCH victims] are in all walks of life, from the bum on the street to the white-collar guy." In corroboration, a retired CIA agent vaguely discussed the use of such personnel to be used as "plants" or "chameleons" for the purpose of infiltrating a designated group, gathering information and/or injecting an ulterior agenda.

There are an inordinate amount of alters in the victim/survivor, with numerous back-up programs, mirrors and shadows. A division of light-side (good) and dark-side (bad) alters are interwoven in the mind and rotate on an axis. One of the main internal structures, (of which there are many) within the system is shaped like a double-helix, consisting of seven levels. Each system has an internal programmer who oversees the "gatekeepers" (demons?) who grant or deny entry into the different rooms. A few of the internal images predominately seen by victims/survivors are trees, the Cabalistic "Tree of Life," with adjoining root systems, infinity loops, ancient symbols and letters, spider webs, mirrors or glass shattering, masks, castles, mazes, demons/monsters/aliens, sea shells, butterflies, snakes, ribbons, bows, flowers, hour glasses, clocks, robots, chain-of-command diagrams and/or schematics of computer circuitry boards.

Bloodlines and Twinning

A majority of the victims/survivors come from multi-generational Satanic families (bloodlines) and are ostensibly programmed "to fulfill their destiny as the chosen ones or chosen generations" (a term coined by Mengele at Auschwitz). Some are adopted out to families of similar origin. Others used in this neurological nightmare are deemed as the "expendable ones" (non-bloodliners), usually coming from orphanages, foster-care homes, or incestuous families with a long history of pedophilia. There also appears to be a pattern of family members affiliated with government or military intelligence agencies.

Many of the abused come from families who use Catholicism, Mormonism, or

charismatic Christianity as a "front" for their abominable activities (though members of other religious groups are also involved.) Victims/survivors generally respond more readily to a rigid religious (dogmatic, legalistic) hierarchical structure because it parallels their base programming. Authority usually goes unchallenged, as their will has been usurped through subjective and command-oriented conditioning.

Physical identification characteristics on victims/survivors often include multiple electrical prod scars and/or resultant moles on their skin. A few may have had various parts of their bodies mutilated by knives, branding irons, or needles. Butterfly or occult tattoos are also common. Generally, bloodliners are less likely to have the subsequent markings, as their skin is to "remain pure and unblemished."

The ultimate purpose of the sophisticated manipulation of these individuals may sound unrealistic, depending upon our interpretive understanding of the physical and spiritual realms. The deepest and darkest alters within bloodliners are purported to be dormant until the "AntiChrist" is revealed. These "New World Order" alters supposedly contain call-back orders and instructions to train and/or initiate a large influx of people (possibly clones or "soulless ones"). thereby stimulating social control programs into the new millennium.

Non-biological "twinning" is yet another bizarre feature observed within MONARCH programming. For instance, two young non-related children would be ceremoniously initiated in a magical "soul-bonding" ritual so they might be "inseparably paired for eternity" (possibly another Mengele connection?). They essentially share two halves of the programmed information, making them interdependent upon one another. Paranormal phenomenon such as astral projection, telepathy, ESP, etc. appear to be more pronounced between those who have undergone this process.

Levels of MONARCH Programming[12]

ALPHA. Regarded as "general" or regular programming within the base control personality; characterized by extremely pronounced memory retention, along with substantially increased physical strength and visual acuity. Alpha programming is accomplished through deliberately subdividing the victim's personality which, in essence, causes a left brain - right brain division; allowing for a programmed union of L and R through neuron pathway stimulation.

BETA. Referred to as "sexual" programming. This programming eliminates all learned moral convictions and stimulates the primitive sexual instincts, devoid of inhibitions. "Cat" alters may come out at this level.

DELTA. This is known as "killer" programming, originally developed for training special agents or elite soldiers (i.e. Delta Force, First Earth Battalion, Mossad, etc.) in covert operations. Optimal adrenal output and controlled aggression is evident. Subjects are devoid of fear; very systematic in carrying out their assignment. Self-destruct or suicide instructions are layered in at this level.

THETA. Considered to be "psychic" programming. Bloodliners (those coming from multigenerational Satanic families) were determined to exhibit a greater propensity for having telepathic abilities than did non-bloodliners. Due to its evident limitations, however, various forms of electronic mind control systems were developed and introduced, namely, biomedical human telemetry devices (brain implants), directed-energy lasers using microwaves and/or electromagnetics. It is reported these are used in conjunction with highly-advanced computers and sophisticated satellite tracking systems.

OMEGA. A "self-destruct" form of programming, also known as "Code Green." The corresponding behaviors include suicidal tendencies and/or self-mutilation. This program is generally activated when the victim/survivor begins therapy or interrogation and too much memory is being recovered.

GAMMA. Another form of system protection is through "deception" programming, which elicits misinformation and misdirection. This level is intertwined with demonology and tends to regenerate itself at a later time if inappropriately deactivated.

Methods and Components

The initial process begins with creating dissociation within the subject, usually occurring from the time of birth to about six years. This is primarily achieved through the use of electroshock (ECT) and is at times performed even when the child is in the mother's womb. Due to the severe trauma induced through ECT, sexual abuse and other methods, the mind splits off into alternate personalities from the core. Formerly referred to as Multiple Personality Disorder, it is presently recognized as Dissociative Identity Disorder and is the basis for MONARCH programming. Further conditioning of the victim's mind is enhanced through hypnotism, double-bind coercion, pleasure-pain reversals, food, water, sleep and sensory deprivation, along with various drugs which alter certain cerebral functions.

The next stage is to embed and compress detailed commands or messages within the specified alter. This is achieved through the use of hi-tech headsets, in conjunction with computer-driven generators which emit inaudible sound waves or harmonics that affect the RNA covering of neuron pathways to the subconscious and unconscious mind. "Virtual Reality" optical devices are sometimes used simultaneously with the harmonic generators projecting pulsating colored lights, subliminals and split-screen visuals. High voltage electroshock is then used for memory dissolution.

Programming is updated periodically and reinforced through visual, auditory and written mediums. Some of the first programming themes included the Wizard of Oz and Alice and Wonderland, both heavily saturated with occultic symbolism. Many of the recent Disney movies and cartoons are used in a two-fold manner: desensitizing the majority of the population, using subliminals and neuro-linguistic programming, and deliberately constructing specific triggers and keys for base programming of highly-impressionable

MONARCH children.

[paragraphs omitted in original]

Music plays an instrumental role in programming, through combinations of variable tones, rhythms and words. Frightmeister Stephen King's numerous novels and subsequent movies, are purported by credible sources to be used for such villainous purposes. One of his latest books, *Insomnia*, features a picture of King with the trigger phrase "WE NEVER SLEEP," (indicative of someone with MPD/ DID) below an all-seeing eye.

[paragraphs omitted in original]

[Recent informative mind control related movies: *Total Recall*; *Brainstorm*; *Long Kiss Goodnight*; *Johnny Mnemonic*; *Conspiracy Theory*; *Mindfield*; *12 Monkeys*; *Barbarella*; *Fortress*; *Trancers III*; *Jacob's Ladder*; *Videodrome*; *Circuitry Man*; *Lawnmower Man*; *Color of Night*; *Blade*; *Enemy of the State*; *Adventures of Baron Von Munchhausen*; and *Ninth Configuration*. Older movies include: *Altered States*; *Sleuth*; and the classic *Manchurian Candidate*.]

Programmers and Places

It's difficult to figure out who the original programmer of this satanic project was, due to the substantial amount of disinformation and cross-contamination propagated by the "powers that be." The two that went by the color-coded name of Dr. Green are a Jewish doctor named Dr. Gruenbaum, who supposedly collaborated with the Nazis during WWII, and Dr. Josef Mengele, whose trademark of cold-blooded and calculating brutality has not only scarred the souls of survivors from Auschwitz, but also a countless number of victims throughout the world. Mengele's direct involvement at the infamous Auschwitz concentration camp was suspiciously downplayed during the Nuremberg Trials, and consequently no intensified effort by the U.S. and its allies was directed toward his capture.[13]

As a means to confuse serious investigators as to his whereabouts, U.S. officials would report Mengele being a non-threatening recluse in Paraguay or Brazil, or that he was simply dead (the "Angel of Death" miraculously must have come back to life at least five different times). His unprecedented research, at the expense of thousands of lives, undoubtedly was a significant bonus to U.S. interests. Besides using the pseudonym of Dr. Green, survivors knew him as Vaterchen (daddy), Schoner Josef (beautiful Joseph), David and Fairchild. A gracefully handsome man of slight stature, Mengele would disarm people with his gentle demeanor, while at other times, he would explode into violent rages.[14]

Other characteristics remembered by survivors were the cadence of his shiny black boots as he paced back and forth and his "I-love-you/I-love-you-not" daisy game. When he pulled off the last daisy petal, he would maliciously torture and kill a small child in

front of the other child he was programming. Distraught survivors also recalled being thrown naked into cages with monkeys, who were trained to viciously abuse them. Evidently, Mengele enjoyed reducing people to the level of animals. He also would purposely restrain his victims from crying, screaming, or showing any excessive emotion.

Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, also known as Dr. White, was the former head of the Canadian, American and World Psychiatric Associations. Because of Cameron's extensive experience and credentials, the CIA's Allen Dulles funneled millions of dollars through front organizations like the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, which Cameron ruthlessly presided over. Experimentations were conducted at several locations in Montreal, mostly at McGill University, St. Mary's Hospital and Allan Memorial Institute.

Besides the conventional methods of psychiatric tyranny, such as electroshock, drug injections and lobotomies, Cameron conceived the technique of "psychic driving," wherein unsuspecting patients were kept in a drug-induced coma for several weeks and administered a regimen of electroshocks, while electronic helmets were strapped to their heads and repetitive auditory messages were transmitted at variable speeds.[15] Many of those exploited were abused children who had been run through the Roman Catholic orphanage system.

Not surprisingly, Dr. Cameron has been conveniently left out of most psychiatric journals. This may have been, in fact, largely due to Project MKULTRA being publicly exposed in 1970, through lawsuits filed by Canadian survivors and their families. The CIA and Canadian government settled out of court so as not to be required to officially admit to any wrongdoing.

A former U.S. Army Lt. Col. in the DIA's Psychological Warfare Division, Michael Aquino, is the latest in a line of alleged government-sponsored sadists. Aquino, an eccentric genius, founded the Temple of Set, an offshoot of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. His obsession with Nazi pagan rituals and his hypnotic manipulation of people made him an ideal candidate for the position of "Master Programmer." Aquino was connected with the Presidio Army Base daycare scandal, in which he was accused of child molestation. Much to the dismay of the young victims' parents, all charges were dismissed. [sentence omitted]

Heinrich Mueller was another important programmer who went under the code names "Dr. Blue" or "Gog." He apparently has two sons who have carried on the trade. The original "Dr. Black" was apparently Leo Wheeler, the nephew of deceased General Earle G. Wheeler, who was the commander of the Joint Chiefs of Staff during the Vietnam War. Wheeler's protege, E. Hummel, is active in the Northwest, along with W. Bowers (from the Rothschild-bloodline).

Other alleged master mind manipulators, past and present, are: Dr. Sydney Gottlieb, Lt. Col. John Alexander, Richard Dabney Anderson (USN), Dr. James Monroe, Dr. John

Lilly, Lt. Comdr. Thomas Narut, Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Bernard L. Diamond, Dr. Martin Orne, Dr. Louis J. West, Dr. Robert J. Lifton, Dr. Harris Isbel and Col. Wilson Green.

In order to keep MKULTRA from being easily detected, the CIA segmented its subprojects into specialized fields of research and development at universities, prisons, private laboratories and hospitals. Of course, they were rewarded generously with government grants and miscellaneous funding. The names and locations of some of the major institutions involved in MONARCH programming experimentation were/are: Cornell, Duke, Princeton, UCLA, University of Rochester, MIT, Georgetown University Hospital, Maimonides Medical Center, St Elizabeth's Hospital (Washington, D.C.), Bell Laboratories, Stanford Research Institute, Westinghouse Friendship Laboratories, General Electric, ARCO and Mankin Research Unlimited.

The "final product" was/is usually created on military installations and bases, where maximum security is required. Referred to as (re) programming centers or near-death trauma centers, the most heavily identified are: China Lake Naval Weapons Center, The Presidio, Ft. Dietrick, Ft. Campbell, Ft. Lewis, Ft. Hood, Redstone Arsenal, Offutt AFB, Patrick AFB, McClellan AFB, MacGill AFB, Kirkland AFB, Nellis AFB, Homestead AFB, Grissom AFB, Maxwell AFB and Tinker AFB. Other places recognized as major programming sites are Langley Research Center, Los Alamos National Laboratories, Tavistock Institute and areas in or by Mt. Shasta, CA, Lampe, MO and Las Vegas, NV.

Notable Names

One of the first documented cases of a MONARCH secret agent, was that of the voluptuous 1940's model, Candy Jones. The book, *The Control of Candy Jones*, (Playboy Press) portrays her 12 years of intrigue and suspense as a spy for the CIA. Jones, whose birthname is Jessica Wilcox, apparently fit the physiological profile as to be one of the initial experiments or human guinea pigs under the government's "scientific" project, MKULTRA.

The most publicized case of MONARCH monomania has surfaced through the book *TRANCE Formation of America: The True Life Story of a CIA Slave* by Cathy O'Brien. On the back cover it emphatically states, "Cathy O'Brien is the only vocal and recovered survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's Mk-Ultra Project Monarch mind control operation." This documented autobiography contains compelling accounts of O'Brien's years of unrelenting incest and eventual introduction into Project MONARCH by her perverted father. Along with co-author Mark Phillips, her rescuer and deprogrammer, Cathy covers an almost unbelievable array of conspiratorial crime: forced prostitution (white slavery) with those in the upper echelons of world politics, covert assignments as a "drug mule" and courier, and the country-western music industry's relationship with illegal CIA activities.

Paul Bonaci, a courageous survivor who endured almost two decades of degradation under Project MONARCH, has disclosed strong corroborating evidence of widescale

crimes and corruption from the municipal/state level all the way up to the White House.[17] He has testified about sexually-abused males selected from Boy's Town in Nebraska and taken to nearby Offutt AFB, where he says they were subjected to intense MONARCH programming, directed mainly by Commander Bill Plemmons and former Lt. Col. Michael Aquino.[18] After thoroughly tormenting the young boys into mindless oblivion, they were used (along with girls) for pornography and prostitution with several of the nation's political and economic power-brokers. Bonaci recalled being transported from the Air Force base via cargo planes to McClelland AFB in California. Along with other unfortunate adolescents and teenagers, he was driven to the elite retreat, Bohemian Grove. The perpetrators took full advantage of these innocent victims, committing unthinkable perversions in order to satisfy their deviant lusts. Some victims were apparently murdered, further traumatizing already terrified and broken children. [The following information is provided by Brice Taylor, at the time of this writing in 1999: Uri Dowbenko wrote an article for Media Bypass magazine (June 1999) where he reports that justice was finally served when a U.S. District Court recently awarded a \$1 million settlement to Bonacci, after years of legal aid from his attorney John DeCamp]

An insatiable actress of marginal talent (now deceased), a morally-corrupt TV evangelist, a heralded former Green Beret officer and a popular country-western singer are a few others likely having succumbed to MONARCH madness. Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan-Sirhan, Charlie Manson, John Hinckley, Jr., Mark Chapman, David Koresh, Tim McVeigh and John Salvi are some notable names of infamy, strongly suspected of being pawns who were spawned by MKULTRA.

Deprogrammers and Exposers

Dr. Corydon Hammond, a Psychologist from the University of Utah, delivered a stunning lecture entitled "Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse" at the Fourth Annual Eastern Regional Conference on Abuse and Multiple Personality, June 25, 1992 in Alexandria, Virginia. He essentially confirmed the suspicions of the attentive crowd of mental health professionals, wherein a certain percentage of their clients had undergone mind control programming in an intensively systematic manner. Hammond alluded to the Nazi connection, military and CIA mind control research, Greek letter and color programming and specifically mentioned the "Monarch Project" in relation to a form of [operant] conditioning.

Shortly after his groundbreaking speech, he received death threats. Not wanting to jeopardize the safety of his family, Dr. Hammond stopped disseminating any follow-up information, until recently.

[paragraph omitted in original]

New Orleans therapist Valerie Wolf introduced two of her patients before the President's Committee on Human Radiation Experiments on March 15, 1995 in Washington, DC. The astonishing testimony made by these two brave women included accounts of

German doctors, torture, drugs, electroshock, hypnosis and rape, besides being exposed to an undetermined amount of radiation. Both Wolf and her patients stated they recovered the memories of this abuse, without regression or hypnosis techniques.[19] Wolf presently devotes much of her time to counseling such survivors. A former labor attorney for Atlantic Richfield Co., David E. Rosenbaum, conducted a nine-year investigation (1983-1992) concerning allegations of physical torture and coercive conditioning of numerous employees at an ARCO plant in Monaca, PA.[20] His clients, Jerry L. Dotey and Ann White, were victims of apparent radiation exposure; but as Mr. Rosenbaum probed deeper in the subsequent interview sessions, a "Pandora's Box" was unveiled. His most astonishing conclusion was that Jerry Dotey and Ann White were likely the offspring of Adolf Hitler, based in part on the uncanny resemblance from photos (facial features, bone structure and size were taken into consideration). Rosenbaum also states, "They both exhibit feelings and experiences that indicate they are twins." Dotey and White were allegedly subjected to torture of many kinds while under drug-induced hypnosis, with each one undergoing at least three training techniques by plant physicians.

Each victim was trained to enter into a hypnotic state upon the occurrence of specific stimuli, usually involving a "cue" word or phrase and trained to "remember to forget" what transpired in the hypnotic state. They were repeatedly subjected to identical stimulus-response sequences to produce nearly automatic reactions to the particular status. MKULTRA veterans Dr. Bernard Diamond, Dr. Martin Orne and Dr. Josef Mengele regularly visited the ARCO plant, according to Rosenbaum. The special conditioning of Dotey and White was intended for the artificial creation of dual German personalities. Rosenbaum, who is Jewish, has maintained a deep friendship with the two, despite the seemingly precarious circumstances.

Other renowned therapists involved in deprogramming are Cynthia Byrtus, Pamela Monday, Steve Ogilvie, Bennett Braun, Jerry Mungadze and Colin Ross. Some Christian counselors have been able to eliminate parts of the programming with limited success. Journalists who have recently expounded on the subject matter in exemplary fashion are Walter Bowart: Operation Mind Control, Jon Rappoport: US. Government Mind-Control Experiments on Children, and Alex Constantine: Psychic Dictatorship in the USA [and Virtual Government, plus author/researchers Alan Schefflin & Edward Opton, Jr.: The Mind Manipulators, Harvey Weinstein, M.D.: Psychiatry and the CIA: Victims of Mind Control, and Jim Keith: Mind Control, World Control and his latest book Mass Control: Engineering Human Consciousness.]

Conclusion

The most incriminating statement to date made by a government official as to the possible existence of Project MONARCH was extracted by Anton Chaitkin, a writer for the publication, The New Federalist. When former CIA Director William Colby was asked directly, "What about monarch?" he replied angrily and ambiguously, "We stopped that between the late 1960's and the early 1970's." Suffice to say that society, in its apparent state of cognitive dissonance, is generally in denial of the overwhelming

evidence of this multifarious conspiracy. Numerous victims/survivors of Project MONARCH are in desperate need of help. However, the great majority of people are too preoccupied with themselves to show any genuine compassion toward these severely wounded individuals. Apathy has taken over the minds of the masses, who choose to exist within the comforts of this world. Reality has thus become obscured by relativism and selfishness.

Although there has been some progress in deprogramming and reintegrating therapies, a much greater problem needs to be rectified. The Holy Bible addresses this problem as the fragmentation of the soul (Ezekiel 13:20). A spiritual restoration is what is truly needed (Psalm 23:3) ... [sentence omitted]

[paragraph omitted in original]

Statistically, the road to recovery for these survivors of unimaginable depravity is a long and tedious one, but God is the ultimate healer and only within his time, through His strength and by His grace, can the captives be set free (Isaiah 61:1).

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Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Preview by Pamela J. Monday, Ph.D:

MANUFACTURING THE MIND CONTROLLED SLAVE

"If the child has survived the initial trials, and if they also prove intelligent but malleable, then if the programming goes right, a very, very small infant that has been conditioned from day one is a powerful weapon, because if you get a mind that early, as anyone knows, you can, 9 times out of 10, I would say, determine the general behaviors of that child and the adult that they will become." -- Gloria"-- A former patient, and mind control subject

My first experience with a patient who had been involved in mind control experimentation began when "Gloria" initially called me, looking for a therapist who accepted Medicare insurance. She said she had been sexually abused as a child and had been in therapy periodically for a number of years. I was not a Medicare provider, but agreed to see her temporarily while she looked for someone else. On the day of our first appointment, I walked into the waiting room to greet her and asked for "Gloria."

A woman looked up from a corner, and slowly, shyly, with head lowered and eyes looking up, shuffled toward me. In a child-like voice, she held both of hands together tightly, hunched her shoulders and said, with a sweet smile, "Gloria asked me to come; I'm Sally." She then twirled on her toes and pointed to a plant on the table, saying again in a child-like voice, "That sure is pretty!" Puzzled, I smiled and asked her to follow me to my office. During the course of that one hour, 4 different personalities, with different ages and genders, presented themselves to me. We would be talking about some topic, and suddenly, a switch would occur, and someone else's voice, mannerisms, and way of sitting and speaking would present. It was as though 4 different people were in my room, although all were housed in the same body! Although I had heard of Multiple Personality Disorder, or MPD, before, I had never seen it, and had been told in graduate school that it was very rare. I remember thinking after Gloria left, that if she were faking it (as patients are often accused of doing by clinicians who don't understand) she would have to have the mimicking abilities of a Billy Crystal, and the acting abilities of a Meryl Streep, to consistently stay in character for each of these personalities! For, before we were through, I had met 27 'inside people' (also referred to as alters) within Gloria, and learned about the names and roles of literally hundreds more!

Since that introduction to MPD (now known as DID, or Dissociative Identity Disorder), I have worked with dozens of patients with that diagnosis, and have consulted with other clinicians and their patients so often, I have lost count. These patients have taught me so very much about the human mind, and have challenged me to learn about topics I have never thought to explore. In my efforts to convince myself, "surely what these people are saying cannot be true," I have researched and studied both scientific and popular literature in a variety of fields, and have time and again, come to the conclusion that what they are reporting could, indeed, be true. The historical background, technology, methodology, motivation, funding, and opportunity are all in place. My task now is to help others understand and believe.

I'd like to define some terms that you will hear when learning about people with "multiple personalities." Dissociation is a key term that refers to the ability of the mind to "cut off" a part of itself from conscious awareness. An everyday example of this ability, which we all have in varying degrees, is the experience of driving down the freeway and missing the exit you take everyday because you are thinking about something else. You "come to" an exit or two later and realize you have missed your exit, even noticing that you "saw" the exit sign but it didn't "register" within you to take it! Part of your mind was dissociated, or separated from, the real world around you while you focused on internal thoughts. Another example is reading every word on a page in a book, then realizing you had not comprehended a single word, because you were thinking of something else. All of us have had these experiences.

This ability of the mind to detach from itself is a brilliant coping mechanism that the mind uses in situations of extreme threat as a way to protect itself from the full awareness of a traumatic situation. You may recall reading about Vietnam veterans, who had amnesia for their war experiences, but would have difficulty coping with life. They would feel detached or estranged from others; they would have difficulty feeling any kind of feelings, except for outbursts of anger; they would have difficulty concentrating, would feel anxious and on edge without knowing why, and would have an exaggerated startle response (over-responsive to stimuli). These are all characteristics of the diagnosis "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" or PTSD. In addition, these veterans would have sudden memories of the horrors of war. These memories would be "triggered" by something that reminded their unconscious mind of the war experience (for example, the sound of a car backfiring, reminding them of gunfire). In these sudden memories, they felt as if they were actually re-living the experience, smelling, tasting, feeling, hearing and seeing in vivid detail everything they went through during an actual battle. These memories, complete with all the sensory memories, are called flashbacks. During those flashbacks, the veteran would be out of touch with the reality around them; they would no longer know it was 1985 and they were in America; they would think it was 1968, and they were in the jungle, reliving a particular battle. They were totally dissociated from reality, and were reliving a past reality that was now only in their minds. Later, in processing these experiences, the soldiers would report that during the actual battle, they would feel very detached, even numb, from what was happening, even though they may have been wounded themselves. At times, they reported feeling

as though they were standing outside of themselves, observing themselves going through the trauma of the battle, but not feeling anything. They were dissociated from their reality. But their brain was recording all of the experience, exactly as it occurred, and those "mind and body" memories were being re-experienced during a flashback.

When someone is exposed to a "psychologically distressing event that is outside the range of usual human experience ... is usually experienced with intense fear, terror, and helplessness," (DSM III) then dissociation usually occurs as a way for the mind to process the event without overwhelming the person. Parts of the experience (either knowledge of what happened; the emotional feelings associated with the event; the sensory experiences of the event, or the behaviors expressed during the event) become separated from one's conscious awareness. The more frequent the trauma, the more dissociation occurs. This phenomenon is why children who have been severely sexually abused and tortured, are amnesic for those events. In a landmark university study by Linda Williams hundreds of children brought into a hospital emergency room who received medical confirmation of sexual abuse, were contacted at intervals throughout a 20-year period. Only one-third of these children, when reaching adulthood, retained conscious memories of the sexual abuse -- all others had repressed, or dissociated, those awful memories. Such is the power of the mind to block out painful experiences.

During times of torture and extreme physical and emotional pain, the mind is in an altered state, as it dissociates itself from reality. But there are other ways to alter the mindstate, for example, by sensory deprivation, or meditation, whereby one focuses internally, with sensory stimulation from the outside minimized or eliminated. You may recall in the 1980's that "float tanks" were popular. In a float tank you are floating on very heavily salted water; you are enclosed in a totally darkened metal tank, and you float for an hour without any sensory stimulation. Many people felt claustrophobic, and couldn't take it. But if you could stand it, you would eventually report having an euphoric experience. If you had been hooked up to a brain wave machine (EEG), your brain would no longer be producing beta waves (the brain state associated with usual waking activity). Instead you would be in a theta state, the state associated with deep relaxation, as when you are just about ready to fall asleep (the twilight state). In this state, the brain produces lots of endorphins, the body's natural "feel good" chemicals that give you a profound sense of well-being. It is important to note that this twilight state is associated with the ability to rapidly absorb and learn information. Without the "filtering" mechanism of the conscious waking mind, information seen or heard "pours" into the subconscious mind. Biofeedback expert Thomas Budzynski of the University of Colorado Medical Center reports, "We take advantage of the fact that the twilight state, between waking and sleep, has these properties of uncritical acceptance of verbal material, or almost any material it can process; it is in such "altered" states of consciousness that a lot of work gets done very quickly." (For much more information about brain research and technology associated with producing altered states, read the fascinating book *Mega Brain*, by Michael Hutchison.) Other methods used to alter brainwave states include, but are not limited to, rapidly flashing lights, drugs, phased sound waves, negative ions (electromagnetic energy fields), electroshock, alterations in gravity in the cerebellum (spinning), microwave emitters, and lasers.

It is vitally important to understand about dissociation, because in learning about how someone's mind can actually be controlled by someone else, you must understand how it is possible to program the human mind as you would a computer. "Programming" is a fairly recent term in the history of mind control (and is of course associated with computer technology). Perhaps you'd recognize it better as "brainwashing." In the POW camps, captors would refer to "freezing," a term used to destroy the person's identity. Using food and sleep deprivation, isolation, torture, chronic assault on a person's values, and instilling total dependence on the captor's for survival, a person's whole sense of self would be destroyed. They would be totally helpless, broken, with no will of their own left. They would then be ready for the "brainwashing," or "refreezing" whereby a new value system and a new identity would be put in through reward and punishment, conditioning or "programming" that person to believe or do only what the captors wanted them to believe or do. (For more information on brainwashing, including USA and Canadian government experimentation, read: Brain Control by Eliot Vallenstein; Deep Self by John C. Lilly; Inside the Black Room by Jack Vernon; In Search of the Manchurian Candidate by John Marks; Journey Into Madness by Gordon Thomas; I Swear by Apollo -- author unknown -- published by Canadian publisher.)

Just as it is possible to break down a person in order to create someone you can control (by getting them to do anything you want them to do), so it is possible to program a part of a person's mind (a dissociated part that is split off, by trauma or other means, from connection with reality). You can "teach" that part of the mind to do what you want it to do without the part of the mind that is conscious and aware knowing what's going on. Hence, people with multiple personalities report that they "lose time," whereby they don't remember where they have been or what they have been doing. Here is how a patient, repeatedly sadistically sexually abused as a child, explains it:

"Dissociation is a way of escaping the intolerable. I'm sure it happened first during the trauma itself, and was a sanity-saving way of dealing with overwhelming physical pain as well as the psychological pain of betrayal. For me it took the form of physical numbness and cold, and to this day, when I dissociate, I most often go numb. First my hands and feet go; I can't feel them, and if my eyes are closed, I have no sense of where they are in space. Then the numbness in my face starts. I can't feel my lips or cheeks. When I dissociate badly, the whole body goes and I feel and move like a block of wood... Worse than the physical dissociation is what happens mentally while the physical numbness is in place. I guess the only thing I can say in comparison is that it's the mental equivalent of white noise, or radio static, that can leave me blank-faced and staring into space. The thoughts that are there whip through at the speed of light with no coherence, organization or form. I get very confused. It can range from being a little vague and spacey to full white out where I don't see or hear much. This is really dangerous if I am driving. There have been some episodes where I don't remember getting someplace. I also sometimes just "clock out" and lose time. When I come back to myself I may not be immediately conscious that I've lost hours." – Penny

During that "dissociated" time, when she "clocks out," what is going on? Another part of

the mind has taken over; in Penny's case, another personality is "in charge of" the body. This personality (or alter) interacts with others and carries out certain tasks, but when Penny "comes to" she has no knowledge of this other part of the self. As her therapist, I have talked to this other "person" inside (the person is really only a part of her mind) and I know the personality characteristics of this person. I know that this part of Penny responds to the name "Diane," she is outspoken and can get angry if challenged (as opposed to Penny, who is meek and allows others to tell her what to do). Diane also has a peculiar way of tilting her head, almost in a flirty, cocky manner, something I have never seen Penny do, as she is much more rigid and controlled, both in posture and feelings.

How do these dissociated parts get created? And how did "Diane" come to be? And why? To answer these questions, I will let a programmer herself tell you. This person was used from infancy in the United States Government mind control experiments, and her job as a youth and adult was to "split off" parts of others' minds in order to program those parts to do what the experimenters wanted them to do. By programming, I mean that the human, in a dissociated or altered mind state, has been systematically and deliberately taught lessons, attitudes, beliefs, behaviors and responses to specific cues ("triggers") so as to respond on command in ways that benefit the person/groups doing the programming. Just as Ivan Pavlov's dogs were taught to salivate to the sound of a bell, in anticipation of the meat that was delivered soon after, so human beings can be taught to respond in infinite ways to cues in their environment that "trigger" responses. Assume that first, the child has been exposed to torture and hideous psychological and physical abuse to the extent that the child has learned to dissociate into altered states of mind. (Remember as well that current electronic technology -- as mentioned in Mega Brain -- makes torturing children obsolete, in that trauma is no longer necessary to access altered brain states -- thus, programming people is much "cleaner" and easier to do.) Here's how they do the programming:

Techniques on 'Creating' New Children

"Daub fingertip size glob of vaseline or K-Y jelly on pressure points -- wrists, inner elbows, behind knees, under ears. Take ends of 2 wires (black and red are easiest, negative/positive easier identified) with metal attachments (round, copper, holes in center) and tape with surgical tape on top of vaseline. Calibration - watch for muscular reactions, eye glazing, sweating, involuntary loss of bladder control, bowel control. Want to give enough of a current w/o being too much. Want child to remain alert. Words, codes given. Assignments given. 'Yes, one finger; No, raise two; Confused -- raise right hand.' Clarify instructions. If still confusion, time to stop, take a break. Do not allow any contact between patient and others until cycle is completed. Do not, under any circumstances, offer juices, snacks, etc. which could be construed as a 'reward' until the cycle is completed. Check carotid pulse for significant elevation in blood pressure. Do not wish to affect a heart attack. Heart attacks can occur in children. (Children are outfitted with diapers before the sessions begin, are also taken to the bathroom beforehand. Keeps down unnecessary interruptions). Keep voice on same level at ALL times. Not hurried, not raised or lowered. Same pace at all times. Droning, hypnotic

effect. Helps to stabilize heart rate.

"When instructions given to child, and received, then and only then give reward of name for identification purposes. Code phrases -- 'well done,' 'very good,' or 'you did real good.' Avoid hugs, touch, any other forms of physical contact. Eye contact necessary, stabilizing. Allow alter-state to form place of safety within, encourage alter to describe internal surroundings. (All is taped, voice-activated, recorded later in the computer records for others to refer to).

"One response is 'I want my mommy.' Necessary to remind child that, 1) 'Mommy is dead,' 2) 'Mommy brought you here' (only use if true), 3) 'Mommy is right outside -- you can see her as soon as you've finished,' or 4) 'Mommy told me to tell you to be a good boy/girl.' Room is kept low lighted for maximum effect. They prefer only one person (interventionist) to be with the child. Less distractions. They also prefer it to be a person the child will not be able to ID on a day-to-day basis in 'outside' regular activities.

"Sessions can vary greatly, depending on the time allowance, expense allowance, urgency, etc. Occasionally exceptions are made for disciplinary measures. May (in that case) be an all-nighter. Keeping the room dark also helps simulate nighttime, which is conducive to their 'rehabilitation.'

"The children are taught responses according to Pavlov's theories -- inpracticum. This basically involves uses of 'triggers' usually found in the subject's natural, normal home-based environment.

"Audiological: Grandfather clocks, church chimes set for certain hours of the day/night are the most preferred. Long-running TV programs are effective on short-time bases (due to the fact that they may change times, etc.). Dogs that bark at certain times of night are also effective; revving of an engine; car door opening and shutting; footsteps outside bedroom window. Preferable to use natural sights and sounds due to need not to arouse suspicions of any household members not actively involved.

"Visual: Phases of the moon, clock-faces (preferably digital for younger children), lights in most neighbors' houses turning off, moon rays coming through window in darkness of night (full moon), and fireflies can be very effective and seemingly harmless trigger.

"Other: nursery rhymes, flags, date on a calendar, religious holidays, hand signals, words, phrases, eye winks; virtually anything can be used as a trigger.

"Step #1 is invasion, step #2 is intervention. Once the first plateau of the cyclic invasionary process is completed, the child will be 'tested' -- again in-office, using a number of visual/audiological sight/sound external invasion techniques to record the level of response of the subject (nicknamed 'knee-jerk' response). This can be a valuable tool in assessing the cost-and-time-effectiveness of this particular technique on this particular subject. Those children who respond more spontaneously are considered to be higher-value prospects for future experimentation." -- Janus (the programming

alter's name)

Are you beginning to understand how scientific principles and techniques are used to program people? Here's more from "Janus":

"I personally was assigned 12 babies as an older child. I was about 7 or 8 when I was first introduced to them all in a room. They were all children of families. So they were long-term projects. I programmed other children, too. I was found to have a knack for trouble-shooting -- figuring how what went 'haywire' and 'reprogramming' them. I didn't try to memorize the systems. That wasn't my job. My job was to CREATE alter personalities. There were other people who were more trained in the specific skills of teaching the alters specific jobs. Once an alter was created, and trained to come out in response to a trigger, then they had to learn their jobs. Sometimes I would visit different locations and help train others how to train the children."

Recall how I told you that technology is available that allows massive amount of learning in an altered state to occur? Patients have drawn pictures of and described in detail very sophisticated electronic equipment used in programming. When I first discovered the book Mega Brain, I was astonished to see some of the very machines that my patients had described, years before the book was published. Similarly, patients had described virtual reality machines used in training alters (dissociated parts) long before that technology was presented to the public. And even before machines were used in programming, enough was known through secret experimentation on human beings, that experimenters knew humans were capable of memorizing enormous amounts of information when in an altered state. In that theta brainwave state, we have access to an "inner encyclopedia" of all that we have ever learned or experienced. Thus when patients tell us of their "photographic memories" and are able to recite verbatim seemingly endless scripts, it is a phenomenon that is very real and very understandable, if you can know how the brain works.

This knowledge will also help you understand how programmers use audio and videotapes and movies to confuse people as to what is reality and what is not. In an altered state, people are forced to watch movies and listen to tapes that form what are called "screen memories" that hide or distort the memories of what actually happened to the person. If a person does begin to recall memories of abuse, or memories of information that is supposed to be buried so deeply in the unconscious that it never reaches conscious awareness (such as knowledge of abusers, the particulars of how people are programmed and abused, or top secret information ferried to others), then the screen memories (also known as "scramble programs") pop up. When someone begins to tell tales that others recognize as the plot of a movie or television show (I heard the "plots" of the X-files from patients long before the television show existed!), they can be discredited and not believed as others say "oh, she's just seen the movie and is remembering that."

If any of the readers are still doubtful about whether mind control really exists, I invite you to read the public transcripts of the hearing by the Senate Committee on Radiation

Experiments that was held on April 15, 1997. On that date, Valerie Wolfe (a therapist from New Orleans) and her patient testified before the Senate committee about the mind control experiments that are still being conducted in our country. They were allowed to testify because, even though they were reporting mind control, rather than radiation experimentation, the high-level people named as conducting the experiments were many of the same names that had been exposed as doing the radiation experiments. When they finished testifying, Valerie reports, "you could hear a pin drop." It was not in the mandate of that committee to investigate the mind control experimentation; but the Committee did formally issue a request to the President that a thorough investigation be conducted. The transcript of this hearing is riveting; no one can tell the story more convincingly than those who have been through it. As you read Sue Ford's story, keep in mind these things that I have written. Know that thousands of people have come forth with information about these abuses.

"If people truly want to combat this phenomenon, it must be brought out into the public; it must be brought out into the light of day, and it must be done so very publicly so as to protect the people coming forth. It cannot be combated just on a national level, because it is international in nature. Governments work in collusion with other governments throughout the world; people who want power work in collusion with others; they use each other to gain social, economic and political power." -- Dr. Green (a programming alter)

Pamela J. Monday, Ph.D.

Insights by Mary Lewis, LCSW:

AWAKENING TO THE REALITIES OF MIND CONTROL

I was born in the Land of Lincoln, following the war to end all wars, in 1947. It was a time of new hope, and as a baby boomer born to a family of educators, I was taught to believe in God, motherhood, apple-pie and the red, white, and blue: America was beautiful. I was raised in a conservative, traditional home, the second oldest child in a family of seven children. We practiced the Catholic Faith by tradition, and we children attended the local parochial school when one was available. There was no physical or sexual abuse in my childhood, so of course I was unaware of its existence. Because the media had not yet begun to play out the truth of such things, I actually reached late adolescence secure in the knowledge that the world was a very safe place in which to be.

I met the man of my dreams as a senior in college, and we married after graduation. I look back over those years and I marvel at the simplicity of our life then. There was nothing to fear, except of course the threat of some awful communist country again trying to mess with the United States. I truly lived my life believing in our government. In 1985 I began to realize that a new career might be in the making, as I saw my children growing into their own and myself responding more and more to requests for help by various troubled people. I decided to go back to school and get a Masters in Social

Work.

During my undergraduate work, a professor discussed incest briefly, and then with some disdain, assured us that we would probably never see such a thing, since it only occurred in the "Hills of Kentucky." I believed him. The idea of such a horrible thing happening to another human being never crossed my mind again for many years. During my masters program, I again received no information about sexual abuse, or for that matter, any other abuse. I did not learn about addictions. I learned about research, and how to do it. That is an over-simplification of my experience, but suffice it to say, it did not prepare me for what I was to learn in the field of social work as I came to know it.

I was assigned an internship as a unit social worker in a freestanding psychiatric hospital. Thus began my real education. In October of that year, I experienced a poignant moment, branded in my mind. One of the nurses on the unit was commenting on the unusually high number of sexual abuse cases we had on the unit, when another nurse commented, "Oh, didn't you know this is borderline season?" I was shocked to hear such a statement, but it was a long time before I understood the full implications of that remark.

Following my internship, I was then employed as the unit social worker at this hospital. It was here that I began to hear bizarre stories of satanic ritual abuse from several of the patients. We also saw several cases of self-mutilation, something I sincerely did not know ever happened, much less in such massive numbers. Cutting, burning, using acid to burn the skin, even one patient who purposely put a screw in her leg and let it get infected. This was all new to me. I didn't know what to make of the ritual abuse stories; they were extremely serious in nature, and beyond my ability to believe. I had never heard of such a thing, and yet, hearing the same type of thing over and over from so many different patients, confused me. Something was most certainly not right, but I still had no idea what was really going on.

As I began my private practice, I began to hear more and more stories related to horrible, ritualistic, disgusting abuse. One particular case was most disturbing. This person was most articulate about what had happened to her. Her childhood saga would be food for Stephen King. I was still confused and concerned about how I could be hearing so many similar things from such a diverse population of people.

My belief system did not include even the possibility of such trauma, and yet the possibility that it might be true started to seep into my mind. Over a period of a year and a half, I had three different clients draw pictures for me, talk to me, and cry to me about the horrors of what happened to them while visiting Disney World. They all three drew pictures, explained details and were horrified at what they had endured at the most wonderful of rides "It's a Small World." This was my family's favorite ride, in fact we so enjoyed Disney World, we had taken our children two years in a row when they were younger. So, indeed I was shocked, and scared when I began to hear such things that were so similar, from people that did not know each other. Better yet, I was still

extremely skeptical. I did not want to believe that it was possible. I did not want to give up my dream world. I did not want to change my way of thinking.

I acquired Brice Taylor's first book, *STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control*, at a conference where she was speaking. As I began to read her story, I actually felt sick, because so much of what she was describing in the book was so similar to what I was hearing from others. A client I had could have written the book, and yet, I knew this client had told me her story several years before the publishing of *STARSHINE*. Still, none of this made any sense to me, as the idea of mind control was still a very far-fetched concept in my mind. I contacted Brice, who told me her real name was Sue Ford, and she and this client made contact, only to discover that they knew a lot of the same people, experienced a lot of the same programming, and endured their own private holocaust. My skepticism was eroded by this time, as I personally witnessed the sharing of this misery.

Although I had to completely alter my life concepts, my belief system, and my purpose in doing my work, I knew I had no choice but to stand beside these courageous people who had lived such lives of horror, and to help them to have hope. The mind control concept made more sense to me than just the ritual abuse alone. I now know that the ritual abuse was just a means to an end.

As I continue to honor these survivors with my belief, I learn more and more about the evil that surrounds us, and the determination of that evil to succeed. It is with the same fervor that my husband and I persevere. No one can change my mind. I know too much now, I have seen too much now, and my only hope is that others of you that read this book will believe her truth and help stop this living nightmare.

I have concluded that the success of the programming depends on the triumph of the assault on the five senses. The programmers use sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste to alter a child's perceptions. The method used works on the principle of operant conditioning. For example, tones paired with electroshock, in turn wires the commands about these things into the hard drive of the child's mind, in order to control them. Programmers very cleverly use common things and ideas to guarantee that a child will be sure to encounter these things throughout their lifetime, thus assuring control.

The telephone is an example of such programming. A programmed person under mind control is extremely tuned into the telephone. The tones are important, as well as the number of times a phone rings. It is extremely hard for a recovering person to let a phone ring, and often just the ring alone can trigger a panic-attack. The tones played in the act of dialing the telephone can serve as a trigger to mind controlled victims and can be extremely troubling to programmed people. Things that other people take for granted as just a helpful tool, play a frighteningly scary role in the lives of those who were tortured with mind-control.

Certain themes have surfaced throughout the years, which to this day continue to amaze me as I hear them over and over. The Disney Parks, MGM Studios, Disney

Movies, Disney characters, and Disney songs have been used in conjunction with the programming. My understanding of this is that using such a familiar and popular theme assures that the program will be triggered easily. To anyone who is a Disney fan (and who is not), this is probably one of the hardest things to believe. However, sitting where I sit, hearing what I hear, and seeing what I see, I cannot refute this truth anymore.

Certain animals are used in the programming. Dolphins are a common program. Birds are also used to ensure the silence of the programmed person. The child is told that birds can hear what they do, and if they tell, the bird will fly back and tell on them. There is a constant fear of going to jail, as well. One of the ways this is instilled, is the child is forced into participating in some diabolical, criminal act, and then the child is told they are an accomplice. Thus, if they ever tell, they too will go to jail.

Monarch butterflies are also used for programming. There is what is known as the "Monarch Project." Again, I don't purport to understand all of this, I just know that being obsessed with Monarch butterflies is one thing in one client, but to have it reported over and over again becomes suspect.

The programmed people I have worked with seem to have an obsession with their own birthdays. Once in recovery, unless the suicide programs are disconnected, the desire to kill themselves as they remember their past is overwhelming, especially around the time of their birthday, and this has proven true with each individual I see.

Sleep is also an issue with programmed people. They rarely sleep for more than a few hours at a time, or they have bouts where all they want to do is sleep. There are sleep programs, designed to shut down the mind if it starts to remember. This is a serious problem for recovering people, and one that is often written off as mere depression. This is another ploy of the programming; almost any one of the symptoms taken out of context could be attributed to another cause. All this is very cleverly orchestrated.

There is programming associated with childhood games such as the game of LIFE. Played over and over again it is a way of instilling the idea of how their life is to be played out. Grow up, get a job, make babies, make money, live happily ever after, so simple, clean, and coy. Another game reported to me, over and over again is the game "No Place to Run, No Place to Hide." This game was actually physically acted out during the programming. The child was made to run and hide, and then was tracked down and punished. The result being, the child learns they can never get away from this horror.

Certain television programs and actors have also been a source of programming for the mind-controlled person. Over and over again I hear the same programs being mentioned, that they were forced to watch as children, and often feel compelled to watch in rerun form. Certainly I know that we all have our childhood favorites, but the obsession that I have witnessed over certain theme songs, shows, and even entertainers goes well beyond the norm. Using music as a form of mind control is insidious. Our minds are like steel traps for words of songs we hear as children and thus

will trigger us immediately. For the purpose of mind control, hearing a certain song can send a recovering mind-controlled victim into sheer panic. Two particular shows seem to be universally known to the recovering people I have seen: THE WIZARD OF OZ and IT'S A GOOD LIFE. The phrase "follow the yellow brick road" is a program used to trigger someone into doing whatever he or she is told to do.

Food is reported to me constantly as a trigger for many of the mind-control survivors. Oreo cookies are a big trigger, as well as M&M candies. My experience has been that if a mind-controlled person is asked how they eat M&M's, they will answer with clarity as to the exact way they do so. It might be by color, it might be by color sequence, it might be not eating a certain color; but there will be a pattern that must not be altered. If asked to do so, they will often be visibly shaken by the request. Ask a non-programmed person how they eat them, and they might say "by the handful," "I don't like them," or just say that it's a silly question.

Probably the most disturbing food I find universally reported to be programming is McDonald's french fries. I know there is always some kind of taste war going on among the fast food giants as to who has the best fries, but it is not O.K. if a person feels compelled to eat McDonald's fries daily. The urge to do so is so strong, that several people have reported that this is their little secret. It embarrasses them, because they don't understand the overwhelming urge to eat them. I also know about food addictions, but that doesn't fit for so many of these people.

The one program that has been a universal theme in all of the people that I have worked with over the past 10 years is their abject fear of going to hell for lying. This is a particularly clever ploy on the part of the programmers, because if indeed a person actually has the courage to begin to heal from this horror, and start revealing to someone, they are instantly paralyzed with fear. The ultimate insult to their truth is that they have been told that if they believe anything really happened to them, and tell, it will be a lie. It is a "Catch 22" designed to keep the silence.

Thank God a few brave souls have reached beyond that fear and into the light of truth. This truth has set them free. For many of the people I know who were programmed as children, this truth is now their reality. Like Sue Ford, they no longer have repressed the horror, but instead can recall it. Not unlike the survivors of the Holocaust, these courageous people have overcome their own private war, to conquer Evil in it's finest hour. To those who don't or won't believe what I know to be true, I pray for you to see the truth, to help those in need, and to stop the evil from spreading any further. Healing is possible, and is happening. Once the healing begins, the people can reach out to others that need healing. We need to light the "candle of hope" for these precious people, and pass on the "light of truth."

Mary Lewis, LCSW

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Who with conscience could read the following autobiographical account and, in the name of freedom, justice and love, brush aside the misuse of power, human slavery and mind control described in this book? For it is true that we have still not rid the world of slavery and in this generation it is slavery born of a most malevolent and menacing type. In a society where competition for wealth, power, and control of others is foremost, we as a people are doomed to self-destruction, unless we change. Our values need to change. We need to help our children grow to believe in equality and justice, and they need to be taught the spiritual values that we as a society have come to disregard over the decades.

Our country is a young 200 years old. At the conclusion of the adoption of our Constitution. Benjamin Franklin was asked, "What have you wrought?"

In his own words he answered, "A Republic, if you can keep it."

It has been through my life experience that I see the need to take a serious look at how we have so dangerously strayed not only from the ideals set forth in our Constitution, but also from our fundamental God-given spiritual values. I know that for my sons, daughter, myself, my ex-husband, and countless other men, women, and children, who at this time are unable to speak for themselves, the following amendment to the Constitution has been violated. It reads:

Section 1. Neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for Crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist Within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

My children and I have never consciously committed a crime. WE HAVE NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO LIVE OUR LIVES IN FREEDOM. Instead we have been put into a hidden bondage by a heinous form of slavery -- one far more evil than has been in existence in our society before. The magnitude of horror and the level of secrecy that shrouds it has allowed a level of atrocities against mankind to exist that surpasses even those in Nazi Germany under the leadership of Adolph Hitler; and those men who worked in his concentration camps have carried his legacy to our country. Whatever term one wants to put to this hideous activity, it is one of total and complete disregard for humanity, for human freedom, civil rights and the right to live safely on this planet. For, when we as a people allow certain individuals in our society to experiment with and enslave other individuals for the so-called 'advancement of technology' or the 'race toward world domination,' we are doomed.

What most of you have not been allowed to know is that years ago, at the outset of the Cold War (if not before), permission was given to a hidden group of so-called "professionals and leaders" to experiment on the unsuspecting American populace in an effort to further a variety of advanced technology. The technology gleaned by the American leaders, medical professionals, and scientists was and still is in the form of genetic engineering, mind control, brain research, near death experimentation, paranormal/psychic experimentation, remote viewing, time and space travel,

bioelectromagnetic frequency medicine, and other advanced research that make our current level of technological understanding and application antiquated. I am not suggesting that the technology was not, in certain projects, valuable; however, I am stating that it was often attained by the American government at the expense of American lives, as many of its citizens were experimented on without their knowledge or consent.

Many books have been written describing innocent peoples' firsthand accounts of various forms of ritual abuse, unauthorized and non-consensual medical experimentation, genetic experimentation, radiation experimentation, drug experimentation and mind control. And yet, these numerous first-hand accounts of extremely violated human rights have been cast aside and denied, even by our own FBI, CIA and government. Why, you ask? I believe the following information, gathered by my personal involvement as Henry Kissinger's personal 'mind file,' will help you understand the situation we face and what has occurred. Morally I feel it is my responsibility to share with you what I witnessed as I walked among those participating in these projects. After I have shared with you what I experienced, it will be your responsibility to choose what you do with this information. And I will finally be able to rest, knowing I have done my duty, first to God and then to you, my fellow citizens, by sharing the truth of my experiences so that you can be informed as to what has occurred, to your detriment and at your expense, but without your knowledge or permission.

People often ask me if I'm afraid that my controllers might kill me. Honestly, I have had so many near-death experiences that I am familiar with dying. Death is not at all frightening to me. My life has been restored through Divine intervention countless times and I trust that when God is ready for me to leave this world, I will go, and I won't go until that Divine timing is completed. What is frightening is living without doing something to alert people to the invisible danger and loss of rights and freedoms that are before us. Some things are so precious and sacred that to violate them is worse than death. Specifically, I am referring to the sacred nature of our minds and spirits and the Divine core bond that goes between a mother and a child. The pain and suffering that results from the destruction of this bond, due to a life of torture and mind control intended to intentionally shatter this bond and other family relationships, in order to establish control, is so excruciatingly painful that I will do anything necessary in the service of stopping it from happening in future generations.

A few years ago, after I spoke at a Surveillance Expo in Washington, D.C., an intelligence officer approached me and asked me how I managed to stay alive. I explained to him that I sent documentation of my recollected experiences out to professionals who were vocal in regard to these issues, with a letter stating that if anything happened to me, my children, or my ex-husband, I gave them permission to more widely distribute my information. This officer laughed and said, "Little lady, I believe you have the CIA by the balls! They are probably having to protect you." Although I am still alive, the harassment that I will share with you later hasn't stopped.

I submit this information to you as respectfully as I can. I apologize for the apparent lewdness of some of the material, and yet this is how it happened, this is what occurred. Please forgive the nature of the writing, or how I need to present it, often in it's original context, the way it was experienced by the many parts of me. What you read is a glimpse into the events as experienced through the eyes of the programmed personalities who endured this abuse. You may notice the different perceptions of different personalities at varying ages, and some of the values, or lack of them that they were taught. Much of the following information has been copied, often verbatim, from my private journals. Over the years, daily, I painstakingly documented my memories, in an attempt to deal with and sort out the often vivid, though confusing, memory flashbacks I had. What I remembered was so far from the reality I thought I had lived, that it was deeply disturbing.

What you are about to read is a composite of years of memory work describing the details and information as I worked to untangle the knot. Having been programmed to have a perfect photographic memory greatly aided me toward this enhanced, often meticulously detailed account. The training my controllers gave me backfired on them. Once my secret life began leaking into my conscious mind, I experienced so many intrusive flashbacks not only in my mind but also in my body, that it forced me to recall these experiences in extensive detail to the point that it disrupted my everyday functioning ... so much so, that I was forced to leave my master's degree program in graduate school and enroll in daily therapy. In an attempt to understand and contain all the information that came flooding back to my mind, I was compelled for years to write out each and every memory the way I saw it in my mind's eye, and heard, smelled, and felt it in my body, so I could attempt to maintain some semblance of my own personal reality. This information, chronicled in my journals over the last 14 years, beginning in 1985, created a way for me to report to you what happened to me.

Desperately, I struggled and worked diligently over the years to pull myself together in an attempt to help my children, my husband, and myself. Looking back, I felt like a person with no arms or legs attempting to run an Olympic marathon. My body was able but I didn't have the use of my mind, which was shattered into a thousand pieces and further locked away from me in a programmed bondage. Although I couldn't think about it, deep within my soul my heart ached and the wounds festered.

People often ask me, "How did you get out?"

I answer, "By the grace of God," and I explain that as I grew older, although I could not think about what was causing me so much pain, I had moments when I could feel that something was very wrong. When those deeply, emotionally troubling and painful moments came, I asked God to please help me. Through daily prayer and the leading of the Holy Spirit, I was led out of bondage, one step at a time, until my programming was broken and I was integrated and free.

It was then, and continues to be, horrifying to me when my experiences are validated because it makes them more real, and then I am less able to dissociate from the

excruciatingly painful emotional component of my past. During the initial stages of my recovery I had to learn to reconnect to my body and emotions, to learn even to cry in personalities that had never been allowed to express emotion. Then I had to learn to think logically and contain my tender, innate female emotions so that people could begin to hear what I was saying and not write me off as a hysterical woman -- although I had every right to be, given the traumatic life my family and I managed to live through.

This manuscript is not a dramatization, as was my first book, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape from Mind Control. Instead it is a documentation of events as they happened from the best of my recollection. It is not written to entertain. In fact, I hope you don't find it entertaining, for if you do, you've missed the point. The pornography that has proliferated in this world has destroyed countless lives of children, women, and men who were used in it and has taught those who view it to objectify people. The telling of the following information is not done with the intent to further pornography and lewd sexual behavior, but in an attempt to stop what has gone on and to insure freedom of mind, body and spirit.

I am now fully integrated and deprogrammed. I feel very fortunate to have survived and to have healed to the point where I can now be a spokesperson for the many who have been abused in similar ways and are not yet recovered enough to speak on their own behalf. And, there are many. Over the years, I have painfully witnessed those who reside in mental institutions, diagnosed as psychotic, schizophrenic, borderline, or delusional; or others locked up as political prisoners; or worse yet, those who couldn't overcome their programming and committed suicide. Many others walk the earth dehumanized and enslaved in programming, living a life of internal and external hell and terror, separated from themselves and their Divine Creator. It is for all of them that I divulge these very personal and painful parts of my life.

Over the years, the CIA and other groups have strategically and very effectively orchestrated campaigns to discredit victims and the professionals who attempt to help the victims to bring the reality of what is actually occurring to light. Up until recently, the dark hierarchy that shrouds and protects the secrecy of this hidden control of many has been very effective in keeping this reality a secret. The victims have not been heard. They continually suffer discrediting tactics in the courtroom through the ignorance of uninformed -- possibly mind-controlled (or compromised) -- judges and lawyers; in therapy sessions, often with uninformed -- possibly programmed -- mental health professionals and therapists. The church clergy, through innocence, disbelief, ignorance, fear, or possibly programming, often turn their backs on victims who need aid and protection. The victims, regardless of age, need to know that other people and especially God, hates what has happened to them. We need the church to stand in its rightful place in the public arena and call our nation to account for the suffering of the most vulnerable. If spiritually awakened individuals can't do it, then who can? The Holy Spirit has shown me it will take the most spiritually erudite to stand in the face of this evil deception. Only by enacting the practice of spiritual discernment and carefully listening to Divine spiritual direction, can this horror be eradicated forever. It is our last and only hope.

It is time the public is made aware so they can begin to abolish the dark, controlling system that even began to target pre-school's in the 70's, torturing and programming children who didn't even come from an intergenerational satanic background, in order to ever widen their circles of an unpaid, slave labor force. I am continually amazed that the public is still swayed by the CIA-connected, False Memory Syndrome Foundation's propaganda, which explains that therapists instill these memories of horror into their desperate clients and that children with large imaginations are making up these stories. Ask yourself how a child three or four years old could make up these vile stories that are beyond their age-appropriate understanding ... and what a coincidence that the accounts match other children's testimony across the nation. Have the children been secretly uniting, sharing their "large imaginative experiences" across the nation in order for them to all come up with similar accounts? The facts of many preschool court cases, the testimony of the children, and the bungling and misrepresentation from lawyers and judges in case after case has allowed the truth to be squelched.

Those within the American Psychiatric Association who still cling to the false notion that Multiple Personality Disorder (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual IV now calls it Dissociative Identity Disorder) is rare, rob the many suffering victims of the opportunity to recover. We need to begin to more fully understand that a child's, and especially an infant's, psyche is vulnerable and can be shattered into other personalities due to early childhood abuse. When we understand this we will be able to raise more stable children who can then grow into healthy, creative adults. Many adults, like myself, find themselves spending the rest of their lives trying to recover from their childhood. Early abuse wreaks havoc physically, mentally, and spiritually on the most vulnerable and most valuable resource we have, our children.

Once again I apologize for the pornographic nature of some of this material. In light of my current Christian values, it is difficult and often embarrassing to mention the sexual perversions that I was exposed to, and yet to alter the information that was brought back to my conscious awareness through the eyes and perception of those personalities who were forced to experience it, seems to compromise the reality of what actually happened. I have attempted to report my history in the best way I know how, yet I have found it impossible to report my experience to you with the wholesome morality that now rules my life. If you are faint of heart or have difficulty dealing with horrific or lewd material, please ask God to strengthen you to face the truth set forth in this book.

In the words of Edmond Burke, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good people to do nothing." We have reached a point in time where it is imperative for good people to act. It is time for those who have any moral judgment to react, and then to pursue their reaction with action. It will take all of us, standing for what we believe in, questioning old beliefs and old value systems until they are aligned with the Mind of Christ. Do we really still believe in "One Nation Under God," or have we lost our way in the hundreds of mindless duties and realities presented by the mass media? When will we slow down? God is not a God of confusion, nor is He a God of hurry, or suffering. He

is our Almighty God, in Him whom we can trust. For generations humanity has been deceived and those who are willing to put their trust and faith in God, shall rise to His Glory, as He shows the way to victory. Our God, whom we once put in charge of our nation, is still waiting. He is still there, wanting to be of assistance, and never in the history of mankind have we been in such desperate need of His help, of His guiding hand. And so as we begin this journey together, with me as the reporter, and you the reader that God has called to be present, I offer this prayer:

Dear Father God, Jesus, Lord of Lords, God Most High,

We come to You now, in humbleness, God, asking for Your help. We know of our own strength we are unable to solve the problems at hand, and God, we know that things in this world are out of control and that only You can guide us back to balanced ways. We also know as Your Word has promised that we are cared for by You, much more than the birds and the lilies of the field, and now we ask You to show us the way. We thank You Lord, we Glorify Your Holy Name. Thanks for sending Your son, Jesus, to show us the way. Please be with us now, as we enter a time of national and international unrest. We know that these are growing pains. We know that You didn't cause them, that Your will is not for our suffering, but that by our own actions these disasters and wars have and will continue to occur. Bless us with Your anointing. Open the eyes of our understanding. I pray that in this book Your will may shine forth so that all of us who partake can shine for You.

In Christ,

Susan Ford

Brice Taylor (pseudonym)

"Things are hidden, temporarily, only as a means to revelation. For there is nothing hidden except to be revealed, nor is anything temporarily kept secret except in order that it may be known.

"If any man has ears to hear, let him hear and perceive and comprehend.

"Be careful what you are hearing. The measure of thought and study you give to truth that you will hear me with measure of virtue and knowledge that comes back to you, and more will be given to you who hear.

"For to him who has heard and understood, more will be given, and from him who has not heard and understood, even what he has will be taken away from him." -- Mark 4:22-25

Chapter One: The Creation of Human Robot

My name is Susan Lynne Eckhart Ford and I am a 48 year old, native Californian. Until

1995, I suffered from a debilitating condition known as Multiple Personality Disorder.² In 1985 I embarked on the long and tedious, painful road to recovery. Through years of therapy and deprogramming I completely reintegrated my multiple personalities back into my uniform core self, and through the grace of God, I am alive today to convey to you my true life experiences. This account of my remembrances will be so shocking and amazing that you may feel that you've entered the 'twilight zone.' Many waking up today, call this making a 'paradigm shift' in reality; I call it knowing the truth. But, do keep your faith in God and humanity, for, as my father reminded me day after day, "The truth will set you free."

My multiple personality condition resulted from what I had first thought in 1986 was solely sexual and ritual abuse. But, as I began to heal and remember more of my hidden past, I realized that ritual abuse was merely the mind control trauma base my ritually abused, programmed, pedophile father, Calvin Charles Eckhart, and others used to condition me for participation in the still active top secret Project Monarch, the Central Intelligence Agency's white slavery operation that is related to MKULTRA and its numerous sub-projects.

I was raised in the affluent area of Woodland Hills, California, but was abused my entire life in many locations in and out of California, including hospitals, universities, and United States military and NASA bases, where I was subjected to 'high-level' programming. The result of many years of trauma, intentionally inflicted on me by my father and others to CREATE within me multiple personalities, was that I was transformed into a programmed, totally robotical slave that could not remember to think or tell what happened to me, due to the mind control and sophisticated programming I was under.

I was used frequently in child and adolescent prostitution and pornography. By my preteen years, I had many personalities specially programmed to be the perfect sex slave -- a "presidential model" with government mind files and a photographic memory equipped to deliver (most often through sexual encounters) messages, some cryptic, to top government officials, entertainers, and other world figures.

From 1987 to 1991, I was in intensive daily therapy in California, remembering a complex childhood that now has been validated, in part, through intelligence community, CIA, and FBI contacts (active and retired), as well as through investigative journalists, knowledgeable mental health professionals, and family members. In my quest for understanding and self-knowledge, I attended school to attain my Master's Degree in Psychology. But, in April of 1991 I was forced to leave my home and family in California, due to a clever plot and threat to my life if I continued to pursue remembrance of my past in therapy and try to become healed. One of my therapists, Margaret Paul, Ph.D., who is also a popular author, suggested that for my safety I should leave Los Angeles for awhile. Upon her recommendation, I fled to the island of Kauai, Hawaii, where unbeknownst to me I was still part of the project and still not free.

After I fled from California and was no longer living in the midst of my programmed

abuse base, nor was I in therapy, I began having vivid, detailed memories of being used both as a sex slave and human mind file computer to some of our nation's highest level governmental officials in and out of the White House. Among them: John F. Kennedy (sex and delivered messages), Lyndon Baines Johnson (sex and delivered messages), Henry Kissinger (masterminded my U.S. Government and international mind file use), Nelson Rockefeller (mind file use coordinated in conjunction with Henry Kissinger), Gerald Ford (sex and delivered messages), Jimmy Carter (delivered messages), Ronald Reagan (sex and delivered messages), George Bush (mind file use; he is a known pedophile and had sex with my programmed daughter Kelly), and top entertainment professionals, such as my "owner" Bob Hope (sex and message courier).

The media surrounding the exposes of Bob Hope's secret life and the books written by Arthur Marx (Groucho's son), *The Secret Life of Bob Hope*, and Lawrence J. Quirk's recent book, *Bob Hope: The Road Well-Traveled*, begin to portray some examples of the flaws to Bob's seemingly All-American, patriotic, and family loving public image. My controllers and abusers were not low-level criminals, but instead were some of the so-called "adored" leaders and entertainers of our country.

I felt alone and terrified as I began to break free from the control I was under. Catherine Gould, Ph.D., an internationally known therapist with years of experience treating ritual abuse victims explained that she couldn't be my therapist, for fear of losing her license or being sued since she sensed I was a 'high-level' survivor. At that time, although I had begun to have memories of being with Ronald Reagan during the time he was Governor of California and other government officials, due to the fact that I was still under mind control, I had no way of understanding what 'high-level' meant. At that time, many therapists, including my own - Margie Paul, were beginning to have their licenses pulled and often suffered professional consequences for treating ritual abuse survivors, especially those who were "high-level." In April of 1991, when I fled to the island of Kauai, Catherine agreed to consult with me by phone, and advised me to write a book, which resulted in *STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control*. She further advised me to continue documenting the names, dates and places of my abuse in an effort to one day go public in order to free my husband, my children, and myself.

Over the next year on the island, I recovered more of my memory, but was devastated to be separated from my children and tried to adjust to a radically changed lifestyle, including the fact that I was now living without my family, friends, and loved ones, and had very limited finances. I was overwhelmed with grief, carrying a burden that few wanted to seriously look at. Several people stepped forward to help me in whatever ways they could, offering emotional support and friendship, some even financial support when I ran out of money, but no one could really keep me safe, until I was fully deprogrammed from inside of myself so I could not be accessed. To reiterate a vitally important fact -- until I was fully deprogrammed, I was not safe. In 1991, there was no one who knew what I was talking about who could help me. I had to find help within myself. And I did. Throughout my healing process, Angels guided me when I was too afraid to connect with Christ, due to the satanic ritual abuse I had endured in the church as a child. The Angels continually led me to books and incredible people, thereby

fulfilling God's plan for my eventual freedom.

Since multigenerationally abused and traumatized victims are selected for the mind control projects, my three children, Kevin, Kelly, and Danny were naturally trained to follow in my footsteps as assets of my controllers. Except for Kelly, they are still locked into their abuse base. Despite my efforts to get help for them. Their similarly programmed father unfortunately 'doesn't have a clue,' as yet, and so all legal custody has been taken away from me by the State of California. Toward the goal of getting my children free, I have spent years desperately documenting my past, a task at which some of our top governmental officials and entertainers would have liked to see me fail.

My affluent abusers made sure that I was instilled with very sophisticated programming that would insure my death should I begin to remember or tell. Despite the fact that I was programmed to have an 'accident,' self-mutilate, or kill myself, I am healthy, in control of my own mind, and have NO intentions of hurting myself in any manner. I am taking extreme precautions through publicizing this autobiographical account to encumber these power mongers from stopping my efforts to obtain help for my affected children. It is in hopes of freeing them, and the many other suffering adults and children locked into the bonds of the mind control projects, that I share my experience.

The intentionally inflicted and often extreme child abuse I endured was the necessary "preparation through trauma" that my controllers regarded as prerequisite to my creation as a sex/espionage agent serving within the government and beyond to an overarching cabal of only a handful of individuals, who I overheard referred to as "The Council." For years I witnessed the attempts and deeds they performed to control not only our government, but foreign governments as well. This initial childhood trauma was necessary to create within me multiple personalities for later use by them, insuring their success of my involuntary use and participation in their plan for a one world government, where you and I are to work in varying levels -- as controlled slaves or, as they say, "worker bees."

"To be afraid is to have more faith in evil than in God." -- Emmet Fox

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Chapter Two: Early Childhood Preparation

"Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things." -- Galatians

In order for my birth to be accomplished on presidential inauguration day, January 20th, 1951, my mother's labor was induced at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. My parents named me Susan Lynne Eckhart. The selection of inauguration day for my birth was especially meaningful given the position I would be groomed to one day fill. My parents told the story for years that my first words were, "I like Ike." Even at the early age of one, they were training me to be politically-minded and had me cheering in a campaign effort for the President-elect.

Once my mother and I were released from the hospital after my birth, my father began the rigorous training and intentional torture required to shatter my base personality with the goal of creating many separate and individual personalities for training and use by others as I grew older. When my mother left my father to babysit me, he withheld all food until I was starving. Then he held my bottle in front of me, but instead of allowing me to have the bottle, he would slip his penis into my mouth for me to suck. I felt I was dying through suffocation, as my airway was blocked and I gagged for breath. There were many such traumas to follow, most often on a daily basis.

For you to understand how I came to trust the things I began remembering at age 35 about my earliest childhood, I will share the following experiences. In meditation, I began remembering small, inconsequential things at first, like the time my mother left my father to care for me when I was four months old. He laid me on top of the dining room table and watched as I fell off! I clearly remembered the panicked feeling of terror as I was falling and remembered the overwhelming sharp pain that resulted in my body as I hit the floor. I also remembered the color of the carpeting, the design on the wallpaper and other details about the room. We moved from this house in Santa Monica when I was 6 months old, and I never saw it again.

Unable to fathom what these earliest of childhood memories could mean, I began reading about the experiences of Vietnam veterans and how they suddenly relived flashbacks of traumas they witnessed in war. I thought this might be the same type of memory phenomenon. In order to test my recall of this particular incident, I shared the details of this memory with my mother. Her reaction was one of amazement although she seemed terribly confused about my father's actions. She said I had described our first house and was surprised I could remember so accurately details from an event that happened when I was only an infant. Being the third child to a very busy mother, there were no pictures taken of me in that house that I could have seen. The validation she gave me made me feel more trusting of the other memories that soon began flooding back into my awareness.

Trauma to Create Multiple Personality Disorder

Memories of trauma too overwhelming to bear as a child unfolded for me to deal with as an adult. Bit by bit, piece by piece, I began to remember and understand just what had actually happened to me as a child, but in no way did the memories come neatly packaged in chronological order. It took the test of time, as each memory fit into ones before and after them and, like a puzzle, with all the pieces laid in proper place, I began creating a more complete yet horrifically devastating picture.

Armed with that first validation from my mother and the support of two therapists, I began daily therapy remembering heinous tortures, terrifying abuses, and strange details that were painfully yet neatly compartmentalized into the reality of separate child and adult personalities programmed within me. Many had separate names. This was in 1987, two years after my initial "awakening" first began. And I was, now, for the first time, accurately remembering my earliest childhood. I was referred to Stuart Perlman,

Ph.D., a Westwood clinical psychotherapist, and began seeing him a few sessions a week until the self-harm and suicidal crises I was attempting to live through, triggered by remembering things I was programmed forget, quickly required my sessions with him to escalate to seven or more per week. I was also having weekly sessions with Margaret Paul, Ph.D.

At the time I began therapy, neither of my therapists was familiar with dissociation, Multiple Personality Disorder, or ritual abuse. The vivid, painful and often terrifying flashbacks and abreactions of the traumatic memory I retrieved in and out of their offices left all of us in a quandary, trying to make sense of what was happening to me. Dr. Perlman wrote an article on MPD/ritual abuse for a psychoanalytical journal, where he shared that as time went on he came to understand that Multiple Personality Disorder was not as rare as he had been taught it was in school. Although his quiet, aloof, non-interactive, psychoanalytical stance often made me uncomfortable during therapy sessions, I was later grateful that he had not interjected his own reality into my memory retrieval process and kept to himself his initial belief that I was delusional. My first session with Dr. Perlman was deeply touching as tears fell from his cheeks when I recounted instance after instance of childhood abuse. His wise words to me that day were, "Everything you need to heal is within, you have all the answers inside of yourself."

My other therapist, Dr. Paul, and I were continually perplexed as to what all the memories meant and didn't have an answer until a year later when I attended a Victims of Incest Emerge as Survivors (VOICES) conference in New Jersey by myself, where I heard a female minister speak about satanic ritual abuse. At the end of the lecture, I felt numbed, as the speaker recounted many tortures similar to those I had remembered from my childhood. The "big, beautiful, perfect fairy tale life" I thought I was living began to crumble, one memory at a time. The following is a carefully compiled documentation of my past.

When I was six months old, my father and mother decided to move to a more rural setting to raise their young family. My brother Jim was eight, my brother Rick was four, and I was six months old. My father borrowed money from my mother's mother to purchase a three-bedroom ranch home located in the midst of a walnut grove in Woodland Hills, California. This home was to be the base for hidden and extreme torture and trauma for me over the next 19 years. Those years of trauma should have been enough to kill ten children, but somehow it didn't kill me. My father told me each time he hurt me that he was doing it to toughen me, to strengthen me for the future. In response, I was split into many personalities to cope with the overpowering physical and psychological pain and betrayal.

My father worked for others as a welder until 1957 when he decided to be his own boss, prompting the opening of his own welding shop. This business, Eckhart's Welding Shop (located on Pico Boulevard in West Los Angeles), initially was our only source of income, since my mother stayed at home as a full-time housewife and mother. We lived simply and frugally, getting by on the amount of money my father earned. Sliced in

between and existing parallel to the everyday conscious reality we shared as a family, was a very dark, secret and painful reality shared in sub-consciousness and in pain. I will share many of these slices of darkness with you so that you the reader can understand how this all came about.

When I was a year old, my father placed me in a blanket that was suspended by a rope from the high ceiling in our living room and spun me around and around and around until I was completely dizzy and disoriented. He then introduced a trauma, like putting something sharp up my vagina and my young psyche shattered, splitting off another personality to withstand the pain. He began sexually abusing me in my early months, by inserting objects into my vagina, gradually stretching it so that I would be able to accept a full grown man's penis by the time I was two. I was being groomed for early child prostitution, pornography, and a position in the "inner circle" at church.

When I was just months old, my mother recounts that she tearfully handed me over into the arms of her brother John who took me for a week to Santa Barbara. When she told me of this incident she always sounded like she had no choice, no free will from where she could command that no one could take her new born baby away from her. The memory of what happened in Santa Barbara with my Uncle John remains inaccessible to me at this time, yet I know it must be significant.

Unfortunately as you can well understand, my poor mind-controlled mother never had a chance and was totally manipulated by my father who I believe suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD/DID), had been ritually abused himself, and was most likely also under mind control. Much of the time my mother was a loving, caring, gentlewoman, but she was controlled. She spent her daytime hours obsessively cleaning house, ironing everything that she perfectly washed, scrubbing floors, washing windows, cooking, and attending to our needs. After dinner, while my mother did the dishes, my father sat down to watch television and read the paper. While he was relaxing, my mother began her next job doing the bookkeeping for my father's business; she didn't stop her duties or sit down until she collapsed into bed at 11:00 o'clock at night.

When I began recovering in the 80's, I asked my mother why all she did was scrub and clean the house and didn't pay attention to me as a child. Her response was, "Sue, looking back, I felt like there was something really dirty about our home."

My mother was able to feel what she wasn't allowed to think about, and she was right; there was something dirty. She subconsciously tried to take care of the problem in the only way she knew how; by cleaning it away. She slept through, was programmed, drugged, or was in a dissociative daze when I was being abused or when she was being beaten by my father or abused by others. She obsessively listened to music, which helped her to tune out and mellow. Knowing what I know now, most likely she was listening to music she was told to listen to in order to keep her memory of our actual life locked deeply within her subconscious mind, while the programmed reality of herself and our "perfect happy family" was kept alive through programmed phrases in

the music.

My father made medicine for my mother. She followed my father's orders and programming to a tee. Dutiful to her programming, she delivered me to and from places where I was to be prepared, trained, programmed, and used, without ever being consciously aware of what she was doing. To this day, if asked about it, my mother cries and says that, while she believes and feels the allegations of what happened to me are true, she just can't remember.

Church Ritual Trauma

Around this time, my mother joined the First Baptist Church of Woodland Hills, and began taking me with her to church. Later, in therapy, I remembered and drew pictures of tunnels that I remembered running under the church that connected with neighboring homes of inner circle church perpetrators. On Sunday mornings, my mother left me in the nursery while she went to the sermon. Members of the church staff, some of them neighbor women and the minister, ritualistically abused me in that church. The elder minister who abused me was Rev. Grant B. Yeatman.

By age two, I was out of the church nursery and attending a small Sunday school class with other children. One Sunday, when I was a bit older, Rev. Yeatman walked into my Sunday school class and watched as we played a game and drew pictures. He pointed to me and said that I was "God's chosen" and told me to follow him. Once we were outside in a protected area, he forced my head down under his robe to perform oral sex on him like my father had prepared me from birth to do. After I was finished, he wiped my mouth with a handkerchief and told me that I was going to hell for what I had just done, but that I would be forgiven if I never told anyone about it. He further offered to pray for my soul and then sent me back to my Sunday school class.

Another Sunday, after being sodomized in a back room by Rev. Yeatman, he took me by the hand back to my Sunday school class, bent down and pointed to a picture of Jesus sitting with the little children around him and whispered, "Jesus will never love a little girl who is as bad and evil as you." From then on I believed there was something terribly wrong with me and that I would never fit in with other people. I figured Jesus couldn't love me because I was so bad. Parts of me died inside. But deep within my soul, in my innermost hidden and protected self, angelic beings continually reminded me of God's love for me and of their support. When I was tortured to the extent of being projected out of body due to the extreme pain, Jesus' Angels spoke lovingly to me and explained that I needed to go back into my body, that some day when I was older I would understand. But subconsciously, in my limited child understanding, I believed I was unlovable and hideous in the eyes of God.

Other Sundays, different children were "God's chosen" and had to leave the room with the minister.

Many of the people who worked at the church, the church secretary and the Sunday school teachers, were neighbors of ours and, I now understand were most likely ritually

abused as children and were carrying out their violent actions via their own unconscious childhood programming.

Mrs. Winkler, the church secretary, lived across the street. In addition to Christianity, she also practiced sorcery and witchcraft in her darkened home, isolated and protected from outside intrusion by drape-covered windows. As a toddler, my father would wake me, early on Saturday or Sunday mornings and take me across the street along with a carrot, to "feed the horsies." We always did feed the horses but the actual purpose of these outings was to get me out of the house to go see Mrs. Winkler for what they called "my training and preparation."

Mrs. Winkler lit candles and laid my tiny body down on her table, performing chants over me, while she was sticking sharp needles in my feet, burning me with the hot candle flames, or scaring me with spiders. She would say, "Hold real still, Susie, so this potion can get in. You will be powerful and very special one day. Your father is paying for this, for you to be made special because he loves you. You will be known."

She told me at other times that I was chosen by God to fulfill some mission. Instead of organized Satanism, she practiced her own perverted form of Christianity with the purpose of "purifying me" to rid me of all evil. She never directly addressed Satan, but instead spoke of hell and damnation; it was a fire and brimstone style of fundamental Christianity, mixed with witchcraft. Mrs. Winkler cut pieces of my hair and saved them for rituals that were held with other "inside" church members and my father in outdoor rural places, in the middle of the darkened night.

Trauma Programming

For years, my father performed a variety of brutal, ritual-type physical and psychological abuses, among them: confinement in closets, cages, and a coffin, while I was told I was being left to die; near drowning; isolation; needles inserted in sensitive body areas; food and sleep deprivation; electroshock via electric wires, welding equipment, cattle prods, etc.; drugging; sophisticated hypnotic and electronic programming; tying me upside down to walnut trees out in the isolated walnut groves and other places; forcing me to participate in torturous rituals and orgies; and sexually abusing me, each time in more perverted ways.

At that time, Woodland Hills was still in its own infancy. At first, there were only two or three other houses built on our street, insuring my father and others plenty of wide-open spaces to conduct their crimes. In 1952, what is now known as the "101 Freeway" had not yet been built. The area was still largely undeveloped and rural, allowing for these crimes to easily go undetected.

While I was still very small, my father had an affair with another church secretary named Selma McGrew who lived in the house behind ours. She participated in my "preparation" by allowing my father to include me in the sex they were having. Being so young and small I often felt I would be killed during these encounters, and so I split off more personalities to endure it.

Nighttime was never intended for sleeping at our house but instead was a time of training. My mother was the only one allowed and/or commanded to sleep. My two older brothers, Jim and Rick, and my father came into my room night after night, creating an endless array of different forms of sexual abuse, all under my father's direction. My brother Rick, who is four years older than I, was selected to participate more often and my father used him to help "prepare" me for use as a child prostitute and for my approaching debut in pornography.

The two of us were sexually abused together and were both electroshocked with bare electric wires to our genitals. I painfully remembered my brother sitting robotically while my father attached a bare wire to his penis and then inserted the opposite end in the electrical outlet, sending his little body into uncontrollable spasms. Tears flooded my brother's eyes and ran down his cheeks as he then was forced to watch as I was electroshocked. For years my mother told the story of how she continually found my brother hiding behind the couch shocking himself by inserting bare wires into the electrical outlet. She laughed a kind of confused, questioning laugh as she spoke this. She probably couldn't think to question where the bare-wired cord came from or why her young son was continually seeking to electroshock himself. I stuck a table knife in an electrical socket so often that there was a knife in the kitchen drawer that was notched from being repeatedly inserted into the outlet. This unconscious act reinforced our programming.

I was often awakened and drugged in the middle of the night by my parents in order to attend rituals that were performed in the empty lot behind the church and at other locations around Woodland Hills. Many of the gullies and outdoor places that were used for rituals when I was a young child have since been developed into homes or large cement drainage areas, but in the 50's these areas provided seclusion for this group. The whole congregation did not participate in these nightly horrors, only a select inner circle was allowed in.

At two, I was initiated into the inner circle with a celebration dedicating me as the bride of Christ. I was drugged, dressed in a long white lace gown, and passed around the circle of drugged members as they sat around a bonfire in a vacant lot, during the middle of the night. Each member fondled me sexually, then I was lain on an altar to be raped and dedicated to Christ and the group. The inner circle members wore black robes and participated in sexual orgies and the killing and ingesting of animal and human flesh. Their belief was that these cannibalistic and sexual acts would transfer the energy or life force from the victim to them in order to make them more powerful.

I was involved in endless rituals that included being burned with candles, having crucifix's jammed up my vagina as I lay on an altar or hung upside down on a cross, having pins inserted into every area of my body including my vagina and the roof of my mouth, and having animals and babies killed in front of me and being forced to eat their raw flesh and drink their blood or urine. Other children were involved in the rituals, and when we reached a certain age we were forced to participate in killing animals and

babies. In order to psychologically survive these experiences, many additional personalities within me were created. Nothing was ever as painful as being forced to inflict pain on another or watch as others were tortured or killed.

My Doll Collection

I had a doll cabinet that my father had specially made for me. It was filled with dolls from all over the world, that were given to me to love. My father used my dolls to program different personalities within me, as he abused me night after night. Often when my father tortured me he would hand a different doll for me to hold in order to create different parts of me with different identities that in my young mind I could relate to the doll I was holding. He told me the doll in my hand was part of me but separate and then he would call it by name. There was the little doll with the red hair and freckles, the baby doll, Cyndy the bride doll, Rebecca, Sally, Thumbelina, Barbie and Madame Alexander, to name a few.

There were dolls everywhere around me, especially in that doll case that my father had made for me with the sliding glass window front so the dolls could be seen. Each doll was "displayed" which my father said meant they couldn't play until he said it was time for them to come out of the case. At night when he woke me for abuse, he took out the doll whose personality was to be the front, or presenting, personality of my inner system of created personalities. As he pulled a doll out of the doll case he'd say, "she's no longer on display, she can come out and play now," and at that tender age, I would switch into the personality my father called forth. Then he would say, "You Susie, will step aside as Doll fully enters your body. Whenever I snap my fingers three times, Doll will enter the body and Susie will step aside, like this now," and he would snap his fingers three times and I would follow my father's command, totally and completely.

Holidays

Holidays always signaled times of trauma. One Christmas I awoke excited to see what Santa had brought for me. My two worlds and the personalities that lived in them were continually subjected to different realities, and this day was to be no different. Susie in her red velveteen robe got special treatment while other personalities had "Xmas," a very different painful and evil reality. While Susie got a Christmas stocking full of goodies, Sharon got razor blades and coal and parts of dead animals. "Sharon" was another one of my inner personalities my father created, which he developed as my "inner twin" to Susie, my conscious everyday personality. One Christmas ritual trauma I vividly remembered was when my father laid me down on the rug in front of the fireplace and placed his finger inside my vagina while he readied a hot poker in the fire. Somehow putting me in a trance-state, he began, "You won't feel this. You will only continue to feel the pleasure, just like I am rubbing now. Does it feel good?"

"Yes Daddy," I robotically answered.

"Good, then when I do this it will only increase the pleasure," he kept his finger in place until he got the hot poker out of the fire and as he put it inside me, he took his finger out and as hypnotically commanded, I felt only the pleasure of the hot inside me. Very

lovingly he said, "Very good, honey. You're doing very well. Now take a deep breath and count to three and feel like you have to pee. Then when I take this out, you will feel even more pleasure. Okay?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said putting my little hand up in front of my face while I counted off, "One," as I held up one finger, then "two," putting up two fingers, then, "three," and when he had taken the poker out, I felt really happy. It didn't even hurt. I couldn't feel the pain of the red-hot thing. In months that followed, I reached out and touched a piece of red-hot angle iron when my father was welding, and when it burned my hand badly, I was surprised. I didn't understand that it would bum me. My father was an expert at those "games."

At other times he put something scary in front of my face to startle me before he did something traumatic to me. Then he would tell me to feel numb while he put a silver metal band around my wrist and forehead and would shock me with the black box that was attached to the bands with wires. He'd say "you're doing very well," but my face would be sweating and it stung when he gave me what he called "a jolt."

At odd times, even when other people were around, my father would say, "Do you want a jolt?"

I'd say, "No," while I giggled nervously, acting like it was a game but it wasn't.

Often after one of these jolting experiences, I felt so sleepy and my mom would say, "What's wrong with you? Are you sick?"

"I dunno," I'd say, because I didn't know anything. To know was to 'know,' and to 'know' was very bad and you got very hurt. So certain personalities within me took the pain and torture after which I would be switched back to Susie who had no knowledge of any of it.

There were nights my father would wake me out of sleep and devise ways to spin me until I was totally disoriented, after which he took me to look at myself in front of a mirror and called me by another name other than my own, "Sandy, that is you in the mirror, and Sandy is my friend. She is going to help us. She is a friend of Susie's, but Susie doesn't know Sandy exists. Susie doesn't even need to think about you, Sandy." And these were some of the tactics used to shatter and then create alternate identities within me from a very early age.

In hypnotic trance I was told, "The balloons will take you away, take you to the rooms with the many personalities, but as you look at each one, you know that they are you. They are all you. But only one at a time. One room and one person at a time."

Other nights, I was awakened from sleep and sexually abused to create the dissociative barrier and to create more personalities or attitudes. I was told, "Now look into the first room. There's Darla. Isn't she cute and pretty, and she is always happy. Darla's dedicated to the stars. She always knows just what to say and do to make others feel

good, to make them happy. Now look into the second room. There's Sandy. She's the dancer. She can dance very well and she is able to bend in all different directions ... to everyone's amazement. She's not at all embarrassed to take off her clothes in front of people. She likes that, it makes her feel good. But she can only do that when the time is right." My father also placed stars on my ceiling that lit up at night to remind me of the programming.

Over the years my controllers created programming for every single thing they could dream up. And they programmed in angel personalities intended to handle the pain when I could not.

But their spiritual short-sidedness left them in the dark when I transcended their created angelic personalities, and left my body escorted by real Angels. I owe my life to God and those beautiful loving Beings who kept my soul and my love intact as they continually interceded for the little girl they witnessed tortured unceasingly.

Military Base Programming

Dick Hof was a marine in the reserves. He and his family moved in next door when I was around three years old. He told me he didn't, know exactly how to treat little girls because he only had boys. On certain weekends he wore his uniform and took me to military bases where the men wore tan uniforms. They saluted him when he was around and he acted very normal until we were out of the other men's sight. He took me into top-secret places where he showed some sort of pass to gain entrance. Once we were in the secret place he put me into an empty, cold, cement room and restrained me to a metal examination table. There were bright lights overhead and the men that joined him put bands around my wrists, ankles, and forehead, then turned out the lights and left while they shocked me real bad. They had a screen I had to watch and messages I listened to immediately after I got shocked. Sometimes Dick carried a briefcase that had some of my favorite dolls and toys inside, like my dolly with the red hair and freckles and my sock monkey. When they hurt me they often pretended to hurt my dolls and toys, too, and told me that my dolly friends would keep reminding me every day about what happens, "if you don't obey and follow the rules -- then you get zapped," and they would shock me again. Dick also threatened me with his gun and said that all the men had them, and if I "stepped out of line" it would be over for me, so I'd better listen up and obey the rules. The doctors played tricks on me while I was drugged. They played day and time tricks trying to mess me up. They told me over and over that someone other than the person who really brought me there did. Most of the time I knew it was Dick Hof. They told me this astronaut brought me and a man in an astronaut suit would walk in and say, "I am the adult who brought you here."

I'd say, "No you're not, my neighbor did." So they would inject me with more drugs and keep hammering verbally at me over and over until I'd break and agree wholeheartedly with them. But inside I had to remember to keep the truth hidden in a part of me, so I'd not lose control of reality and believe their lies. Sometimes I felt like I shattered and went over the edge and couldn't really tell what was happening. At those moments I'd pray to God that another part of me was remembering what was really happening

because I couldn't maintain myself any longer. After they were through with me I was so messed up that I needed their help getting off the table and then to walk, and the next week I'd have to stay home from school because I was throwing up and very sick. My mom said I just had "the flu." All this torture and mind manipulation kept my inner and outer worlds far apart.

There was a cabinet way up high in our kitchen and Dick Hof told me that I could be like a monkey and climb up there to get the little white candy pills that would make me feel better, but I couldn't tell my mommy because he said she wasn't really my mommy because she was born of lower class and he said I was upper class, like my father. He said my mom didn't know enough to help me, so if I hurt I could climb up and get the pills and eat them and feel better.

There was another military base I was taken to when I was about five. A doctor in a white lab coat examined me there. He questioned me a lot in order to check all my "systems." As you can see, this abuse was very intentional and very premeditated, with long-range plans and goals.

The Network of Abuse Widens

The trauma was ubiquitous and involved all the people who were close to me, and others who were strangers. Threats of consequences if I remembered or told, made during times of extreme trauma, were buried deep in my subconscious mind and dictated my actions daily. Huge amounts of my own subconscious vital energies were used to keep my personalities in control and to keep secret the activities in which I was involved.

By the age of four, I was taken to my father's friend, Andy the policeman, where I was instructed to perform oral sex on Andy, in exchange for a courtesy card my father proudly carried in his wallet that pardoned him from any violation he might acquire, should he ever be stopped by a police officer. At a very young age, I was subconsciously aware that everyone was in on these activities and that policemen wouldn't even protect me, but that knowledge was kept from my conscious awareness because I believed the reality, as my programming commanded, that I had a perfect life.

When I was less than five years old, my father took me to Long Beach for what my mother was told was a visit to my father's Aunt Maude. We did go to visit Aunt Maude, but really we were there to meet with Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie was very distinguished looking and wore very formal clothes, even though this was just a family gathering. At this young age, although I sensed this was a very important event, I had no way of knowing how pivotal this meeting would factor into the design of my life. In a complete nightmarish horror, I watched as my grown father looked retarded and became very childlike when this relative, Charles Lilley Horn, spoke to him. And when the talk turned to subjects I could not fathom, and Uncle Charlie held out a paper for my father to sign, I pulled on my father's hand and begged him, "Daddy, stay big, this is really important, please Daddy." But due to my father's own early childhood abuse, he could not maintain his adult mental state because he, too, had Multiple Personality

Disorder, with many wounded, fragmented, hurt children inside of him whose consciousness had also been programmed for use by others. And so, when Uncle Charlie asked him to sign the paper, he reached out robotically, and without thought, signed it. Somehow I knew that this event was a very important moment when I needed my father to pull himself together to protect me. But he was not able to, due to his own dysfunctional state of mind.

Uncle Charlie further directed my father where to take me for the early programming that involved machines and told him about the arrangement with Bob Hope and the connection to the government. My father continued to look retarded and just kept robotically shaking his head, nodding in agreement, while Charlie told him what to do.

Slave Auctions

Elitists in the market for mind control slaves attend auctions that appear at first like children's fashion shows and then progress to striptease acts. I made "appearances" in many shows before I was actually sponsored or sold.

My father took me to a slave "model" auction where I wore a fancy white taffeta and black velvet polka-dot dress, a hat and matching purse that my mother had bought for me at the expensive Stardusters clothing store.

Bob Hope

At this particular show where Bob Hope bought me, there were lots and lots of little girls and boys competing. They said these children were what they called "sponsored" if they were chosen. And they said it was better to be chosen early because then the sponsors (owners) could mold you the way they wanted. There was a modeling ramp where all of us children were displayed. I modeled casual clothes, then sophisticated evening clothes, and then sensual/sexual attire and, finally, appeared totally naked. First I performed Swan Lake Ballet in pink feathers for my casual and wore black velvet for my formal and my naked performance was called "the tiger dance." I won first place at this show and was sold to Bob Hope on the open market. They put a white cape around my naked body and Bob came up and stood with me while everyone in the audience cheered. Somehow it seemed like a sport for some of these people to attend auctions. Then I was seated again next to my father. When the whole show was over, an older man dressed in a tuxedo came and escorted me to Bob Hope who shook my hand and said, "Hi ya, Honey. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, Mr. Hope." I answered like I had been instructed.

"I'm going to be your man, but we'll have to talk more about this later ... when you're a little older." He laughed.

I smiled at him and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hope. My father will be very proud." But my father never came over to meet Bob. He stayed in his chair until the man in the tux ushered me back to him.

Throughout my formative years, I was molded to be extremely sexual through the sexual abuse with my father and others. The personalities that were created from that abuse didn't always experience the encounters as abusive, because that is all they knew. Bob later told my father through an instilled message delivered through me during an incestual encounter with my father, "Daddy, Bob says he wants me to really love sex and have a lot of it. Okay?"

"Sure honey, whatever you want. You're the boss," my father answered from his own split consciousness.

Bob was Catholic and so was the part of me that performed. She was my "inner twin sister" for programming purposes, to keep that part of me separate from my created "normal" reality and her name was Sharon. Bob said he liked Catholic girls because they were easy and he liked "em like that."

Bob was always racy until he got to acting old around 1987. I had a lifetime of Bob Hope and his antics, and over the years, he lost his funny and happy persona and became just a mean and nasty old man. And then, he became cruel to me, there wasn't anything fun left in him. He was just real old and mean.

Uncle Charlie

Consciously unbeknownst to my parents, I was in contact when necessary with my "Uncle Charlie." He escorted me to many affairs when I was a child, even in Europe. Often they were arenas where the mind control elitists gathered to share their latest creations. At these gatherings, I walked out on a ramp on Uncle Charlie's arm. I was the "latest in human technology," and all the "uncles" were there to display their "wares." It was a fashion show of sorts for what they called "children attendants." Men in the audience held little placards and they held up certain numbers for different things. I think they were like judges. I don't think they wanted to buy me because someone else already had. While I was presenting, a man announced I had already been sold to, "...a very funny man they say, called Bob Hope. Do you know him?" And everyone in the audience laughed.

When I asked Uncle Charlie why those people were there and what we were doing there, he said, "This is a show for Cadillacs and you my dear," he took a hold of my chin, "are my Cadillac."

"I am? What is that?" I asked very enthusiastically, straightening my blue satin dress and pushing on the skirt that kept popping up on the other side due to the hoop around the bottom.

"A car," he answered. When I kept asking questions he said that big word others also used to describe me, "My, you are precocious, aren't you? Well it's time for you to run along now," at which point another man in a suit took my hand and led me away.

Later that day when we were alone, Uncle Charlie very secretly and with great import

informed me that he was my real father and that my dad wasn't my real father, but had adopted me for some very specific purposes. He said it was my destiny, but I didn't know what that word meant either, and didn't ask because I was still pretty upset about my dad not really being my dad. Uncle Charlie said he had the money to take care of me in the ways I deserved and that my father never would have the money to do what he was going to be able to do for me. I didn't understand what this all meant then but he made it sound good. (Forty some years later through my constant search to piece together the actualities of my life, I would discover that Charles L. Horn was the owner of Federal Cartridge Company, which later funded Olin Foundation, where he sat as President.)

When I asked Uncle Charlie who my mother was he just nodded quickly and said, "You don't have one, it doesn't matter." He seemed busy like I was bothering him by interrupting his thoughts or something. I guess he didn't understand the needs of a child my age. So I went ahead and made up my own imaginary mother. I created her to be sort of plump and happy and she made great apple pies and cookies and all sorts of candies that we ate anytime we wanted. She was 'the perfect mother' for "Sharon."

So as I understood it from the other side of my personality structure, Charles L. Horn was Sharon's -- my inner twin sister's -- father. Uncle Charlie said he wanted me to call him Uncle Charlie instead of dad because he had "... some very important business contacts that just wouldn't understand if you called me father, so call me Uncle Charlie." Often he introduced me to people as his niece, Sharon Weatherby. Sharon, the wild personality, is who Bob Hope purchased from Uncle Charlie and it was Sharon who was trained to be stunning, smart, sexual, comfortable with wealth and elite family members. Uncle Charlie, who lived in Minneapolis in the summers and Scottsdale in the winters, said he loved me but couldn't spend a lot of time with me because of business, though he would be a powerful part of my life.

Uncle Charlie physically introduced me to Henry Kissinger one day in an open grassy park-like area when I was very little. I shook Henry's hand and Uncle Charlie explained that Henry was my "Uncle Henry." So I, as Sharon Weatherby, began to have a whole new family and it just kept growing and growing, adding "uncles" here and there and everywhere.

Henry Kissinger

When I was little, with a short pixie haircut, Henry Kissinger would call me on the phone at home. In those days, those personalities who were created by and for him thought he was funny. He set up times of connection by telling me beforehand, "meet me on the corner at 7:00 p.m." and that meant to be standing at the direct corner of the kitchen cabinet desk at home at 7:00 p.m. to answer the phone. So I'd stand there when it was 7:00 p.m. and when he called I'd pick up the phone real fast like he had instructed me to do. Henry, who communicated to me as "Susan" rather than "Sharon," then said, "Hello Susan, how are you this evening? I am just testing."

"Oh, hi," I said as I smiled and twisted my short hair.

"You can hang up now, I was just testing." So, I hung up and went off to play in my room. Henry was in contact with me often. I think he had studied lots of psychology so he knew how to best control me. He used positive psychological means because he said he felt it would work better.

My mom said, "Who were you talking to?" She had on her red Christmas dress and her slippers. Her hair was still brown.

I shrugged and said, "No one," because due to the programming I was already under, my normal everyday conscious personality didn't house the phone experience with Henry Kissinger. I wasn't lying, the event was registered under a different personality than the one that interfaced with my mother. Henry could call anytime and 'get me.' When I saw him in person he always said right off, in a silly teasing voice as he reached out and tickled me, "I'm gonna get you." Which switched me to the personality he wanted and in that way he accessed, or "got me."

Henry set up a group of personalities to be my neighbor's, "Joe's and Mary's child." He told people it was an experiment he was performing to see if one person could be brought up in two ways from two different perspectives to see how the physical/genetic influences really did work since both personalities' mindsets shared the same physical body and genetic structure. It was a controlled experiment about the role environment and behavior versus genetics played in IQ. They wanted to see how strong the mind could be - if it was the overriding factor. They were trying to see if thinking you were elite and being brought up elite would increase IQ or if a common child would have the same IQ if not stimulated as much. Susan was the common experience part of the experiment, the control; and Sharon, the inner twin personality counterpart, was the elite. More on this twin programming in the next chapter

I was instructed by Henry Kissinger to eat alphabet cereal on certain mornings and do mental exercises that he gave me. For instance, I had to get the alphabet sorted from the box and all lined up on the kitchen table. Then I had to put a piece of cereal that was shaped into an 'a' on my tongue and then hold up a mirror and look at it in the mirror. I had to do 20 of the alphabet backwards and 20 of the alphabet forward while I was looking in the mirror. It was usually only 20 because often some letters were missing from the cereal box, so Henry said to just do 20. I don't know why I had to put them on my tongue and then stick my tongue out with the letter on it and look in the mirror, but I did it just like Henry said. My mother got mad at me because she said I should eat my food not play with it, but she didn't understand my need for training. Henry said she was uneducated and ignorant, and that he was making me into a genius. I didn't know what that meant. Other times, I had to focus my eyes on a pin that was stuck into the top of a pencil eraser and follow it back and forth and up and down. And I learned to cross one eye, leaving my left eye looking straight ahead. All this was done in preparation for my later use as Henry's 'mind file'.

Further Condition

Following instructions, my mother took me to "meetings" at a church lady's home who lived behind our church. The purpose of these meetings was to instruct my mother how to "train me." She was given instructions on forms of punishments and abuses to give me at home if I didn't do what was "prescribed." Those punishments included being locked in a dark closet for long periods of time, having food withheld sometimes for a day or two, being slapped across the face or burned by a cigarette if I resisted any of the rules. Often I was abused in these ways, as my mother carried out her own programmed instructions, in spite of my "good behavior."

I was taught to write backwards at the age of four because my programmers felt that I would be more intelligent if I was forced to use both sides of my brain. In addition, I was given special eye exercises to perform several times a day. I began ballet at five and endured years of ballet training from a perverted ballet teacher named Madame Olga. Episodes of sex rituals and traumas were laced into our dance classes. At times the entire ballet class was abused out behind her little dance school that was located just off Topanga Canyon Boulevard in Woodland Hills.

My dentists, the Phillips brothers, had a dental office also located on Topanga Canyon Boulevard, around the corner from my ballet school. Acting independently of the church, but being friends of my father, they participated in my "preparation" by torturing me with sharp dental instruments by drilling my teeth and poking exposed nerves without the use of Novocain. Who could have known then that, when I grew up and married, my "chosen" husband would be first "in line" to purchase these successful dental practices, which is just what happened.

After I started kindergarten, my mother informed me that a group of people from the First Baptist Church were going to leave the church and form a new church called the First Presbyterian Church of Woodland Hills. In the beginning days, the church met at my elementary school, while we waited for our new church to be built on Platt Avenue. Our new minister's name was Rev. Alden McKelvey, and nothing seemed to change much, except the minister had a different name, we had a bigger building, and now more people were involved.

School was somewhat of a respite, but even there I was not always free from abuse. Starting in first grade, I was taken out of my class at Woodlake Avenue Elementary School (located a mile from the church), to attend 'choir practice' at the children's choir director's home a block from school. Her name was Mrs. Rebecca Muir. At her home, in conjunction with practicing church songs for performances at Sunday church services, I was trained to perform and participate in rituals and was forced to participate in child pornography films when a group of men entered her house and took over. Snuff pornography where little children or babies were killed was also filmed at her house. Like the other women involved, Mrs. Muir, publicly, a meek, gentle woman, dutifully complied with the direction of these men.

One day just after returning to school from Mrs. Muir's house, I went straight to the principal's office. Her name was Mrs. Stella Greer. For some unknown reason, the

threats of death if I told were not consciously available to keep me silenced and switched out of the personality who had just witnessed the pornography, and I told her everything I had been forced to do at choir practice. I had seen Mrs. Greer talk sternly to us kids at assemblies and just knew that she was a person of great power who would be able to stop the bad people from hurting all of us children. But, her response was enough to reinforce everything my abusers had threatened over my young years. I will never forget it. Mrs. Greer's face turned red with anger as she wrathfully shook her finger at me, sternly warning in no uncertain terms, "Young lady, I don't ever want to hear such filth out of your mouth again. You stop making up these horror stories and get back into your classroom where you belong!"

At that moment, I realized that what my abusers said was true. No one would help me. People would think I was crazy if I did tell, and I had "no where to run, and no where to hide." I couldn't survive without them and there was no one to help, just like they said. I was trapped. Why this adult woman, my school principal, was unable to logically question how a child of my young age could be privy to or know such adult and pornographic language, never seemed to cross her mind.

Our pediatrician, Dr. Cusack, located on Ventura Boulevard in Woodland Hills, participated by suturing up my vagina when it was torn from abuse, and cared for me in other ways when the abuse became too physically obvious. When I requested my childhood medical records several years ago, I was told that Dr. Cusack had moved out of the state and that all of his records had been destroyed.

At home in the evenings, while my mother was picking up my grandmother from work at Lockheed in Santa Monica, and in the middle of the night, my father continued his own form of tortures; raping me, sodomizing me, filming me pornographically with my brother, submerging me in the bathtub or swimming pool until I was nearly dead, torturing me extensively at his welding shop with the use of electroshock delivered through hot welding equipment inserted into my vagina, and leaving me outside all night alone during rain storms. He also kept dead bodies under our home for his sick perversions. He tortured and "trained" me under the house lots of nights before dinner, and would lock me into boxes and leave me there for long periods of time, often with body parts from cadavers he kept. One night he took me to a graveyard and forced me to watch as he dug up a coffin, opened it, forced me inside and reburied it. I split off more personalities. One personality split wasn't enough to handle this trauma.

One Saturday my father took me and one of my dolls out to the old refrigerator that was in the corner of our garage. Quickly, he shoved me inside and clutching my blond baby doll, I begged, frantically clinging to my father's shirt, "No Daddy! Please don't."

Slapping my hands away, my father scolded, "Now, show Daddy what a big girl you can be. If you try to get out," he knelt down beside me, "Daddy will have to beat you." He slammed the door shut and I could hear him taping it closed with the black electrical tape he used on endless mechanical things. When I cried out from inside the cold refrigerator, my father angrily pounded on the door, yelling for me to shut up.

Petrified in the dark, cramped cubicle, I listened for any sound that might indicate that my father was opening the door to set me free. Ominous silence prevailed. Feeling unbearably cold and unable to take another breath, I experienced the intervention of three ethereal beings, transparent yet sparkly, misty-blue colored angels who suddenly materialized outside the refrigerator and appeared to reach through the insulated metal to infuse me with life-sustaining energy. In a transcendent state, it was as if I was held in suspended animation as these angels lent their life energy to me.

Some time later, when my father came to release me, probably thinking that, like all the other times he had taken me near death, I would emerge fragmented yet grateful to him for saving me, he checked the pulse on my neck, and finding none, he panicked. He carried my limp body across the garage and laid me on his workbench. "Now I've done it, damn it," I heard my father say to himself from my out-of-body vantage point. "I've gone too far and killed her, now what am I going to do?" Quickly he slid my lifeless body into a black plastic trash bag, tied it off, carried me out the side door, and placed me in the crawl space beneath the house.

The rescuing angels reappeared and one telepathically communicated that it wasn't time for me to leave my family, that I needed to get back into my body and go on up for dinner. Unbeknownst to my father, I still had a spark of life left in me, and God, knowing His plan for my life was not yet complete, fanned that spark until I came back to life. When I reunited with my body, it ached and I felt nightmarishly sick but crawled out of the bag, wobbled out of the crawl space and walked in a dissociated state, back into the house where my family sat eating dinner. My father looked up at me as if he had seen a ghost and my mother, unaware of any of the "incidences" of the day, smiled and told me to sit down to eat.

The trauma and torture was endless, occurring nearly every day and night of my childhood. The tortures were so numerous that it would require a separate volume to chronicle all those I have remembered so far. Leaving my body in order to 'dissociate' from the pain and continuing to create separate personalities, often alongside personalities my abusers intentionally created for their own use, was my mind's way of keeping me alive to function in the day-to-day world.

I had two worlds: one secret world that I lived and knew only when I was triggered into it; and a second, 'normal' conscious world of day to day experiences. These worlds were kept separate by the use of trauma and programming. I was my father's and other people's project for the future. An investment that provided him access to high-tech hypnotic information, financial security, and most probably immunity from prosecution for charges involving pedophilia, child prostitution, and child pornography.

"He shall give His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." -- Psalms 91:11-12

Chapter Three: We're Off to See the Wizard

Common Mind Control Themes

Hand signals are a common mode of control for victims of ritual abuse and mind control. There was a hand signal program I was taught when I was very little, that was sung to the song Frere Jacques, with the nursery rhyme, Where Is Pointer? The common song/game is played by singing; "Where is Pointer? Where is pointer?" And then you put up your pointer finger and say, "Here I am, Here I am. How are you, today sir? Very well, I thank you ...run away, run away..." Then you put your hands behind your back. I was taught the version:

"Where is silencer?" With a finger held up to the lips commanding silence.

"Where is kingpin?" With large pin inside the middle finger, that I was poked with just before singing, "run away, run away."

"Where is little man?" Holding up a pinky finger while singing, "Little man can't run away."

"Where is thumbkin?" Holding up a thumb and being thumped on the head while singing, "You can't run away."

Wizard of Oz

In conjunction with the traumas at church and school, my father reinforced my programming with the use of fairy tales, among them Disney themes and The Wizard of Oz. I watched the Wizard of Oz every year and at other times my programmers laced in other programs and hypnotic commands in a creative way that allowed the movie themes to keep me under control. Although I could not consciously remember what I was programmed to forget, this use of fantasy, used in an effort to keep amnesic and to scramble what I had actually participated in, was very effective ...almost foolproof.

Sometimes in the middle of the night, after having watched the Wizard of Oz, my father would traumatize me in order to cause me to dissociate, which created the perfect trance state for programming. In this altered state, he would tell me that "over the rainbow" was a bridge to the "other" world, and that I could walk over the rainbow bridge into the other world and it would remain separate from my everyday world. He told me that what happened over the rainbow would feel unreal, like a dream. After encounters that I was supposed to forget, I was conditioned to the word "home." It began with "There's no place like home" being associated with being back in my bed, sleeping, after a night of being used in child pornography or prostitution.

Later my mother, father, or others would say these words after my use in Washington, D.C. in the White House or other places I was sent under program. For years these words functioned as a way to reorient me back into my everyday world, without carrying back with me the reality of what had happened. I was instructed to, "sleep and wake up at home in my bed with the Land of Oz so very far away. That place that felt like a fairy tale ...that I must have made up ...was only a dream ...was now very far away." I was

now on the other side of the rainbow and was conditioned to believe that those experiences never really happened, that they were only a dream. Later in my teen years all it took was for my mother or father to say, "Honey, you can sleep all the way home," and I was conditioned like Pavlov's dogs to respond to the word "home" with total and complete amnesia of what had just happened to me.

If my subconscious mind threatened to divulge the secrets, my father programmed me to "wake and eat chocolate chip cookies to remember to forget." And for years, the next 40 years, as this powerful programming commanded, I awoke out of a sound sleep if memory of this secret world seeped up as I entered first theta and then delta brain wave sleep patterns. Following program, I robotically walked into the kitchen to eat chocolate chip cookies in order to "re-mind" myself.

Another Oz theme that was used to program me was the song, "If I Only Had A Brain." During a programming session, a man whispered in my ear, telling me, "It's safer not to have a brain, it's easier not to have a brain; all you have to do to stay on track is to follow the yellow brick road. Then you won't be scared like the cowardly lion and you can keep your heart which you will need to get you down the yellow brick road to the land of glitter and gold, glitter and gold, glitter and gold. Follow the yellow brick road to somewhere over the rainbow way up high." In my trance state, this verse went deeply into my subconscious mind and was an evervigilant internal reference to remind me to forget, and could be enforced by any of my controllers when the need arose to keep me from unlocking repressed memory.

Alice in Wonderland was used as a theme to program in 'time awareness.' My programmers said, "See the rabbit who says, 'watch the watch, watch the watch,' and feel your eyes grow sleepy and tired so you can no longer watch the watch but you know it is always there ticking away, keeping perfect time. It knows what time it is so you won't ever have to worry about what time it is for the watch will keep perfect time. And now at the count of three I want you to wake up ...1, 2, 3..." he snapped his fingers, "and awake. Good girl!"

There were other programs based on fairy tales and Disney themes. Other survivors around the world have also reported many of these same common themes.

Disneyland

When I was five years old my mother and father took me to the newly-opened Disneyland in Anaheim, California. As we walked down Main Street, we ran into Walt Disney and my father stood aside as Walt Disney, larger than life to me, bent down and shook my hand. He told me that if I would write to him he would write back to me. I didn't consciously remember anything else after that. What happened next, though, as I later recalled, was that Walt Disney looked at my father with eyes that said important things I couldn't understand. My father then led my mother in the other direction and I was left alone with Walt Disney. My parents never said goodbye or anything, they just left me and walked away. I was terrified and confused at realizing that my parents just disappeared. Walt took me to an office, lifted me up on a big desk that had a glass

piece on top and told me that he was my real father. He said the Mickey Mouse Club was my real family--where I really belonged. Everyone was always telling me I belonged to a different family than my parents and I didn't understand, it was all very confusing. Walt Disney seemed nice but I wasn't with him very long. He called another man in and that man took me by the hand and led me away. This man was a very bad man and he really scared me. He took me into another room and gave me those viewmaster box glasses to look into. He showed me pictures in them that were so scary that other parts of me had to come to see them. It was too much for a little girl to see. Dead things--cut up bodies, dead cats skinned with big eyeballs and their tails cut off, people cut up, etc. We had that toy at home but mine had cartoon pictures in it. This event involved several of my personalities.

Next, the man took me to scary rides and poked me with needles in my waist and legs while he said things during the Alice in Wonderland ride, like, "This is not really happening. I am not really sticking this needle in your leg. You are just like Alice. You also ate the large mushroom and feel funny--this is not real." He kept laughing and acting like all this was fun and games and really amusing, but it was terrifying and confusing to me, and I couldn't understand why he was hurting me. Parts of me split off as they withstood the abuse and I pushed the experiences deep into my subconscious mind as my programming dictated.

Then the man took me to Mr. Toad's Wild Ride and sexually abused me by taking off my panties and pushing me up and down on top of his penis while we were going through the dark, enclosed ride. During many years that followed, I got hurt on Mr. Toad's ride. I was instructed to be extra sexy and wild and crazy in order to be "good" and not get hurt. If I did it right and performed on cue, then I didn't get hurt when it was over. When we came out into the light from the darkened ride, it was over and if I did it right I could stop and go back to my Mommy. If I did it wrong, I had to do it all over again until I did it right. They always hurt me real bad if I made a mistake. I tried my best. It seemed like I had to stay at Disneyland for a long time, but at the end of the long day, I got to have a pretty balloon that I looked at as I laid in the back seat of the car all the way home. I was devastated, exhausted and out of it during the ride back to Woodland Hills, but looked up at the pretty Mickey Mouse ears balloon or the Mickey Mouse balloon within a balloon, before I finally fell into a long deep sleep.

We went to Disneyland yearly, often for birthday celebrations. On another visit, a suited man escorted me to the front of the Snow White ride. As he guided me on board the boat, he flashed a badge to the attendant and explained that he had special permission to take this special guest on the ride. We entered a boat and rode through the canals while he refrained the fairy tale themes. As we passed them by, he stuck needles in my thighs at different times after he finished a line about a story. All the classic fairy tales drifted in front of us--the Three Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf. He told me that the big bad wolf could always find me and get me, even if I was in the well-built brick house, and that the wolf could huff and puff and blow my house down. He told me my parents couldn't protect me from the wolf either because he was big and bad and wild. I can still hear the Big Bad Wolf song playing. The man kept poking me with the needle and it

hurt. I kept watching his hand with the needle trying to anticipate the pain and he kept telling me the scary stories. I didn't know what to do and couldn't get away because we were in a boat and I couldn't get off. Then he almost choked me to death in the front of the boat but kept talking and telling me the fairy tales, as if nothing had ever happened. I was terrified.

Later on, in the dark of the night a man in a suit took me on the Matterhorn and stopped the rollercoaster ride at the waterfall where he told me everything that happened was washed away and gone forever. He made me get off the ride and stand on the rocks high up inside the Matterhorn all alone in the dark that night. I was really tired. He said they were leaving me there alone because I didn't do it right and I didn't listen well. I was terrified in the dark, wet, rocky area that was whooshing with the sound of the wind and cars from the ride speeding by. But it got even scarier when the area fell silent. Cold and tired, I was left totally alone for what seemed to my child self like forever. When the man finally came to get me, he asked if I was ready to be good. Then he said a lot of words while he carried me to my parents. Handing me, all limp and wet, over to my mother, he said, "She's asleep." My mother was crying, my father was smiling and the man in the suit said, "It's been done, she's now ready for the next level."

My father carried me out of Disneyland but stopped to buy me a Mickey Mouse balloon to look at, to, as he said, "remember the good time you had." Disneyland was never really fun; there was always pain and torture.

Another night at Disneyland I climbed the steps to the Swiss Family Robinson Tree House. Once inside one of the rooms a man grabbed me, slapped my face really hard and flashed a bright light in my eyes. He said, "Your mother is not your real mother, your father is not your real father. You are made of much greater things, so great in fact that Walt Disney would claim you for his own. So remember what I've said about who your real parents are." When he was finished with me I climbed down from the treehouse, sobbing hysterically with each and every step. My mother was waiting for me at the bottom and took me over to the Fritos snack stand to try to get me calmed down.

It's A Small World ride was purposefully used to create the reality in my mind that I was really just on a ride at Disneyland when later I was taken to foreign countries for use. The programming that blossomed up into my conscious mind after such travel was that I was merely at Disneyland. One day my father accompanied me into the international phone display. I picked up many of the colored phones and listened to the different languages and my mom stood close by while my father appeared to walk away. But my father really hid behind the phone display and talked like he was sending a message through the phone. Initially, I thought it was someone else talking to me through the phone, someone who mysteriously knew my name. When I caught on that it was my father, I knew better than to let on and continued with the charade. Soon a man in a Disney uniform came and linked arm in arm with me like the characters do in the Wizard of Oz, and escorted me over to the main headquarters near the dog kennels.

On another trip, I was taken on the Jungleboat ride at Disneyland at night. It was very

dark and I noticed that no one was in line as my parents guided me through the area where people normally waited to enter the ride. We were all alone and I was terrified, anticipating what was to occur next. I had learned early on, and knew at a very deep subconscious level that my parents were of no protection to me; instead they were often the very ones that delivered me to very terrifying people, experiences and places. This night was no different. I was taken to the very back of the boat and a man in a dark suit emerged, and said, "I will take it from here," at which point my father took my mother by the elbow and escorted her robotically away. I was afraid.

"Laura," the man called out. Laura was my school personality who was programmed to be cooperative and helpful. He said, "Laura, I need your help so that things run very smoothly tonight."

"Yes, sir." I replied, now switched to Laura.

"I want you to turn around 7 times and I will be tying a rope around your waist so we don't lose you here tonight."

I couldn't imagine how I was about to get lost on this big boat, but I complied as he tied the rope around my waist and as commanded, I began turning as he counted, "One, two, buckle my shoe, no, three, four, shut the door. The door to your mind, that is, five, six, pick up sticks, and ...seven will do the trick." I didn't know what the trick was but I was soon to find out. "Here, now you just sit down right here," as he pointed to a place at the back of the boat, while he held onto me with the rope like I was a dog on a leash. Before I knew exactly what was happening he lifted me up and plunged me into that cold, dark water. As I hit the water, I was sure that the alligators that I'd seen earlier that day on the Jungle Cruise were going to get me and eat me alive in the dark. The boat was going and I was being dragged behind it. I held onto the rope so that I could stay facing forward. Reminding me of the Wizard of Oz programming theme, the man yelled, "Lions and tigers and bears, oh my." Then pointing into the dark water near me, he tapped into the Peter Pan theme I was also programmed with as he anxiously warned, "I believe there's an alligator there on your left, no I mean on your right, right there behind you, he's swimming right up behind you on your other left." I was frantically panicked; and in an attempt to make it all go away I squeezed my eyes as tightly shut as I could, and held onto the rope for dear life.

"You're a very strong little girl," he called out, "just like your father told me you were. You know, the survival of the fittest." Then he began to reel me back in and lifted me up by the rope as I climbed over the railing to get back on the boat. "You passed that test with flying colors! Your father said that this test would be easy for you."

I felt numb and my teeth were chattering from the cold. My dress was all wet and so were my shoes and socks and panties. I was freezing. My father always did talk to me about the 'survival of the fittest' and how I would be strong.

"You could fly like Tinkerbell does, across the sky at night attached to this rope like you

are. Should I leave it on so that you can fly with Tinkerbell tonight, high up in the sky?"

"No, sir," I replied looking down at the rope and shivering.

He laughed real loudly. "You know that you fly with her every time you see her fly; you fly high, high away from all the things you think you remember here, but none of those things really happen; they are all just figments of your imagination. Do you know what figments are?"

I shook my head no.

"Figments are fruit that you eat. And you have enjoyed all the rides here tonight and had a lot of fun and now it is almost time for you to go home. You know, like Mickey says in the song, "Now it's time to say good-bye to all our company, M. 1. C. K. E. Y. M. O. U. S. E.; you know the song on TV, the one that you hear when you watch the Mickey Mouse Club?"

"Yes," I said, now in total hypnotic, robotical program.

"When you see Tinkerbell and all the beautiful fireworks here tonight, you will remember the good and only the good things that happened here today and tonight. All the good will float up into your conscious mind just like Tinkerbell flies high in the sky, so will all the good things [that happened] fly high up into your conscious mind. You have had the best day here at Disneyland and want to return as soon as you can for more fun."

In a complete hysterical panic, my mother rushed up and threw her arms around me as if she was rescuing me. She threw some sort of dark cloth over me, and she and my father took me off the boat. She took me into a bathroom to change clothes near the Jungleboat ride. My mother ushered me into a stall and began changing my clothes without closing the door behind us. I was embarrassed. A lady came into the restroom and my mom said to her, "My daughter fell into the water and we are changing her clothes."

No wonder it has been difficult, at times, for me to trust my own awareness, even as an adult.

One night, my programmers decided I was to actually replace the real Tinkerbell in flight over the park at night in the dark. The men in park uniforms walked up behind the real Tinkerbell who was actually an older lady and this night she was in costume, ready to fly. The men told her to step aside, that I was going to fly that night. I didn't know where my mom and dad went and I was cold and scared. The woman was very angry. She wanted to do her job and yelled at the men but they told her just to relax, that she would still get paid and that no one would have to know she didn't fly and she could go home early and still collect her paycheck. Still angry she left and the men dressed me in a white Tinkerbell costume and strapped me into the flight harness. After I was secured, a man asked me if I was ready. He showed me where to hold onto the front straps so I

wouldn't get my hands or arms ripped off while I was flying high above the Magic Kingdom. The whole experience was terrifying. They must have given me a drug because everything appeared to be in lots of pictures like a camera with a whole circle of lenses of the same picture, like a kaleidoscope. As I flew, I felt afraid that I would fall out and splat below on everyone, but after a little while I became numb. I could no longer think or feel. I must have fainted because when I got to the other end of the sky ride, a few men removed the harness and tried to get me to come to. One man slapped me but that didn't even wake me up, then someone else put smelling salts under my nose and I woke up. I don't remember much else except I couldn't walk very well and had to be carried out of Disneyland. That night there were no stops on Main Street to get toys or a balloon or candy. I felt sick and laid in the back of our old Buick until we got home. My brothers didn't go with us, it was just my mom and dad and me. My father said I was the 'star' of the family. I didn't like being the star if that's how it was, but he seemed very excited about it.

Twin Sister Programming

My neighbors, my "second mother" Mary and her daughter Peggy, took me to a Hollywood theatre to watch The Parent Trap, a 1961 Disney Movie starring Hayley Mills. The theme of this movie helped to shape the reality of my inner "twin sister," Sharon. I was Susan and my twin sister was Sharon. This Sharon personality was created in an attempt to further split my mind and was anchored within my personality structure in order to house a vast reservoir of experiences with the elite. Sharon was to identify herself with "high society."

Now of course, my inner twin sister Sharon also had to have programming experiences at Disneyland. To accomplish that our neighbor Mary took me to Disneyland with her daughter Peggy, who was my age. At one point we visited the beautiful Magic Castle that is located in the middle of the Magic Kingdom. As I walked through the Castle, exploring the area, I rounded a corner and as I stepped into a darkened area, a man in a black cape that had been hiding in a dark corner of the castle stepped forward and grabbed me. He put his hand over my mouth so I wouldn't scream and he elbowed me in the stomach before he raped me. Then he took me in the direction of the dog kennels in the front of Disneyland where other bad things happened. Every year, Sharon had to watch the "President Show with Lincoln" that played in a theatre on Main Street and in order to keep her secret experiences hidden from her conscious mind, this twin sister part of me also had to be exposed to many of the same kinds of trauma.

Sharon was created to be Catholic, and Mary and Peggy often took me with them to Catholic mass. (They didn't know about my connection to Henry Kissinger.) I was taught about Holy Water and genuflecting and the Stations of the Cross and Confession and Hail Marys and saying the Rosary. Peggy let me borrow her rosary beads that had a little blue enamel picture of the Blessed Mary on it. I learned to say, "Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee," over and over again for each bead. We always had to wear a hat or a scarf. They had a lot of rules you had to follow. Had to get that Holy Water and dab it on yourself at your Stations of the Cross; forehead, heart then each shoulder, before you genuflected upon entering the pews. Then we knelt down and said the

Rosary for a very long time. With my childlike consciousness, I thought it was a dumb thing to do and kept asking everyone why we had to say that and what it would do, but all everyone ever said was that I asked too many questions. During the many times I attended mass with Mary and Peggy, I silently prayed to the statue of the Blessed Virgin and asked her to help me, although I was unable to "think" about why I needed help.

Sharon was a "child of the elite" and later on, serviced the elite, such as the Rockefellers. She was often the sexually-oriented personality when I was used for sex and mind file work. "Sharon" was my highly sexual counterpart and "Sue" contained the messages in mind files.

To further my split conditioning, there was a small stone building in a cemetery where the men in suits locked me in for the whole night. They took my clothes away from me, pushed me into the dark room and closed the door. It was cold on the concrete floor and I could feel spider webs in the corners. It was scary, so I just sat down on my feet in the corner, hugged my legs to my body and closed my eyes.

After awhile, an angel appeared. She said her name was Maria and that I was being prepared for the future. She said that she and other angels would help me and I would be "sustained." I didn't know what that word meant but felt like it was okay because I felt so much love from her. While my spirit self was sitting next to her on a bench, my physical body was still in that concrete room. She told me she would be very close to me later when I was older and could understand more. She explained that these people were unkind because they didn't understand, but that my angel friends loved me very much and would be there whenever I needed them. All of a sudden, before I was ready to leave her, I was back in the cold concrete cubicle, still sitting squatted on my feet and she was gone. I felt like I had traveled somewhere and I wanted to go back there because it didn't hurt and wasn't cold there, but I couldn't figure out how to get there. I had to wait for the angel to escort me. Everyone was always escorting me everywhere--on earth and in heaven. When the men came to let me out, it was still dark and they dropped me off at home. Entering the breezeway, I went through the back door, into my room and went to sleep.

The Golden Arches

Now of course, in order to insure that Sharon's memory was kept separate from my conscious mind, trauma had to be induced to create the dissociative barrier. Among other traumas, I was taken to St. Mel's Catholic Church in Woodland Hills and was molested by a short fat "Father," at the back of the church in a side room. This priest who spoke with an Irish accent and smelled like alcohol, pulled my hair while he sexually satisfied himself in my mouth. When he was finished with me, two men in suits escorted me to an awaiting limousine. I had short hair and wore a felt poodle skirt, flats, white socks and a white blouse. It wasn't unusual to see limousines lined up in front of this large Catholic church for use at funerals or weddings. It was nearing dark and once out of sight of the public, these men were very rough with me. They threw me into the back seat and once inside the limo I laid on the seat in a fetal position, rocking myself, terrified out of my mind.

Arriving at the new McDonald's, one man told me, "Look at the Golden Arches, they are your Highway to Heaven. Whenever you enter to cross over, you won't remember having been here." I went in as Sue and after I was drugged I came out as Sharon. I had no awareness that Sharon was me. In my internal, subconsciously created reality, I believed Sharon to be my physically separate, twin sister, but consciously I had no knowledge of any other part of me except Sue. All I knew was there were lots of times when I was told that I would be allowed to see my twin sister, my secret twin sister. I felt sad. I missed her desperately and I felt that she was always in danger and needed me. The man who was present to create this part of my programming was a very affluent and locally well-known and respected Catholic OB/GYN doctor, named Dr. McGinnis. He told me that I could find my twin sister in the bathroom, so I ran there to find Sharon. The doctor and another man followed me as I ran into the small one room bathroom that I entered from outside McDonald's, in tears desperate to find my twin sister. Once inside, as directed, I looked around and came out and told the doctor that he could come inside, that there was no one else there. I felt very robotic. Entering the small bathroom with me, he locked the door behind us and told me to sit on the floor in the corner of the stall. I did as he instructed. He took my arm and put it up on the toilet lid, slipped a rubber cuff around my arm and got a big needle out. As he injected the drug into my arm he commanded, "count backwards from three."

"One..." I started.

"NO!" The doctor yelled angrily. "I said backwards, starting from three."

"Three, two," I slumped over and passed out.

He began slapping my face and I couldn't wake up but he called out, "Sharon, Sharon, Sharon."

Finally after lots of slapping, Sharon said, "Yes."

"Get up and walk out to the car." The doctor commanded. Sharon obeyed.

He carried his black doctor's bag and we took off as soon as he got into the limo. I overheard him say to the driver that if he ever got caught he would just take his black bag and say he was on an emergency, that way no one would ever question him.

We drove down Ventura Boulevard to a jewelry store. The doctor and I went in, myself still switched to my twin sister Sharon. He told the store owner I was looking for a present for my mother, but I wasn't really. These people always told lies. He put a diamond bracelet on my arm and said, "You're used to jewels, remember?"

"Yes," I said, smiling. It was true that Sharon was used to riches.

"That is all you need to remember, that you're used to jewels." As we turned to leave, he

called out to the owner at the other end of the store to say that we were finished shopping.

Next, I was dropped off at a big house somewhere and taken downstairs to be filmed in child pornography. There were men in leathers and chains with guns. A man ripped my clothes off and sodomized me while another guy watched as it was filmed. Then I was chained up, whipped and filmed more. They liked it when I cried out. They said I had to, in order to make a good film, but I really wanted to be quiet and keep all to myself so it would ruin the film. They put a baby on a wooden table and killed her while I was being raped and they said her lifeblood was filling me and that I liked taking the baby's life into me. I didn't really. I didn't want them to hurt the baby, ever. But I had to smile and laugh while they filmed it or they said I would be killed, also. They made these snuff films often with babies or little girls. "The younger, the purer," the men said. They believed fetuses were the best to get the purest untouched lifeblood. They often ingested the flesh afterwards, and sometimes the heart, while it was still beating. It was terrifying, vile and disgusting. And they fed it to me for the filming. I was always forced to smile.

After it was all over I was taken by limo back to McDonald's, into the same bathroom where some man snapped his fingers in front of my face and said, "Susie, you've fainted," which, by calling out that name, switched me back into my conscious personality. Once revived, these men drove me to my street, dropped me off and told me to walk the highway to heaven into sleep. In program trance, I walked the short block home, went through the breezeway into the back door, and climbed into my bed. It was dark outside but the yellow porch light was on and I knew my way through the house with my eyes closed.

That night, alone in my bed, I said the prayer I usually said with my mother or my grandmother each and every night, "Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom His Love commits me here. Ever this day be at my side. To light and guard, to rule and guide."

I beg of you, dear reader, to be open to the possibility that these sorts of atrocities did happen, and that they are still happening to other children today, even right now at this very moment. Please open your heart and know that this could be true so together we can all put a stop to the abuse that terrifies and threatens to destroy the children.

McDonald's was often a part of my abuse whether I was in California or later away from home when after use in different states or countries, they took me to "The Golden Arches" and gave me coke (later aspartame-infused diet coke with a twist of lemon) and french fries. McDonald's was a very powerful program for repressing events of national and international usage.

The Foundation is Built

By the tender age of five, I was conditioned through torture and high tech hypnotic tect and electroshock, to hurt myself in many ways should I begin to remember the secret activities, was a part of. Per programmed suggestion, if I began to remember I would stub my big toe or burn myself on the stove, thereby removing my focus from the

remembered secret experienck and re-routing my attention to my wound. I was instructed where to cut my wrist in order to take my own life, should I begin to remember or tell. There were also accident programs instilled t insure my death if I began to remember. Endless programs were installed int in my life that were available for later use in suppressing my hidden activities

Over the years, I was told the following while I was being tortured, in an~ you remember, you will kill yourself; if you tell, people will think you are crazy and will loc you up in a mental institution; if you don't obey us, we will kill your family or your dog and ca if you tell, we will kill you." I had witnessed killings for years and knew these were not id threats.

My programmers also created within me, reporting personalities that were instructed to tell on me in regard to anything I did that was stepping out of line. This common feature of mind control is reported by many survivors.

"He called a little child and had him stand among them. And he said: "I tell you the truth, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."--Matthew 18:2-4

"See that you do not look down on one of these little ones. For I tell you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father in heaven."-- Matthew 18:10-11

Chapter Four: Uncle Charlie, Kissinger, Hope and their Little Puppet.

My Inner Twin Sister, Sharon Weatherby

I was paraded in many circles as a child, as Sharon Weatherby, and sitting on the fringes watching me was my Uncle Charlie. He told me that he would always be there, rain or shine.

Uncle Charlie was always at my father's Aunt Maude's when we went to visit her, just dad and me. He would be waiting for us on her little couch with the lace coverlets, the sheer curtain behind holding a green chameleon lizard that I thought was real until I got older. All decked out in a tan suit, his Dapper Dan shoes and a carnation in his lapel, Uncle Charlie smiled, shook my hand and winked at me. If he had on glasses, he would take them off to make sure I caught the wink and that was my cue to keep the secret. He told me before that it would hurt my father's feelings if he knew he wasn't really my father so I shouldn't ever mention it. "Otherwise," he said, "it would likely break his heart." I sure didn't want to hurt my Daddy anymore than he already was with his neck injury, slipped disk and parents who abused and didn't love him. And he loved me so much, unless he had to hurt me. Uncle Charlie said, "Unfortunately he has to do that to make you powerful one day." So when I met Uncle Charlie with my father the first time, I never let on that I knew him. Later Charlie said, "Young lady, that was the finest acting job I've ever seen. You're hired!"

Well I was "hired" at a very young age, but was never paid a cent. And Uncle Charlie was my representative, come to take me to meet first, Bob and, soon after, Henry. Sharon was indeed programmed to be precocious and one day reported the following joke repertoire to Henry and later to audiences Bob and Henry sent me to:

"I told my owners, it's enough that you clowns expect me to work for free. You know it was bad enough that they broke the child labor laws and I told them about that when I learned it in school. They just laughed. But on top of that was SLAVE LABOR, and I recited the Constitutional Amendment that was causing a problem in my internal mind file legal systems. I told Henry it kept getting thrown out and I pretended it was repeatedly escaping and leaping out of my right ear. He thought I was funny and told me to refile it anyway - then I was sent off for more reconditioning. I never thought they would stop with that stuff and I was right. Zap, zap, zap."

These were the type of jokes that Bob Hope programmed into me for shows when I was demonstrated to others that had similar mind control "interests." The first time I recited it to Henry for his approval, he raised his eyebrows and looked at me over his glasses; he usually seemed either pretty amazed or leery at the jokes Bob installed into me. I was too young and too fragmented to have come up with this type of material on my own.

In later years when people would ask Bob where I came from, Bob jokingly told them I was picked off a conveyor belt. He always teased about where I came from. Bob told me once that he chose me because there was that little something special that he saw in my eyes.

Henry created my personality system and Bob handled the dialogue, jokes, songs, dances, and entertainment, and supplied Henry with famous friends and connections from all over the world, including Hollywood celebrities and business and political connections. Henry said contacts were everything, and that he and Bob worked well together because, despite their differences, together they more than doubled their influence and efficiency. They did wield influence over a large group of people. Henry had the mind and Bob had the means and the connections.

Creating My Inner Universe

Henry worked with me more in the beginning to set up all my systems. He even marked my forehead all over with little x's delineating what he called a "stellar map" of my system. Then he had me look into the mirror and what I saw, in addition to my little five or six year old face, framed by short hair, was black x's all over me. He said those were planets within my inner universe of knowledge and that they were laying in wait for the day they would be occupied. Later he attached the foreign countries, using It's a Small World for the different planets. This kept the information totally separated since the planets had no way of communicating with each other. So all the information remained self-contained but held in orbit in the big blue vastness by stars. All the stars were used as mind files for different movie "stars" or politicians I was used with. The larger stars held larger files of personalities I was used with more regularly and the smaller stars were reserved for people I only saw on occasion. The largest stars were reserved for

Presidents, Kings, Queens, etc. The Council, that all-powerful group of men secretly orchestrating this whole drama, had very specialized, highly advanced satellite systems that traveled all over inside my mind, constantly monitoring my internal "worlds." They could also access interstellarly or interplanetarily and gain access to any information they wanted about any area or person in the system. Council members were the only ones who didn't have any security blocks throughout the system anywhere. They had full and total access like Henry. Bob's access was limited only by his ability to be able to fully access every part of the system. Henry just didn't inform Bob about planets or stars he didn't want him to know about. And Henry told me that he and Uncle Bob rode on little space cycles all around inner space in my head in order to police everything and make sure everything was always in perfect order, with no file on any planet or star ever getting out of order or loose. That way Henry kept my mind files in perfect order. Henry told me the mind files are limitless because the universe is limitless and contains an infinite vastness, always new areas to chart. Henry said it could never be full.

Kissinger And Ever More Sophisticated Programming

Kissinger was the mastermind behind my personality structure, and used others to further his creation. He was usually inside the top security places my father and others took me. There they did all the "prep work," they called it, before I was taken to Henry for his expertise. Prepping, to me, meant torture in machines, chairs, all sorts of horrors and then, when I couldn't function any longer, didn't know my own name, or if I was even real, they would take me to Henry. Henry had a notebook of diagrams he worked from. A "distilled" diagram meant that the original idea and intent had been identified and worked out, and the succeeding diagrams were a further refinement until the end result was total perfection. That's how Henry created my personality structure. Mind control was a secret weapon that he perfected over the years.

Henry had other "robots," as he called them, but I was the one with whom he spent the most time perfecting. He said I was the perfect subject and that my father had done such a great preliminary job that his work was guaranteed a success, where other robots fell short because they "bled through" and so couldn't be relied upon. I knew Henry had other robots because he said he had them for various and sundry things but said that I was the cream of the crop.

Henry said we had a "roving headquarters," and that was always his black briefcase. When I saw his briefcase I was programmed to feel familiar, and my surroundings didn't matter. I could now do my work knowing that everything was okay. At least that is what was suggested for me to think and feel.

As I grew older, I was taken to military bases for more sophisticated programming. Helplessly hooked up to high tech machines that did things to my brain, I had no way of understanding what these people were doing to me or why. I was placed in large metal chambers and left in isolation, sometimes spun, with colored lights, always with only one color at a time. I was restrained in sophisticated chairs with electrodes attached to my head, then electroshocked in a variety of ways. Sophisticated audio equipment also was used on me. Often loud, piercing sounds were relayed through earphones, usually

with different sounds being fed into each ear. I didn't know what exactly they were accomplishing with all of this technology, but I felt tortured by it.

Mind File System

I also continued to be taken to Disneyland for base programming for my government mind file system. At around 8 years old, Henry made up some clever programs to create a place and organization in my head for my international mind files. He created within my personality system one or two children for each nationality; as is similarly portrayed in It's a Small World ride at Disneyland. Henry said the international themes were to anchor in different mind file systems that he said were "culturally oriented." Around The World In 80 Days was a song I sang over and over again when either my mother or my brother played it on the organ or my brother would play it on his accordion. The words I was programmed to respond to were, "Around the world in 80 days, I traveled on when Hope was gone to make my rendezvous..." Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope continued to be cohorts over the years and played around the world with people and governments, as much as that song played repeatedly in my head.

Henry linked a whole array of different programs to the It's a Small World ride and said, "When you walk up to the clock you will hear it tick-tock and then you will dock; tick-tock, ticktock. Keep all information separate. Keep all information clean and neatly in its space with little walls in between." I walked up to the ride, and saw the huge clock tower going tick-tock, then I was told to file through the turnstile until I got to the ride. Henry meant for me to think my actual trips abroad were really just memories about this ride. Due to this programming I had trouble distinguishing reality from fantasy. Disney fantasy was really meant to hide my international experiences from my conscious mind.

Once I got off the ride Henry said something hypnotic to me to lock in the program. He spent a good part of the day with me at Disneyland. He was really funny to the personalities he was programming. I almost laughed when I first saw him. I knew it wasn't allowed, but he did look really funny in the disguise. He had on a beard, wig and hat. He looked okay, but I knew it was really Henry, and so I said, "Henry, why are you wearing those silly things?" I couldn't comprehend why he needed to pretend he wasn't himself.

In his thick-accented, deep, monotonic voice, he told me to be quiet and with irritation in his voice said, "You, my child, are too precocious."

Henry put me on ride after ride, and after I got off the rides, dizzy, nauseated, lightheaded, disoriented, frightened, or whatever, he told me to "listen intently," while he programmed all sorts of things into my mind file system.

"My Name Is Henry Sims"

Henry bought me popcorn and a balloon, too, just like my parents did in order to lock in the program. If people had known that Henry Kissinger was there at Disneyland that day, they would have been very surprised. And if I were the cause of him being recognized, I would surely have been terminated. I was never to allude to being

associated with Henry Kissinger. Henry gave me a lot of mixing up on that agenda by having me read "Henry books and cartoons," in his attempt to keep his identity anonymous to my conscious mind. He attempted to scramble my association to him by having me read a variety of books; one was about Henry and the donut machine. He was always whispering, "My name is Henry Sims," in my ear, so no one else could hear him. He also had me eat "Oh Henry" candy bars and read "Oh Henry" cartoons, after he'd given me a hypnotic command to wipe away all memory of him while I was reading or eating the above.

Sometimes Henry would drive us to a parking lot, where we got out and walked some distance to a shopping center or a waterway. Each time we were together, he usually wore a different type hat (sometimes a Dick Tracy one) and a stick-on mustache and/or beard. He used to have a square mustache and a square goatee to match. He wore those off and on. Henry was a master of disguise and could keep his roles straight. He seemed very smart to me as a child.

In the early days, Henry would tell people, "She's a smart cookie, isn't she?" That was when I was about 10, just before my big political White House sexual liaisons were to begin. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Carousel Program

Henry also programmed me in front of a carousel ride. He had me stand in front of the carousel but he wouldn't let me sit down on a horse or a bench on the ride. I was only 8 years old or so and I wanted to get on the ride and have fun, but Henry said I had to stand up outside of the ride. That day, the carousel in my mind had to be created with me standing up and the files in my mind were to glide smoothly and as easily as the carousel turning. Then it would come to a stop, like the wheel of fortune, at the country in the mind file that Henry would ask for. He told me, "There's a whole other world in your mind files, the whole world." Then he told me, "The carousel makes the files in your head turn easily and effortlessly." My programmers also linked memory of times I was spun until I was dizzy and disoriented in their attempt to keep these mind files under the cloak of national security. As I deprogrammed I often mentally bumped into spin, sleep, suicide, migraine, and drug programs that I had to fight through in order to get to the original experiences. I was often physically sick, as my program dictated, and suffered massive migraine headaches and pain in different parts of my body while retrieving this information I'm sharing with you.

Henry told me, "You are a computer and like magnets repel, if you try to work on a computer, your mind will repel. It will go away and you won't be able to think to operate it. That is of course unless it's "apple blossom time," which was a cryptic reference to New York. Later he programmed in "cherry blossom time," as a code for JFK. In 1991, some 30 years later, as I attempted to document my memories on computer from the island of Kauai, I was continually frustrated, as I would become disoriented upon starting to write my remembered experience. Often after I tenaciously battled my way through the journalizing of my memories, I would smile having won, only to become immediately disoriented, and look again the next moment to find that the information I

had just spent one to two hours documenting had been erased by another part of my personality structure who was still following the ordered command of my controllers. It was extremely frustrating, but I was stubborn and refused to give up!

Inner Clock Program

Henry programmed in reporting personalities so he could use them to debrief me in order to access the data he carefully requested I acquire on certain targeted information or individuals. He created a very sophisticated system that allowed me to have an inner clock that not only kept perfect time but, when asked, I delivered the time audibly, and also knew the times around the world and could even record and playback the time that events occurred for me each day. Henry would ask me, "What did you do between the hours of 8 and 5 on June 5th?"

I would recite, "At 8 a.m. I woke up, at 9 a.m. I took a shower, at 10 a.m. I saw so and so..." At anytime Henry could check the inner record to find out where I'd been, who I was with, and what I was saying or doing. He instructed the set-up to house, "who, where and what," and be able to enter "the schedule recording file" into the framework of the base program.

My most important job was to drop the message to people he sent me to, at the right time. Henry said timing was everything. So he taught me to drop messages at the perfect time and to look into the person's eyes and notice other facial mannerisms and how he or she was breathing. He said I would get it like "perfect clockwork." That was the actual name of a mind file category, to list and recite all the different world times so Henry would know exactly what time it was in each and every country in the world anytime he would ask me - and all this time and place orientation looped back into the It's a Small World ride and the Clock Tower programming.

Henry could remember file names and numbers better than anyone could. He always remembered the major ones all in his head. He had a small notebook where he kept track of other mind files; large lists for intricate blueprints, classified documents, and detailed listings under subheadings. The system of files he created was multi-leveled and multi-tiered, like a wedding cake. Henry told my respective personalities how it looked overall and created a picture in our head so we could see how it worked from inside. We also had an inside "teacher" that we could hear inside the head to teach, remind, command and organize. This teacher was important and worked inside subconsciously and separately with Henry, until I was thirty-six or so, when a chiropractor inadvertently connected my conscious mind up to my inner teacher, who later ultimately helped lead me to freedom. The result was that Henry's inner teacher program was made conscious and I was taught to my conscious mind what was previously subconscious, thus, my conscious and subconscious minds were linked together making the program even stronger and accessible to learning information from others. So, I was then consciously able to realize I was assigned my "inner teacher" and "inner guides," who really were just code names for projects or areas I was involved in. Then, I began to hear the codes consciously and it was activating subconscious personalities or material in my mind files. But once again I am getting ahead of myself.

Chess Anyone?

Henry played games with me; chess, checkers, tic-tae-toe, and concentration; all mind games "to create other files and nooks and crannies to store files," Henry said. He set up a system with a chess game that was intended to house cryptic messages between Henry and others. The Council contacted Henry and built a very strong relationship with him through lengthy discussions and information they sent to him through messages encoded in my mind file system.

Over time, Henry wooed them by creating very sophisticated (yet simple for the intelligent) ways of communicating through the coded chess game where each piece had a very specific meaning that he taught me to memorize in order to relay the code. Over time the secret players knew what the moves meant by heart. They were time worn. "You see the chess board like a clock and all the pieces are recognized in a clockwise motion," Henry instructed me under his hypnotic command. When the chess board was set up, all Henry (or the Council) had to do was to make a move on the chess board and I would memorize and carry the move, containing the cryptic message, back and it would be understood what was meant by the communication. Unilateral wars were directed; the players in the game of war were clearly demarcated. There were no mistakes because everything was programmed and cross-checked like a computer. My mind was programmed and catalogued like a machine, so there could be only absolute precision.

The chessboard was a bridge to the "other world" where my controllers all existed, "like when Dorothy went to Oz," I was told. Henry and Bob and Governor (later President) Reagan and the others were to be seen like Dorothy's friends and family--they existed over the rainbow while my mom and dad and friends were where Auntie Em lived, in the real world. "So just like in the mirror, everything is just the opposite of what you see. Like Sleeping Beauty looking into a pool of clear water and seeing her beautiful reflection, you will go over the rainbow, melt into it." "Over the Rainbow" was always going toward the world that was like Oz, that pretend world of Henry Sims and Bob. Everyone was on the other side, all I had to do was "walk through the liquid mirror to face the other side and that will immediately switch you and turn you around to face a new situation, calm, refreshed and invigorated. Every move, smooth and efficient," Henry instructed me.

The Older Look

Henry created many personalities inside of me who were programmed to be older and wiser than my young years, for his use with others. These personalities were formed and created by watching different selected movies as a child, like *My Fair Lady*. This was necessary, I overheard Henry tell others, in order to use me at 10 years old, passed off to others as a 16-18 year old. Since I was physically developed by 10 years old, they could pull it off, especially by creating very mature personalities to handle some of their very important clients. By that time I began having my hair done professionally once a week. My hairstyle was short and "chic," was the word Henry used. He needed to provide me with an older look and, in those days, everyone needed

me to be older looking, older acting, older everything. My hair was professionally styled every week, in order to more smoothly portray the very mature, polished personalities that he and others helped create for their use. One obstacle was during the time I had my braces on. At that time, there were occasions when I would be taken to my orthodontist, James Mulick, DDS., a UCLA graduate, and late at night, he would remove my front braces and then a day or two later after my use was over, he would replace them. Like everyone else, he was probably also under programming.

In those days, Henry accessed information from my mind files with needles that he stuck in between my knuckles, though never in public. When we were at a meeting or in a public place he just touched my hand to put me into a mind file mode, then he would cue me with key/code numbers to access the specific files he wanted. Later, he used a "time clock theme" and fortunately for me he abandoned the use of needles.

Over time, many personalities were specifically created and enhanced for future use with targeted people, such as presidents, entertainers or foreign leaders. There were "president mind files" that were created strictly for the President's use in whatever way they needed or wanted. I was instructed to wear pearls for times I was to be used strictly as a mind file, and diamonds when I was to be used primarily sexually with presidents, heads of state or world leaders.

I can still hear Henry's voice giving me the commands, with his thick heavy accent he said, "Your eyes are getting so sleepy a train wouldn't rattle you. Now when you are deep asleep you will be able to retain vast reservoirs of information for safekeeping and retrieval by me and only me. This information is safe, very safe, because it can only be accessed by me. Do you understand? Nod if you understand." I nodded my head. "Good," he said, "now we can begin with the taping of the message, 'Mr. President, I was aghast at your stance in Iran. Change directions and face east. The success of this operation depends on it.' "

Other memory compartments he created for other usage were seen to me, inside, as blocks of memory banks that housed information. They all had combination locks that Henry knew the codes to. Many had number and letter codes like, "16R, 17L, and 12 up straight." With the access code, the door to the memory bank in my head would swing open wide and I could go in and read the information Henry wanted. He told me the file to go into and I'd read through the alphabetical mind file system to get to the subject he wanted. Then, I read him the data or accessed messages directed to him from others.

Later on when I was older, I had numerical codes for laundering money to and from places he told me to go.

UCLA

Henry spent time at UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute in Westwood, California, in the area where they tested me and worked on my brain with all of their high tech equipment; bright lights, goggles, drugs, electroshock, cat scan tubes, etc. Henry walked with the big, heavy Caucasian doctor dressed in a white lab coat down the halls

and I walked behind them until we got to the double swinging doors, and then the doctor held one door open for Henry and I to enter. We all went inside and Henry told me to hop up on the table. The doctor examined my reflexes and looked into my eyes with different lights and gave me tastes and smells and all sorts of things that they said would powerfully effect my brain. Henry told me the doctor was my imaginary friend. He told me that was what I was to think, anyway. In an attempt to further scramble my brain the big doctor crossed his arms over his chest with his hands pointing in opposite directions and said, "Is it east or is it west? I don't know, I just get confused."

NASA

Another time doctors in white coats played perceptual mind games with me at a NASA installation. First they took me "through the course," they called it, and I was taken from chairs that performed different operations, like one that spun, then next to an isolation chamber. They put huge eye machines up to my face and had me close one eye and then the other in order to program each side of the brain separately. Some things were then reversed and programmed into another area of my brain through the opposite eye. They called this "cross-programming." For other functions, both sides of my brain had to be operating synchronistically. Information for mind file use was stored only on one side of my brain. Then, they allowed me to rest a moment before they injected me with some drug after which they put me through the course again (first by a woman, then by a man). They led me from each piece of equipment by the hand because at this point I was a total zombie. When I finished the third go-around of the course of equipment; they put me in a totally soundless isolation chamber. I don't know how long I was in isolation, but doctors in white lab coats released me and asked me questions. I was still spinning; I felt like I couldn't even prevent my head and eyes from continually spinning as I attempted to answer their questions. Focusing my eyes was very difficult. I can still feel and experience, to the point of abreaction, how awful and disorienting it felt. The doctors always acted very superior, but even as a child under mind control, somehow I was able to wonder, "who couldn't win with mind games, under these circumstances." I was only a child who had been put through torture and drugged, and now they wanted to ask me questions as if they were somehow better than I was. After one doctor finished questioning me, he would leave and another doctor would question and test me further.

At the time I was unable to consciously fathom the fact that that there was never any normal life for me. Only "acting" normal outwardly and for the public. Normal was what most people deemed acceptable behavior and I was told to emulate the normal people. So I copied behavior and was only allowed to be around certain people. All other relationships were not allowed. Both my mother and father watched me "like a hawk;" they said I wasn't allowed to go to social events that were not part of my programmed reality.

Henry Got Me into the Pentagon Lots of Times

In order to ready me for this assignment, Henry played "a bingo game" with me inside my head and directed me to the files in the Pentagon by a map he also created inside my head. In the Pentagon file room a code identified each filing cabinet in the room by

giving it a letter code for the row and a number code for the number of the cabinet, starting with # 1 at the left. There were 12 rows of 12 cabinets in the area. The floor beneath the cabinets was smooth concrete or marble-like. The files inside the cabinets were labeled with letter and number codes. You had to look up the document you wanted from a listing, to get to the code number in order to look it up in the files. These were kept on the opposite side of the building for security purposes so a person would have to break through two security systems to get to the document they wanted. None were just filed alphabetically, but had a different system altogether for security. The building's windows had those small wavy, wiry lines in them. But the file room didn't have any windows. There were different types of security systems. Some systems set and unlocked with cards, others with keys, and still others were heat, light, voice or pressure activated. In some areas there were red laser beams that shone through the area that housed the filing cabinets.

There were many times that he dressed me in different disguises; dressed me as a man, complete with beard and mustache, or a woman with padding to make me appear heavysset. These disguises were also successful in making me appear different ages. He often had hats that completed my disguise for a job. Henry disguised me and took me in one night. He only did the night entrance on one occasion, when there was an emergency that was worth the risk of abandoning me inside with instructions to self-destruct if apprehended. Henry did something to get an armed guard to agree to take me through the long, gray halls and lines of desks to the area where they had rows of file cabinets full of classified documents. Henry needed some information on a document, so he said something to the guard and the guard took me all through the building unlocking systems as we went. He took me up to the file room and just like in the game Henry and I had played, I went straight for the file cabinet, coded in the row and number on the map in my head. Like a rat in a maze, I knew my way exactly to the desired destination and I used a small flashlight that Henry had given me for this purpose. The file area had cameras that filmed the area, like in banks. Those had to somehow be shut down. Henry told me to pull the file, photographically memorize its entire contents within a prearranged mind file and minutes to completely "photograph" a multi-page document with my mind. There was no, enough time to read it, but I photographed it quickly, and then I returned to the guard. I think the agreement was that I could only have 2 minutes in an open drawer once I located the document I think Henry challenged guys that thought I couldn't do such things that fast or other things than seemed humanly impossible, so that he could get me into different highly secured buildings Henry also palmed guards and at other times got special clearances, or would work a deal out with a guard or the guard's boss. It was tricky because guards had to log their Henry would help provide them with an alibi for the time they were helping him.

During regular business hours, Henry would prostitute me to top Pentad, guards, whoever he needed to manipulate or access in order to gain the information he wanted. There were certain Pentagon officials who were more cooperative than others. In later years he took me to meetings with men at the Pentagon in order to "debrief" me in front of them.

At the Pentagon there was also an audio-visual room, as they called it back in the late 60's and early 70's, where persons with top clearances could go to see a movie (later videos), of top secret projects and other classified information. Henry got me in to see lots of those over the years. There used to be a large movie screen, but later a large monitor for video showings

Henry and The CIA

Henry sent many messages to the CIA through me. He flew me to New York to be picked up at the airport in a limo. Once in the office, Henry sat me in the large wooden chair that turned, in order to give me the message while he spun me. Later, I was driven with him while he sorted through my mind files, listened to messages from people, and inputted information on new projects until we reached Washington, D.C. Then he sent me into buildings and I gave the information to whomever I was told to and in whatever way Henry said. Most of the time se, was just an avenue to deliver messages or maybe just used as a payoff to officials who were willing to overlook their security command in order to allow me access to certain classifies areas. Henry was well greased into the inner network of the FBI and CIA. He and his groin made sure they had control over these agencies. The director was always "one of theirs," but Henry had a lot of important information to give these agencies in order for things to groove, like well-oiled cogs.

They sent me to "give a message to the man on the second floor in the hall who has a rep handkerchief in his left pocket and bumps into your left shoulder and leans over to say, 'Sorry little girl.' Then you tell him this message."

Henry had a lot of business with the CIA and the FBI and it was all a big secret. He sent m, in even at eight and nine years old to deliver some of his most sensitive information to the most sensitive of connections. It all began with him spinning me in the wooden chair and inputting the message. Then he would have someone deliver me to the destination where I passed off information, often to older, very dignified, wealthy looking gentlemen. Sometimes I "ran into". cute little old man with white hair who bumped me on the shoulder and dropped something on the floor like a rose, handkerchief, or key ring and as we both bent to get it, I'd deliver information. Sometimes it was a long string of numbers and sometimes just a word like "Ajax, or "coma," or "barley him "or "make him into a ham on rye," or "tonight, 3 a.m. Federal Building job."

Chain Of Command

My chain of command was Henry first and then Bob. Henry Kissinger created Sue and Bob Hope created Sharon, and initially they were to only work with their respective sides of my personality structure. Messages could be sent through the inner personality system. Bob was never to access Sue and Henry wasn't to access Sharon, but Henry taught many personalities how to send messages back and forth through the system in order to get information about Sharon without accessing directly through her and thereby keeping it secret from Bob that he was breaking their agreement. Henry created "inner runners" that took messages from Sue to Sharon and then replied back without ever having to have Sharon present. It worked well, but Bob didn't access Sue. Since

Bob didn't create my personality infrastructure, he lacked the sophistication to know how to access information without being caught and he knew Kissinger would find out because Henry programmed me to always tell the truth. I couldn't do otherwise and I would tell on Bob because Henry told me, "You watch him and tell me everything he does."

After lots of contact with Henry, he said, "Like in a good marriage, after awhile there is unconscious communication going all the time." He meant that it was like knowing each other so well that you know each other's thoughts, and that's how he trained me to be attuned to him.

In the early years lots of my instructions came by way of the telephone. My controllers would call out a specific personality's name and I would switch to her, listen for instructions and when they said, "Bye Sue," I'd switch back to my regular personality, with no conscious awareness of the event.

Bob took me to more places as a child to gain experience, but Henry just sat me in the chair a lot and read instructions or stuck that big pin in my thigh or hand, and gave me things to look at to "take a picture with my inner camera."

Who Would Suspect a Kid?

Henry had his driver take us to different parks in New York and they would let me out. I was eight or nine years old one time when Henry told me to, "walk toward the man in the blue suit," and when he dropped his handkerchief I was to give him a message. When I walked back to the car, Henry said, "You're some kind of homing pigeon." He called me that often when I was little and doing "errands" for him. He wanted me to have short hair so he could disguise me to look like a boy or a girl, whatever the job required. He had me be everything including "invisible"--that is, hidden inside of a box that was transported into a large warehouse. Of course I was instructed that once inside, to wait two hours, get out of the box and come and unlock the warehouse, and if necessary I was instructed in how to break the security code to get out. Like Henry said, "Who would suspect a kid?"

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us..." --The Lord's Prayer

Chapter Five: Initiation into the Political Arena as a Sex Slave

My father sold me as a prostitute to neighbors and business contacts. He programmed me to ride my bike to the gas station at the corner of Ventura Boulevard and Fallbrook Avenue in Woodland Hills. Mr. Teesdale and Mr. Roberts owned the station. Frank, the auto mechanic and gas station attendant who worked there, traded my father free gas and auto servicing in exchange for having sex with me in the bathroom at the station. That went on for several years. The gas station has since been demolished and in its place stands a large office building, but the memories of what happened to me remain. He also took me to the next door neighbor, Mr. Faciano, to perform sexual favors,

always in exchange for twenty dollar bills. My father also sold me for sex to groups of men who met at the welding shop he owned. These men took me by the hand, behind Smitty's Wood Lot, and sexually abused me (I performed oral sex, or they would rape or sodomize me) in exchange for cash paid to my father. My father, and later my brother Rick, who through a series of events ended up owning the family welding business, sold child pornography out of the shop. These pornographic materials were kept behind a corrugated metal wall and sold to interested customers when they came in. (My brother may not be consciously aware of his criminal activities.) Over the years, I was well trained, through trauma and sexual abuse, in line with the technology that was shared with my father so he could condition me for a higher level of future use.

One night at the dinner table my father announced that the actor, Robert Taylor, had been in to visit him again. I never knew why a famous actor like Robert Taylor would want to visit my father at his welding shop, but even though I couldn't yet piece the separate parts of my mind together enough to understand, I was impressed nevertheless. During this time when I was around 8-10 years old, my father told me that Robert Taylor watched a ballet performance where I danced the Swan Lake ballet on toe shoes. I wore a pink sequined leotard with pink sequined straps and the outfit had pink feathers attached to it. I had a pink-feathered headband that made it look like I had pink feathers all around my face, like a swan. Later on I found out that Robert Taylor liked child pornography; my father sold it to him from his welding shop, and he also liked sex with 7-10 year old girls.

This was an important time of deciding just how far I would "go." Dad wanted me to go all the way to the top. He said he was so proud of me and together we'd make his father Ivan, a proud grandfather.

My father had a group of pedophile friends with daughters my age. They traded us sexually and each independently participated in filming us pornographically, sometimes including bestiality. I had many personalities who were trained both in porn and prostitution.

Corbin Bowl

At age seven, I was further trained by older women prostitutes in a back room at the Corbin Bowl, located on Ventura Boulevard in Tarzana, California. I was taught the "tricks of the trade," most of which I already knew from years of sexual abuse. The prostitution and pornography I was a part of was a highly organized activity.

There were times a personality within me was programmed and used to entice and kidnap other children off the street and into a big black car. The kidnapped children were initially kept in cages in back rooms and then used in pornography and usually killed, often in snuff films. We were all shocked with cattle prods or other electrical devices for lots of different offenses. Pornography was filmed at the Corbin Bowl, with other children, women, men, and animals. Perhaps this is where many of the missing children, whose faces we see so often on postal cards or billboards are disappearing to and why they are never found. At this young age, I was also locked in a small, darkened

room with a bed and sold as a prostitute to large numbers of men in a day. The people in charge left ropes, whips, and sex toys for use by the men who paid for sex with me.

One of my father's pedophile friends and partners in the child porn and prostitution business was Dean Hartshorn. Although Dean was nearly 20 years younger than my father, their shared sexual perversions kept them close friends. Dean and his family lived in the Encino Hills area and he operated a pesticide business. Dean had a beautiful daughter, named Donna, who had the blondest hair and bluest eyes I'd ever seen. She was traded to my father for sex and I was traded to Dean and some of his friends and relatives. The Hartshorn family joined my family on vacation several times a year and Donna and I were filmed as we performed sexual acts with numerous different people.

Other Locations

Over the years I was taken to many different locations and filmed and/or programmed. Some of these were: Turlock Lake, Mount Shasta, Clear Lake, Lake Arrowhead, Bass Lake, Lake Cachuma, Lake Isabella, Millerton Lake, Pine Flats, Lake Elsinore, Big Bear Lake, La Jolla, Mission Bay, Salton Sea, Coronado, San Juan Capistrano, the Colorado River, Lake Mead, Lake Mohave, Lake Havasu, Death Valley, Las Vegas, and other places we went for so-called "waterskiing vacations."

Cliff Spear was also a pedophile friend of my fathers. His daughter Debbie (also known as DeeDee) was my age and was in my brownie troop and class at school. I was traded to Cliff by my father, and was molested by him every time I spent the night at Debbie's house. In the middle of the night, Debbie and I, and sometimes her younger sister Jana, were awakened and taken to Cliff's carpeting business to be filmed pornographically.

Guy Cooper was a man who filmed me in porn at his home in Hidden Hills, with his younger daughter, Buffy. In this porn I was also forced to have sex with animals, some of them large farm animals. You can imagine how shameful and degrading these experiences are to a child.

To my knowledge, my father's affiliation was not limited to any single group, nor did he subscribe to membership in any group for any length of time. Instead, his membership was temporary, as he moved from one group to another, suiting my programmer's needs for the time. The groups I am aware of that he attended for different periods of time were the Lions Club, Ku Klux Klan, and Neo-Nazi groups. Publicly and consciously my father adamantly professed that he was not prejudiced against any race or religion and taught me not to be racially prejudiced. In private, secret gatherings with like-minded men, he witnessed and participated in ceremonies where they humiliated, tortured, dismembered and killed Black people and Jewish people. I know, because as a child I was present at some of those "meetings."

I was taken often to rituals that were performed late at night. One incident that stands out in my mind was a night near my 10th birthday when a group of men sacrificed a Black man, saying it was done in my "honor," to give me power. As I watched in sheer

panic, devastation, and horror, they tortured and then threw this man alive into the bonfire. To withstand this extremely traumatic event, I split off another personality to deal with it. On another occasion, as a Fourth of July event, a small child was delivered by a black sedan to my father at the gully at the end of our street. I watched in horror as my father strapped a homemade bomb he had made to this little boy's body and told me he was so powerful he could make the child live or die. The next thing I knew the bomb went off and the child was nowhere to be found. The tactics used to keep me dissociated and split were endless.

The Shriners

I remembered my father and our Shriner neighbor, Jack Rice, taking me to a meeting where a group of men, all wearing red Shriner hats, sat at tables. My father was given a Shriner hat and acted like he felt uncomfortable wearing it. I was patriotically wearing a navy blue v-neck dress with a large white sailor collar. Mr. Rice sat on one side of me and my father on the other. They ate dinner but I just sat at my place in a daze and didn't eat anything. One of the Shriner's stood at his table and clinking his glass to get everyone's attention, he announced, "We have a little member here tonight to entertain and delight you. Please welcome her with a round of applause."

I walked up onto the stage and began dancing to The National Anthem. "Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light," the words played as I danced and slowly began taking off first my dress, then my shoes, pantaloons, nylons, bra, and panties until I stood dressed only in a tiny tasseled white satin g-string. Why I didn't strip all the way I don't know. All the men cheered and after I was through Mr. Rice stood at the bottom of the stage stairs to take me backstage to dress. He held out his arm and I took it. I felt like I was blind and couldn't see to find my way so he led me as he recited the program he had continually taught me to memorize, "There was a man who had no eyes and he went out to view the skies, he saw a tree with apples on it, he picked no apples off but left no apples on it." It was a "blind" program and I was told I couldn't see while I was there. Mr. Rice led me to a back room. It wasn't like a dressing room, just a side room. He gave me some kind of red robe to wear, "They'll bring your clothes on into us in awhile, we'll just wait." Other nights at different Shriner places, there were satanic rituals where I was raped on an altar in front of the group of robed men. There were many other Shriner meetings; lots of them disguised "under the big top," at Shriner circuses. Circuses were a place of trauma over the years and I usually ended up getting hurt.

My neighbor Peggy and I performed Alice in Wonderland in what seemingly appeared to be an innocent backyard neighborhood play for these elderly neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Rice. They sat on their patio, having cocktails like they always did at happy hour and watched while we performed. In the middle of the play, Mr. Rice wiggled his finger and calling me over to him, he said, "Come here, Susie, I want to tell you a secret." I stood by this elderly man's chair on the patio and he motioned for me to bend over so he could whisper a secret to me. His pungent alcohol breath permeated the air as he said, "I have a little surprise that will help you act out the play better," and he put a small role of lifesavers into my hand and told me, "open your mouth for the next surprise." Naively and with complete trust, I opened my mouth as he said, "Close your eyes for the hidden

surprise, and remember the real surprise is in your hand." Then he reminded me, "open your mouth for the hidden surprise."

In childlike innocence, I kept my eyes closed, waiting in anticipation for the surprise. Mr. Rice placed something in my mouth that was round as he said, "This is a heavenly wafer, my dear, a hidden heavenly wafer, in which you will appear." I didn't know what he meant but I began feeling very weak and funny inside, just like Alice in Wonderland did. Then he said, "Go finish your play now and act your part. Your part is about to start, so don't be late for a very important date or you will end up in trouble over and over and over again. Always obey the white rabbit, follow him inside for he has the time of day in which you will play. So go now and play your play. Which is it, play? The play or the play?"

In a confused stupor, I walked back over to my friend Peggy and entered the play again, saying my part, which was, "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date."

Mr. Rice was my date at other evening affairs with the Shriners, some where I was even the "altar girl" but it wasn't like a sacred ceremony at the Catholic Church, instead, I was taken to satanic rituals. They were really bad rituals where I was raped on an altar in front of lots of Shriners late at night, in dark outside places and they hurt and tortured me in the name of what they called, "the holy one."

Peggy and I also performed The Parent Trap for the Rice's. This was a way of cementing and concretizing the Susan and Sharon twin sister programming. I played Sharon in the backyard play and Peggy played Susan. We even cut my dress just like in the movie.

As I remembered what had actually happened, in full detail, instead of merely recalling the small slice of conscious reality of this past event, I could smell the Rice's home, Mr. Rice's alcohol breath, and his daughter Joanie's perfume, which was strong and also had an alcohol base to it. Hidden behind all the fairy tales and seemingly good things were painful memories of the places I was taken to for programming.

The Onset of Puberty

I began puberty around this time and my father snuck into my room like he always did at night. He explained to me while I was in a haze of sleep, that I was of the superior race, that I was of Aryan descent and that he was proud of my blond hair, green eyes, and fair skin. At the time, I had no idea what he was talking about and ignored it, pretending I didn't hear him.

I started menstruating at ten. This heralded abuse in rituals which involved being raped and impregnated, sometimes twice a year. When the fetuses were two to three months old, they were aborted at rituals and ingested by members of the group in order to fulfill the beliefs of the group; that it made those participating "more powerful." These were devastating, deeply traumatizing, and soulfully painful experiences, the memory of which was repressed along with all the other traumas. These traumatic events served

as mind control reinforcement, to insure amnesia of my use in pornography, prostitution, and later projects I was to serve in.

By the end of the 5th grade, when I was almost eleven, I had gone through puberty, was fully developed and had already had my menstrual cycle for a year. Despite the abuse, I was programmed to be an average student, with many "school" personalities who helped me act like a "normal kid." Often I displayed behavior problems in school, as I acted out, due to what was secretly going on at home and at other dark, hidden places. My teachers merely passed off my joking and constant disruption as typical mischievous behavior and I won an award for class clown. I also had personalities who were totally amnesiac of any of my abuse who were able to function normally at school. As I entered junior high school, I did the things that normal kids do; I was a cheerleader, performed in the chorus, sang solos at school performances, won awards for the most beautiful smile and for being the class clown, and obtained other awards for service. And my mother had the cleanest house in the neighborhood.

To all outward appearances, all of these families I've mentioned, seemed to be normal, upstanding citizens of the community. NO one would have ever suspected that, in secret, all of this abuse was occurring. The mothers kept clean children and clean houses, smiled and were polite and caring in public, and the fathers acted charming and were considered responsible businessmen in the community. What went on behind closed doors--that no one wanted to believe or hear about, not even my school principal--was the spiritual, physical, and emotional devastation of many, many children.

In my desperation to obtain help or understanding, I started very early trying to figure out what was wrong. I kept bumping into mind control programming that re-routed my thoughts, and exasperated with my statements and questions, my mother constantly "re-minded" me from her own programming, "You just think too much!"

When I turned eleven, my father announced he was flying me to his small hometown of Correctionville, Iowa, to meet my grandparents. I was surprised by this invitation, as family problems had estranged my father from his parents for years ...in fact, from even before my birth. My father never had anything pleasant to say about his parents. But I was excited to fly on an airplane (which I mistakenly thought was my first time) and curious about meeting my grandparents for the first time. The telltale fact that my father hated them, and had stolen their car and run away from home at fifteen never entered my thought processes. Nor was I able to wonder why my mother and brothers were not invited to go along. Unfortunately, due to the mind control I was under, I did not have the ability to question or to wonder about anything along certain lines. I merely went along with what I was told to do.

I was impregnated several months before we were to go to Iowa. My mother took me shopping to a clothes store called Stardusters. It was like Hollywood there. The saleslady picked out dresses and took me into the dressing room and, in spite of my embarrassment, dressed me in outfits complete with accessories. My mother bought me several expensive outfits, complete with hats, belts, purses and fancy, frilly

undergarments, although she wore old, ragged clothes and at home the word was that we were broke.

On the way home from our shopping spree, my mother took note of my maternally pooching tummy, and over the next few months, yelled at me constantly saying, "Hold in your stomach." Neither of us consciously knew that I was pregnant and I tried my best to hold in my tummy. During my teen years, I was usually anorexic, very thin, and didn't eat much, so the fact that I was pregnant for a month or two was not easy to detect, especially to those who wouldn't have ever expected it.

My paternal grandfather, Ivan Charles Eckhart, was a Jersey Ice Cream manufacturer, a multimillionaire and mayor of the town of Correctionville, Iowa, where he lived with my grandmother. Later on he won a landslide election to become the supervisor of the Third District and for years was involved in both local and state politics.

My paternal grandmother, Leah Eckhart, was a small but angry-tempered woman. Now I understand why. Instead of sleeping upstairs in the plush bedroom with my grandfather, she slept in the bare cement floored basement on a small cot. At the time I could not question or wonder about that either. My grandparents are now both deceased, left with never having the opportunity of understanding or healing the intergenerational abuse that created this problem to begin with.

I had many traumatic experiences on my visits to Iowa. I suppose, back then, my father's return visit to his parents appeared just to be a family reunion, but nothing could have been further from the truth.

While in Iowa, I had the first of several forced abortions, which was performed in a torturous fashion by a local doctor. Although I was actually raped and made pregnant at a ritual, I was humiliated and shamed for becoming pregnant. As in all trauma-based mind control, everything was a double-bind. I was blamed and shamed for everything that happened, none of which I ever had any control over. My baby, which was not yet old enough to be born alive, was nevertheless a perfectly formed fetus. My grandparents and my father performed a ritual behind their house in which they convinced me that I had killed my own baby (it was obviously born dead), and they ate it and forced me to participate. Since I was suffering from Multiple Personality Disorder, this traumatic experience, along with many others, was stored neatly away from my conscious mind, hidden in alternate personalities, and sealed away from my conscious awareness by programming that covered and hid the truth of my life.

One night after returning to my grandfather's house, somehow the experiences that terrified me were not so neatly hidden from my consciousness and in an act of panic and desperation, I frantically tried to phone my mother to ask her to help me. Overhearing me, my grandfather grabbed the phone out of my hand and proceeded to rip the phone out of the wall and in retaliation, tied me to the post of his iron bed frame for two days, while they went out of town. My grandfather was very brutal. But my father was very proud of the human technology I possessed. He was pleased to be able to

show his father all of my "trained" abilities.

During the remainder of the time we were in Iowa, I was forced to entertain my grandfather's business and political friends. I danced naked on the table at meetings and performed sexual favors for many of my grandfather's associates. To demonstrate my abilities, my father prompted the men to use their cigars or cigarettes to burn my vaginal area as I kneeled before them. My father wanted to demonstrate that I would smile and show no signs of the pain due to mind control. After these meetings, I was connected to a higher level of politicians.

From then on, when my father took me on our yearly trips to Iowa, I was slowly connected to more and more political figures. In the meantime, he used me wherever he could to get cash, or more often, courtesies for favors. We started having enough money to go out to dinner, which was a treat we could not previously afford. It's likely that some of the money came from my father's payoffs from my use in porn and prostitution.

Training Farms

There were child and adolescent training centers called "farms," that I believe were located in Montreal, a city in the French Canadian Province of Quebec. I was taken to one for "grace training," and to step up the etiquette and formal training I would need to be used a notch higher. Other teenage girls were also there in training. It felt like a prison. I think I was there for a week - it was difficult to determine the actual span of time. It had to be winter because it was chilly and windy outside, and the trees were barren and there were leaves on the ground. This place was located out in the countryside. It wasn't on the way to anything so if anyone came near they could easily be identified as intruders. We were seen to public eyes as unwed mothers. We even had to stuff a pillow in our pants and go into town every once in awhile. I slept with other girls in a white farm building that had cement floors and cots with mattresses that lined the room. We all compliantly took the medicine they gave us every morning. The people that worked at "the farm" changed daily, men and women both, but never the same ones two days in a row. We ate dinner and we all got into bed, then someone told us a story. They treated us like a herd of cows and we all totally obeyed instructions; there was no fuss and no fight, just total obedience.

I was taught how to walk elegantly with a book on my head and had to be able to squat down without dropping the book, and then stand up again. I was assigned to work with language input tapes in a small sound room equipped with headphones. I was given a mirror to look into to practice making certain sounds. All the instructions were given to me auditorily, even down to, "hold your mouth like you are saying A or O," and then I heard the sound I was to mimic. Once I learned the physical impressions of how to make the sounds they could easily attach language skills. I don't know how it all works, but later they had me lay down with headphones on while they played sounds so fast that I couldn't hear the words. Later they said that it had "worked," and that I had received French language enhancement. The lady explained that in most foreign countries it was proper to ask for a translator, but it was to be common background for

the upper class to at least speak fluent French and Italian, and preferably German and Russian also. Since I was going to be used with foreign people and in foreign countries, I had to know their languages and customs.

I was also shown movies from a film projector onto a screen. I saw films on different foreign countries in order to obtain the necessary culture. They instructed me, "Put this in your China file," and then I would watch a movie intently recording all of it, the places, the names, dates, historical facts, everything. Then later on when Henry and I arrived in these foreign lands, I was familiar with their cultural background so I wouldn't make a faux pas.

All we did at the training farm was eat lightly, sleep and learn; input was ingested in large quantities for later use. Henry didn't visit me there. He said he might stop in to check on me, but he never did. Beforehand, he tied my Wizard of Oz programming to this event when he told me to believe, "I left my bed in Kansas, and went on the wings of a tornado to the farm." When I came back "to Kansas" I woke up in my own bed in California and was very, very sick. My mom took care of me and told me that I had the flu. I had a high fever and was a little delirious. I couldn't even manage to keep my eyes focused. I felt exhausted and so sick that I couldn't sleep, so I lay in my bed and prayed to die.

During summer vacation one year, Mr. Rice, our Shriner neighbor, re-introduced me to his daughter, Joanie Rice, who was visiting for the summer from her home in White Plains, New York. She was much older than I and was very attractive. She wore lots of makeup and jewelry, and wore a heavy perfume called Royal Secret. During that time, my maternal grandmother who lived with us had to be put in a rest home and my mother visited her every day, so Joanie, stayed to babysit me and played with me by our pool in my mother's absence. It all looked like a nice arrangement from the outside, but her presence was planned to further my programming. She taught me to be "dignified." I heard that word over and over and over. She taught me social etiquette--to act polished, to have good manners, and she was there to voice-program me when the men came with the equipment. At these times, she and a group of men held me down on the couch, drugged me, placed a band around my head, which they retrieved from a black briefcase full of special equipment including bright lights and machines which delivered different sounds and instructions. I was given names of politicians and programmed with instructions that, when I saw them on TV or heard them on radio, I was to become completely amnesic of who and what I was involved in. She also programmed me from lists of numbers and codes. Other years, I was flown to her glamorous apartment in New York. She escorted me to Washington, DC at first, so I wouldn't feel afraid or alone and could work at my maximum capacity. My mother and I also began to wear Royal Secret perfume, like Joanie.

Twenty-nine Palms

My family bought property in Twenty-nine Palms, California and built a small cabin on the desert land. One weekend my father explained that my mom needed a little time to herself since her mother had just passed away. I, too, was sad that my grandmother

had died. My controllers told me she went to the streets of hell as evidenced by the blood coming out of her face. She died of high blood pressure, which caused the bleeding. But they said she went to hell and I hoped she would come back alive so we could re-route her. But after awhile that didn't scare me because I knew my "Gram" didn't go to hell. Although in a programmed state, my grandmother participated at times in my abuse, I knew she was really a nice quiet, gentle woman, who like my mother, never would have intentionally hurt anyone.

So, my father took my brothers and I to our Twenty-nine Palms cabin and one day they involved me in a sex ritual. They got me drunk, then stripped and tied me by my wrists and ankles face up in the sand in the intense desert sun. They seemed so excited as they did this to me. My father painted a satanic pentagram and green swastikas on my body. Later on, as it began to get dark he poured gas in a wide circle around me and once it was really dark he lit a match which started a fire burning all around me. I thought they were going to cook me. They put a half-dead, sandy, horned toad in my mouth and told me to hold it there. My brother Rick was running all around in an excited frenzy and my brother Jim was there also. At this ritual, in addition to traumatizing me, they were being taught how to be in charge. I was raped by all of them and their friends.

My Future Marriage Was Arranged In 7th Grade

During this time, I attended Hale Junior High School, which was located directly across the street from our church, the First Presbyterian Church of Woodland Hills. It was at Hale, in the 7th grade (we were thirteen), that I met Craig Ford (Robert Craig Ford). One afternoon, my mother picked me up from school and I introduced Craig to her. After Craig left and I got into the car, my mother announced, "That is the boy you will marry." I laughed and asked her how she knew. She said she just knew. I never questioned further. Craig asked me to go steady soon afterward.

Over the next several years, Craig and I were "bonded" to each other through crossprogramming and shared trauma to insure that Craig was under sufficient mind control to later serve as my "handler." A ritual at the First Presbyterian Church served to seal our bond, and soon other more sophisticated means of programming were utilized.

White Programming Vans

Large white vans with men in suits in the back picked us up at differing locations in Ventura and Oxnard, California, and directed us into the back of the van. Specialized equipment in briefcases and other larger equipment in the van awaited us. They routinely beat Craig in front of me to demonstrate what a weakling he really was and how powerful and in control of me they were. They would slap me around in front of him, as well, to show him how powerless he was to help me and how much in control they were.

Electroshock was used on both of us, first by inserting and activating an electric prod in my vagina and then delivering the same to Craig on his penis. We were forced to watch in a dissociative, trance state as the other was tortured and traumatized as they readied us for programming.

The bond that was formed by shared trauma was profound. It created subconscious feelings of being in this whole mess together and enforced the feelings that we would never be able to get out. After they had sufficiently worn us down, they strapped us into sophisticated chairs and hooked us up to electrodes. Tones were combined with electroshock in order to create access cues that gave them quick and easy access to us both later on. Hypnotic suggestions and love songs were presented to us, in order to facilitate our "falling madly in love." In fact my controllers created an entire system of songs intended to invoke selected, preordained feelings toward Craig and others. The list of songs was added to and cultivated over the years depending on what attitudes and emotions they wanted to create within me. These songs were some of the strongest measures of control and literally created what I thought were my own feelings about Craig, but which really were contrived feelings created to support the interests of my controllers.

Combined with scenarios such as this, my brothers and their muscle-bound friends would intercept us when we were parked after a date to kiss. They pulled Craig out of the car and beat him up as they instructed him not to touch me sexually. Then one of them would rape me in front of him as they restrained him nearby, rendering him once again powerless to help.

All these conditioning experiences served to "prepare" Craig to robotically deliver and hand me over to other men, then step aside while I passed messages or serviced them sexually. It was always his job to make sure I was delivered to the right place, at the right time, to the right person, and for many years, that is exactly what he did.

I didn't have sex with Bob Hope until later. Bob said the wait would do him good, "give him something to look forward to," and then he would lean down and poke me and do that ole' softshoe dance. He did that often. He said, "I like my fruit ripened, not plucked before its time." At other times he would say to his friends when I was around, "See, I know how to pick my fruit, huh?" Then he'd say, "Hey kid, get me some grapes," and I'd go get them and he would show off how cute and efficient I was. He was always showing off my new acts. He would say, "Do your Coca Roca dance." So I'd do a dance. Then he would say, "No, the other Coca Roca," and I'd take off my clothes while dancing. Or he would have me sing I Enjoy Being A Girl, which was a song I sang for a junior high school performance and later for him and others.

The Theater in the Round was built and opened in Woodland Hills and drew large crowds to watch the live action plays that were performed in the round theater. I attended the plays often and it was there that I was prostituted to Bob's friend, Sammy Davis, Jr. It was a brutal event that I "forgot" about as soon as he was through with me.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind..." -- 1 Corinthians 13:4

Chapter Six: JFK and the Sex Shuttle

During a demonstration of the high level of technology available to those willing to join the ranks, Henry masterfully delivered a slide presentation of the mind control technology. I sat in the darkened room in "park mode," with my conscious mind seemingly blocked from the information, yet carrying out the command of my master to perfectly record all that went on around me. First Henry flashed a slide of me in my normal California life. He said, "Who in their right mind would believe that this kid was having sexual relations with the President of the United States?" The men agreed. Then he followed by a series of slides of me artfully made up, dressed formally and in different disguises. The men were amazed at the difference.

Many men were brought into the cause simply because they wanted to own a piece of the rock and have their own robots to do their work or create their pleasures: At first they were given just bits of information at a time, to determine if they would be cooperative. Then they were given a little more information to test the waters to see if they were ready for the final blow. Usually dozens of meetings occurred on superficial levels before any real information was given out and that was only released when the men were "deeply committed," which meant that they would be compromising themselves or their family if they backed out at a certain point.

In the beginning when Henry was cultivating my relationship with JFK and insuring him of my security guarantees, Henry didn't fill me with much of an agenda except to give JFK the "royal treatment," which meant the same as Bob's (Hope's) full smorgasbord of sexual positions and favors. Henry told me to carefully note everything JFK said and did for debriefing afterwards. Henry had a challenge with JFK because as he said, "he's so damn self-initiating," and so Henry couldn't have me take the lead, thereby slipping in comments intended for Henry's covert purposes. So for awhile in the beginning, he just let me be with JFK so that he would get used to me, and Henry said, "Then a plan will inevitably open up."

Kissinger didn't spend a lot of time with JFK. They spoke but it was like they were "...polar opposites and constantly repelled each other," Henry said. But Henry, and especially Bob as the front man, got to JFK and paved the way for his acceptance of me. Once we were in, then Henry started strategizing heavily. That is what happened after I began having sex with JFK. Henry said, "Mind files were created to delight the young president." As Kissinger counted on, JFK was a romantic and seemed to get caught up in many of the messages I delivered to him. The messages made him feel good and Henry wanted him to feel good and powerful with me. I was delivering high level Council messages created by Bob and Henry, that Henry instilled in me to deliver to "John-Feeeee," that's what I called him. They got a war underway through JFK, a big war that was to influence not only America but also the international climate.

It was as common for foreign dignitaries, heads of state, senators, congressmen, governors, and other leaders, to ride the Lincoln Memorial (Oral Sex) Tour, as it was for them to get their shoes shined in the local hotels. In fact, that was one of the jokes I was instructed to deliver to get a man loosened up. I was programmed to say, "Want your shoe shined?" Then I would unzip him and begin. There were lots of men who wanted

further servicing later on, but I was instructed to refer them to my boss.

I serviced many men on this so-called shuttle service over the years of my life that should have been filled with junior high, high school and college extracurricular activities of my own choosing. The elitists I worked for had an endless supply of slaves that kept the tour shuttle running regularly. I wasn't really giving tours, just sex in the limo. The men felt safe and protected from public exposure by their placement in the back of the limo because they couldn't be seen due to the security windows. They had privacy when they exited the limo so they wouldn't be exposed. Security employees would always await the arrival of the shuttle limo to open the door and coach them out when the "coast was clear," then transfer them immediately into their own personal limo so no one would ever detect.

There were times when Henry would have a driver take us from DC to his office in New York. He would work with me in the back seat after he told the driver, "I'll be busy working and I don't want to be interrupted." So the driver shut the window between the seats and Henry would debrief me and take sketchy notes, draw diagrams and plans while I was talking or he would touch his finger to my forehead and start uploading me for future assignments. Much of our work took place like this on drives between places usually just before or after I had been used at the White House or other places. It was convenient, as well as a security measure, because he could account for his time spent with me by saying, "I was en route to NY or DC," or wherever he was going, and since I was on the same time track as Henry it was all very time efficient, and concealed his activity and connection to me. To Henry the efficient use of his time was everything. He told me, "When people can master their use of time, they have the secret to success." He often talked on and on to me about his ideas, events and people, using me as a sounding board, completely assured that I couldn't ever break the security programming necessary to remember his conversations.

Henry said I was much more than his efficient secretary, I was a "diplomat extraordinaire." I wore a brownish tan wool suit, tailor-made by my mother, to my first meeting in the Soviet Union. Henry taught me then that the Soviet Union, USSR and Russia basically all meant the same thing. He also told me that my mother was always with me giving me strength and maturity, and that I could feel connected to her by wearing the suit she made for me. I guess I was emotionally needing to be older than 10, my actual age at the time. So he bolstered me maturationally by mentally tying me to my mother. It was funny because if I wore wool pants or a wool jacket, I would scratch myself and I couldn't stop it. And no matter how many times Henry gave me the hypnotic suggestion, "it's not scratching you, the material is soft and smooth on your skin," it still itched. So my mom had to line everything she made for me that was wool.

JFK rode the L.M. sex tour regularly and while I was down on my knees he would pat me on the back and say, "You are really going to move up the ranks." Or, "You're really going to amount to something when you grow up, kid." He loved lunch-time oral sex and the secret service agents rode in the front with the limo driver and chewed him out royally for, as they said, "...breaking stride that is nullifying National Security, Sir."

To calm the disgruntled Secret Service agents, Jack would laughingly explain, "Relax, I deserve a relaxing lunch break, that's all." I can still remember his accent so clearly.

JFK was really gutsy. He would even sneak me into the White House for "nooners." Sometimes there was another sex slave with me and when we'd get up to the bedroom he would say, "We're just furthering your training so you'll be top-notch when you grow up." He taught me, "A man likes a woman who's aggressive sexually. My wife doesn't satisfy me. She just lays back and waits. But a man likes a woman who takes charge." Then he would lay back and wait for the two of us to stimulate him, at which point he turned into an animal. Jack said he was training me for the future. I didn't know what that meant. He said I was serving my country by meeting the needs of their leader. He said, "By easing my stresses you help me make better decisions." Touching the tip of my nose he continued, "So young lady, you are very important to our nation." I was just out of braces.

JFK had a lean muscular body and a hairy chest. He worked out on the rowing machine. On one occasion as we were lying in bed together, he said to me, "You know, we both have the same kind of teeth." I reached out and put my hand into his mouth to feel his teeth and he was right, we both had big teeth--only his were more squared off.

JFK also liked anal sex, like his brother Ted. After he found out I was with Ted he asked me what his brother was really like. When I explained that he hurt me, he just shook his head and said, "I never could understand what happened to my brother. We both had the same parents, but we did go to different boarding schools and had different friends." He further explained that they didn't see their parents often and that their family had so much money that they chose the school that was the most fitting for their sons and sent them there. So as he explained, there weren't many family interactions. He said he felt lonely a lot when he was growing up, that he was closer to the maids and nannies than to his parents. He said, "The Kennedy Clan publicly appears to be a close knit family, but I never saw my parents except on holidays when they would meet in Hyannisport and us kids would be flown from our respective schools to meet them. It was more like getting reacquainted with strangers than meeting my family. Everyone was awkward and we really had nothing to talk about. I went out in a boat we had there and spent hours alone, playing all by myself. I was estranged from my brothers also because none of us lived together so when we came together we didn't know each other. Usually by the end of the holiday, we were friends again -- like real brothers -- but then it would be time to go back to our respective schools and it would start all over." Then he added, "I don't know why I'm telling you this, you're just a kid yourself and wouldn't really understand." He looked shy and vulnerable as he said, "I'm sorry for telling you all this."

I smiled and said, "It's okay." It seemed to be the fact that I listened and couldn't think to talk, that made these men feel good. All they really wanted was someone to really listen.

JFK never caused physical injury to me. He wasn't violent, just aggressive sexually but

never brutal like his brother Ted. JFK liked all kinds of sex. He liked things varied, nothing routine. He got bored easily and asked for new things all the time. We had sex in many places. He got high on taking risks ...the riskier the better. We even had sex in a public bathroom somewhere in DC. On those occasions, the Secret Service Agents were doubly mad at him. They would totally freak out and say to him, "We could lose our jobs when you pull one of your little disappearing stunts." And they would be really upset, sweating and nervous because as they explained, they'd been running all over the city looking for where he had ducked them. Jack just told them to relax, that he was fine and that they still had their jobs.

I went on late night walks with JFK in DC. Sometimes the cherry blossoms would be in bloom and it smelled so sweet. The Secret Service agents followed close behind us. They seemed irritated to be on duty for JFK because he was so uncooperative and unpredictable. We walked by a river or waterway. He really enjoyed seeing it at night and said the exercise did him good. The Secret Service agents complained of being tired and hated having to get up at 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. to go outside with him. But when the President left, they had to go with him. I don't know where Jackie was, but she wasn't always at the White House the nights I was brought in. Jack would sneak me to his room and supposedly no one knew I was there. Like I explained, he loved taking risks.

Sometimes I had difficulty understanding exactly what Jack was saying because of his accent and at other times, I wouldn't be able to hear for awhile from the noise of the helicopter or plane I had been flown in on. My hearing would feel muffled, like I had earmuffs on.

I felt so much older than my young years, but then I was totally physically developed by the 5th grade (ten years of age). The personalities that were created to be with JFK were created to be older and more mature than my actual years.

During my years at Hale Jr. High School there were times Henry Kissinger preprogrammed and sent me in with a message to deliver while I was prostituted to JFK. I was a cheerleader and was prostituted to the boy's coach along the way. I had a group of girl friends that were part of my Girl Scout Troop and one of my friends was named Beth. I wasn't ever allowed to go to boy-girl parties, but I went to a lot of sleepovers. Many times I didn't end up staying overnight, but was instead shuffled off for a quick rendezvous to the White House or to Massachusetts or wherever the higher ups wanted me to go to be with JFK.

I called him "John-Feeee" (pronounced "John F.E."). Craig was "president" of the Student Body and it may have been a cover for my White House presidential use.

Beth's mother was an attractive petite blonde woman and she was hardly ever home. I think Beth's father was a pilot and maybe her mom was a stewardess, but she was gone most of the time. Beth had older sisters though and so they counted as adults in my protective mother's eyes, so I was allowed to spend the night when Beth's mother

was not at home. One day I walked home from school with Beth, as she lived very close to Hale. We messed around and listened to records, and then, suddenly, I became upset and told her I wanted to go home. She said her mom wasn't there to drive me and she didn't want me to go home, but I called a number from her kitchen phone and a yellow checkered taxi came to the house and picked me up. Beth followed me out the door crying and said, "Do you want me to call your mom?"

"No, I'll be home in a minute anyway." I handed the driver a note I had in my overnight bag and he took it from there. I was driven to LAX. The airport was much smaller in those days, but still busy on Friday's and weekends with lots of traffic. The driver dropped me off in front of TWA and asked if I needed any help. I said no, I was fine. I walked up to the desk and told the woman my name, "Sharon Weatherby," and she had a ticket waiting for me. She asked if I knew where to go and pointed me in the direction of the gate.

I usually flew TWA, United, or Continental on national flights - not international - and I even had a little pin with wings, that a pilot who knew me gave me because he said I was an honorary stewardess. He had sex with me on the way back from assignments but no one had sex with me before JFK. There were usually pilots on commercial airlines that were "regulars," which meant they knew me and were instructed to keep me under their wing. Sometimes I helped the pilot on flights, but usually I slept up in first class. I think one of these pilots could have even been my friend's father, and he was told to keep an eye on me. I usually curled up in first class and slept for the long flight. When I arrived at the airport in DC, I was met by different people. This time it was a blonde lady in a uniform and she walked me out to a waiting black limo and opened the back door for me to get in. I did and she put my bag in next to me. This was before I met Craig so I was eleven or twelve years old, going on twenty-five.

I wasn't taken directly to JFK but was taken to the area where they operated the "Lincoln Memorial Shuttle" (oral sex ride). A limo pulled up and I was whisked into the back of it. Once inside I saw that "JohnFeee" was there and he said hello and began tickling me. He played with me and teased me a lot. Then he pulled me over close to him and said, "Now it's time to be more serious." And he started kissing me and slipped his hand inside my shirt and felt my breasts. Then he unfastened my bra and pulled my shirt up and began sucking on my nipples. He said that really got him hard to see young, firm breasts and he circled my nipples with his fingers. I didn't like it when I saw his wedding band on his hand while he was doing that to me because even under mind control, I knew who his wife was. Henry had told me to emulate her and so I felt bad... like here was this innocent, beautiful woman and I was having sex with her husband and there was a feeling of guilt--even under mind control.

That day, JFK took sexual initiative and liked being in charge. Before he closed the window and left us alone, the driver had said to him, "Jack, don't you think we should connect back up to your security?" meaning the Secret Service.

JFK said, "No. Hell no. I deserve to have a life." And so we toured around the city while

"John-Feee" got himself warmed up--sucking and licking me all over and I gave him a "preview" of the coming event by way of oral sex, backing off just before he orgasmed. He loved to run his tongue over my belly because he said, "I love young, firm, tummies," and he loved mine especially because he said it was so tan. He said I had a "golden tan."

After awhile, JFK tapped on the inner window in the limo to get the driver's attention and said, "Stop here."

The driver said, "Here, Sir?"

JFK commanded, "Yes," and opened the door and grabbed my arm and took me into this small motel. He already had the key to a room and went right to it and opened the door. It wasn't a very nice place but he said we wouldn't be looked for there, that "certainly no one would come looking for the President in a place like this," and then he laughed, lit up a cigarette and sat down at the small table and chairs. Taking a puff off his cigarette he said he wanted to take a break to "enjoy the view" and indicated I was to take off my clothes in front of him.

Slowly, I began removing my blouse and then my skirt, bra and then my nylons attached to my lacy garter belt and then my panties. I had on those plain white ones and for some reason he liked them, so Henry had me wear them with him. Then I stuck my finger into my vagina while I had one leg propped up on the bed and the other holding me up. Then I put my fingers to my mouth and that's when he jumped up and came over to me and said, "You're a big tease."

I smiled seductively and he put his arms around me and held me for a long moment and then when he moved back I began unbuttoning his shirt. It was a bit stiff like it was heavily starched and then I rubbed his chest and belly and talked to him about how his hairy chest and hard belly turned me on. I put my fingers in my mouth again. He said, "I'd like to be where those came from." I can remember his accent so well. He laid me back on the bed after he pulled the sheets back and he began oral sex. I told him how hot I was for him and began wiggling and moving all over, while I moaned. He said I was making him dizzy and he came up and began kissing me passionately, hard, almost roughly. Then he went inside me and satisfied himself. After he came he pulled back and said, "Sorry it couldn't have been longer, but I've got to get back." So he dressed and stepped outside the door and whistled. The driver came right up to the door. He went out and opened the door for me, and we got into the limo and left. The driver dropped him off at another limo to a bunch of Secret Service agents all in a tizzy over where he had gone. He shut the door and walked into the center of them without saying goodbye or acknowledging me.

These agents were really angry with him. I could see him using his hands and speaking to calm them down. JFK escaped from his Secret Service agents often. I heard one of them say one time, "I don't know how he does it, one slip and he's gone."

The driver put the window back up and drove me directly to the airport. I picked up my bag and he let me out and said, "Will you be needin' anything, ma'am?"

I smiled and said, "No thanks, I have everything I'll need." And I went to the ticket counter and said, "You're holding a ticket for me? Sharon Weatherby?"

Handing me my ticket the man smiled and said, "Your gate's in that direction."

Henry had me think of the gate numbers as the numbers on billiard balls and all I had to do was follow the line of numbers until I got to the one that matched my ticket.

Sometimes I got lost but someone always helped me, often saying, "Excuse me, miss, but are you lost?"

I'd say, "I'm looking for gate eight," and they would point me in that direction. Once I got onto the airplane it seemed like there was always someone there to watch over me and I would go back to sleep. The return synchronization between my mother and me had to be perfect and this time I was driven back to Beth's house to wait by the curb for my mother.

The driver said, "Just sit here and wait, your mother will be here any minute." He pulled away from the curb and went and parked nearby. I saw him watch until my mom picked me up. She, too, always waited for me to get picked up when she dropped me off at places. Everyone always waited to make sure the exchange had taken place and I was in the correct hands.

JFK was my first presidential assignment. After having sex with Bob Hope in his 50's, a younger President wasn't as bad. Sharon was the personality programmed to be with JFK and due to the reality that was created for her, she had a lot in common with him, like being Catholic and from an elite family. One time Bob arranged for him to have some time out with me in Key Biscayne. Bob flew me there to take care of him, keep him happy and entertained. The Secret Service agents stood outside. JFK started by shaving and I sat on the counter and watched him. I giggled and hugged him while he stood in front of the mirror with a small white towel around his waist. I licked the shaving cream off his ear and then put my fingers into the remaining shave creme and licked it. Gently, he took my hands away and laughed softly as he explained that you weren't supposed to eat shaving cream. I thought it was whipped cream, like I had tasted in the pornography I was filmed in, and mistakenly was triggered into reciting my program, "Lick it and suck it, 'til it's all gone, yum, yum don't miss a drop, or you will stop; your heart that is." This must have been a program glitch because I wasn't suppose to recite this program out loud; it was supposed to just drive me from inside. Maybe JFK knew how to handle me nicely because of his sister who seemed like she was retarded. They didn't let her out much, and later I was glad when they didn't have her at their reunions, because I didn't understand what was wrong with her.

During this time, I wasn't allowed to eat as much sugar as I had been previously used to. I was told to be repelled by it and that, even as my hand reached for it, the sugar

would move away and I couldn't ever get it so I should quit trying. Before this programming I was used to eating tons of sugar, so it was a major adjustment. Also, my mother used to get so angry with me for not eating enough at mealtimes, but I couldn't, as my programming dictated. She said I didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. But when I tried to eat I usually felt sick.

Catholic girls had to act proper and Jack never had any cause to be embarrassed by my actions. He was spunky and aggressive and tickled me a lot, often until tears were falling down my cheeks. Then he would lay me on the bed, kiss my tears away and start having sex with me. He said he liked my short hair - that it was stylish - and he would play with my hair and mess it up. I'd just get it done again; in those days I didn't even know how to do my own hair. I never had to, my own personal hairdresser, a family friend, came to the house and washed it, cut it, curled and styled it.

Afterwards, JFK and I ran around naked, playing like school kids, and when it got dark we walked on the beach and the Secret Service agents always walked close behind. Boy did they get an eyeful. They would wink at me sometimes if I turned around to see if they were still there, when I was getting ready to make a move on John-Feee.

One night, Henry let me off at the White House to target JFK. I didn't go up to his bedroom, we had sex in a room near the kitchen that had two beds in it. I had on a short white crop top and low hip hugger jeans. My belly button showed and he said it turned him on. He would stoop down and lick my "bare spot," he called it. His pronunciation sounded funny to the personality dedicated to him because of his accent. I was tan and slim, and he said he liked that my tummy was flat. He said he hadn't had such a flat one in awhile and it turned him on. After we had a quick sexual encounter, I had to hurry to get my clothes on and exit real fast. He would open the door and look down the hall to see if the coast was clear. Then he would say, "Okay, now." And, I would run down the hall, out the door and down the steps to Henry waiting for me in the limo smoking his cigar. He would usually say something derogatory about JFK and tell me to button my clothes correctly. My bell bottoms had buttons on the front and if I was rushed I had trouble getting them buttoned right. I was always skipping a button. Henry would look down at my buttons and tell me to straighten up. Then I would button them correctly. I couldn't help that JFK had rushed me - I think he enjoyed that part as much as the sex. He seemed to like the adrenaline rush.

There was a very close call on another night. Jackie was down the hall calling out, "Jack, Jack, Jack!" Looking surprised, he grabbed me and put me in the closet, fixed the bed and answered her quickly before she opened the door. You could hear the sound of her shoes when she veered off the hallway runner and onto the wood floor. I was in the closet when she came in the room and asked, "Jack, what are you doing?"

I heard him laugh and say he was looking for John-John's shoe. He said one was missing. Jackie asked him to come upstairs and he told her he would just look for a while longer and then he would be up. This guy actually let his wife out of the room, pulled me out of the closet and started having sex with me again, this time with more

passion than ever before. He seemed to thrive on the risk factor. When I left, the Secret Service agents usually walked me from the White House down the block to a waiting limo, unless Henry was waiting for me outside.

Henry was cultured. There were little blue vases with flowers in the back of his shiny black car. They had a little light next to them and you could see the flowers in the dark. If after one of these escapades I began talking silly and sexual, Henry would give me the sign to hush up by simply buttoning or zipping his lips and then I knew to be silent and obedient. I could be turned off or on, volume up or down. I ran very mechanically like a Rolls Royce. Henry didn't like noise or children so he created me to be quiet and dignified. As I grew older it wasn't as hard because I was more fully trained and didn't get my personality switching messed up. I got used to being silent with Henry. But it was a difficult transition after I was in the presence of JFK because he was wild and noisy, and his playfulness put me in the same frame of mind, until Henry toned me down.

Why JFK and His Brother Really Got Shot

JFK had ties to Frank Sinatra and his group. I was shared around all these type groups because of Bob's and Henry's influence. The Kennedy's were highly mob connected, especially Bobby, as surprising as that might seem for the family man image he projected. JFK took a mob dispute with him clear to the White House and attempted to use his political power as President to shut down his enemies. He publicly appeared to go after the Mob, but he was interested in shutting down only one enemy faction. But he had to publicly say he was going after all underworld crime in order to be able to legally do what he tried to do: dismantle the Mob that opposed the Kennedy family clan. I overheard Joe Kennedy yelling at JFK at a family reunion when he was President. He told him to stop messing with the Mob, to leave it alone, that he didn't know what he was doing. It was shortly after that that Joe Kennedy had a stroke or brain seizure, and Rose blamed Jack for causing it.

Joe Kennedy was very happy with the marriage of Jackie to Jack because Jackie brought with her a faction of mob that would help build up Jack and the future Kennedy dynasty. At least that's what I heard him say. Joe Kennedy was big on mob connections, like his friend J.P. Morgan, who was an important mob buddy and supporter. They supported each other.

As Joe Kennedy got weaker, the tight rein of coexistence he held with the Mob began to loosen and his sons became sloppy and careless, and didn't take seriously the rules of the Mob. Like Uncle Frank (Sinatra) said, "You don't ever try to go against the Mob or you'll wind up in the morgue or worse yet, sleeping with the fishes." I was born into Uncle Charlie's mob connection and he heavily influenced my life because of his arms, munitions and drug connections all over the globe. These were some serious connections that made him sought after by members of the Council. In those days, the Mob made the money and powerful connections. Different mobs supported each other like allies from foreign countries do. They were the power behind the Council, initially - the connections that allowed the Council to get such a toehold, as the mobs worked cliqueishly for or against one another. The Mob provided important funding in the early

years, but later the Council took away much of their power over monopolies when the Council outstripped them of their power through intelligence and outsmarting them with technology. The Mob couldn't begin to compete. In the beginning the Council knew how to work the different factions of the Mob for the Council's benefit and gain. Once the Council attained the strength they needed to get over the hump and into the big money, they outsmarted the Mob with their mind control technology and were then able to control the Mob. It was a game of intellect and the Council won-checkmate!

Joe Kennedy, William Randolph Hearst, J.P. Morgan and others were part of a powerful underground group. They created their own revenue and their own justice, and they knew how to play by the rules to stay alive and in the game, but the rules suddenly changed with the power created by the Council as they utilized the Mob's success and made it their own. People like Jack (JFK) didn't play by the new rules so they got snuffed.

Often when I was sent in to target JFK, I would be loaded with messages from the different mobsters like Uncle Frank (Sinatra). I gave instructions for JFK to do some favor for the Mob or else, he was told, "the small, sweet favors will dry up." JFK scared me because he always laughed and acted like he didn't take the messages with the seriousness I believed they carried. I had seen Uncle Frankie in operation and he had friends, lots of them, who killed people for nothing much at all, and I was afraid that if JFK didn't listen and do as they said that they would kill him, too. But he didn't seem the least bit concerned about them ...ever. I took them even more seriously after JFK was killed. Then I knew they weren't joking but were very serious and meant what they said about doing everything they said or be killed.

I heard Uncle Frank talk often about people's positions in the Mob. He talked to lots of Mob buddies in front of me. I was used for dangerous connections and, as far as Frank and Dean Martin were concerned, I knew far too much, so they wanted me to "sleep with the fishes." But Henry wouldn't hear of losing his "personal computer" and threatened serious retaliation if they harmed me. Henry had a new kind of power that the Mob didn't understand at first, until they got burned a few times. Then they understood. But some serious action had to be taken to prove this power, like, as I overheard, "the assassination of a President and his big mouth brother who just wouldn't listen," in order for the Mob - a strong political faction of it - to see where the new power lie, so they would know to back off. By then the banks and newspapers were taken over and reorganized by the Council and their constituents, and HIGH LEVEL TECHNOLOGY took over - something the Mob knew nothing about. It took the wind out of their sails. This was happening during the 60's and early 70's, when I was only a teenager approaching early adulthood, and listening and recording everything I heard per instructions from my boss, Henry Kissinger.

One day in his office, Henry said, "You won't be servicing him (JFK) much longer. The higher ups have some alternate plans for him." At the time I felt he meant death. Henry said, "This will lock you in for life." Later, they used JFK's death on me heavily.

When JFK was killed I was in junior high school and my controllers told me, "If we can take out the President without anyone knowing, who would miss the likes of you?" They told me I was dispensable, easily replaceable, and that no one would ever miss me if I were gone. To give me a clear example the suited man reminded me, "Does your mother even have a clue where you are right now? NO. So who would miss you? Not even your own mother."

In order to insure that I was under program and their total control they continued the ritual torture and trauma. Then they tied the ritual trauma that occurred at home or at the church across the street from my junior high school to songs or hypnotic commands, like "If you try to begin to recall this area of your mind, you will immediately recall this horror scene," which they reminded me of in complete detail, in order to keep me terrified and programmed.

Most people are now familiar with Marilyn Monroe's connection to the Kennedy family and her use with the President. It has been said by insiders that Marilyn was one of the first programmed Presidential models, created under mind control for sex with the President and use in Hollywood connections. While I did not possess the physical beauty that Marilyn Monroe did, I had the mind files and all the right connections to further my controller's interests.

For my assignments, when I wasn't flown out of LAX, I left from Van Nuys Airport, John Wayne Airport, or local helicopter pads that were atop buildings in Los Angeles. My mother took me and picked me up and nursed me back to life if I was hurt or really messed up mentally or psychologically. She would try to make me eat if I couldn't and she put me to bed. I was usually so out of it from the food and sleep deprivation and electroshock done for "National Security purposes" to keep memory of the events safely away from my conscious awareness, that I often couldn't think to bathe, eat or get into bed to sleep. My mom would tell me what to do and the parts of me that participated in these escapades always felt so relieved to be back in my clean bed at home. In my attempt to create some semblance of safety and security I slept against the wall to remind myself I was in my own bed and safe. That was, until my father came into my room at night-then the nightmare started all over again. More than anything in the world I wanted my mother, or someone, to help me--to protect me--to stop the nightmarish experiences. But she never could.

I will do everything in my power to stop these atrocities from happening, so that my daughter, my sons, and any future children born into our family will not have to suffer any longer. I am sure the Mob with their huge capacity for family love and loyalty will understand and pardon this need I have. And to Dr. Kissinger, Bob Hope, UCLA, CIA, NASA, U.S. Department of Defense and all those who participated in my family's high-tech programming, I ask that you honor this request for my family's freedom and safety. I will hold you in prayer, asking God to show you the ramifications of your actions.

"Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for

Christ's sake hath forgiven you." -- Ephesians 4:3

Chapter Seven: All the way with LBJ

Lyndon Johnson was a very tall and large man. He had a pocket watch on a chain that he wore in a high pocket in his vest or coat, not in his pants. He wore glasses to read. I remember him sitting at his desk reading on into the night. The rest of the room was dark except for the light on the desk that he was reading by. He liked to wear his hat even when he was inside. He just loved his hat. He told me his hat was a Stetson and that back where he came from it was the best... "Like a Cadillac," he explained. His clothes smelled of cologne and his suits were often gray or brown and he often wore boots. He wore big white baggy boxer shorts and they didn't ever look new, as one would think a person in his position would wear. He had a bridge with a few false teeth on it, smoked a cigar at times and other times he puffed on a pipe.

On this occasion, he kept me in the bed in the darkened hotel room while he sat at the desk to finish up reading his papers. Then he turned off the light and came over to the bed where I was tucked in, wearing a skimpy teddy. It was cold in the room. All Lyndon had on was his boxers and brown socks. He laid his clothes by the table and chairs, and when he walked to the bed he pulled his penis out of the hole in his boxers and pulled my head over to him. He commanded, "Suck," while he pulled my hair to bring me closer to him. He stood, moaning with pleasure and then complained that he was needing to bend over too far so I got up on my knees and finished. He gratified himself in my mouth and liked to watch me swallow. Then LBJ climbed into bed and held me like I was a teddy bear and asked me to rub his back. One time he had me get out of bed to get him a cigar. He wanted me to light it but I wasn't very good at it because I was just a kid. I coughed a lot and nearly choked to death, but I got it to him in bed all lit. I handed him the cigar and he said, "Thank you, little lady." He usually called me that. He didn't want to go to sleep right away and had me turn the TV on for him. He never took his socks off the whole time.

One time when I was with LBJ he asked me questions about school and seemed to like to hear me talk about it. He also liked for me to wear my black and white saddle shoes. I had very shiny patent leather ones. This was during the time I was still attending Hale Junior High School. Lyndon liked that I was very young. At this time I was around 12 or 13 years old. I was with him quite a few times.

Another time my father took me to Texas on the flight back from Iowa. That's when LBJ showed me his Cadillac convertible. He kept it parked in a separate garage away from the ranch so it wouldn't get so dirty. "Hell, everything gets coated with dirt on the Ranch," he said. He had on his dress-up cowboy clothes and said that "Lady B" was off at some china convention. He drank beer in the car when we went on a "joy ride," he called it. I sat next to him and gave him a "super-duper," which was complete oral sex gratification. He said, "Be careful, I don't want to get any on the seat."

I laughed and teasingly said to assure him, "I know. I'm an expert in this area."

Remember?"

"Well you sure do have spunk, I'll say that for you," he replied. LBJ smelled but not like body odor; it was just a strong male smell. He had his arm up over the back of the seat and we only rode for as long as it took to satisfy his sexual urge. Then he took the car back and had me keep my head down so no one could see me. I didn't go inside the ranch and when we got back he said, "This is as far as you go, little lady." I let myself out of the car and slammed the door. "You could have waited for my assistance," he said.

I laughed and said, "I can do it myself." A suited man escorted me into the back of a black sedan that was waiting under a tree at the front of the ranch and I was taken away.

Another evening as I waited for Lyndon, dressed scantily in a black lacy bra, garter belt, black nylons and red high heels, he declared I was making smoke come out of his ears and that, "it shore wasn't from his cigar." He wanted me to keep turning around and around and around while he looked at me. "My, my..." he said, licking his lips and as he put his hand to his mouth he continued, "My Lord, what do we have here?" The heavy stench of his cologne and smokesaturated clothes followed him over to me as he told me to bend over the bed with just those garter belts on and he stuck his penis in my bottom and then into my vagina but I had to give him oral sex in between, "to clean it off," he explained. It was disgusting and vile, even under mind control. Then we had intercourse and he liked it when I made noises. He had a cattle prod or some sort of electrical device nearby but didn't use it much. When he pushed the lever it made a crackling sound and what emerged looked like a jolt of yellow fiery-type electricity. He said he didn't have to use it with me much because I was so good.

He asked me if I liked what I did. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Yes," but due to the mind control I was under I was unable to really think about his question. He told me he loved the young ones, "...beautiful little lady." He liked to kiss open mouth but he tasted yucky like cigars. His private parts smelled, too. But then there was the cologne to cover up the smell. He was pretty fat from my perception, but big and tall. Lyndon had a medium to small penis for his big body, but he said he used it well. He wasn't really hairy and the hair on his head was thinning. He used something like Vitalis on what was left of his hair when he combed it. I think maybe that is why he kept his cowboy hat on all the time, even in bed.

I usually slept all night with him because he wanted me to. He slept really close and held on to me. I spent the night and then in the morning I was taken home. When I was in the 10th grade, I spent the night with him more often - even sometimes on school nights. I didn't go to school until 11:30 a.m. anyway and no one could ever seem to tell I had been gone. Sometimes I missed a full day of school and no one at Hale or Taft High ever said anything to me. Another form of trauma was added when one day after school, I was forced to watch as the men in suits roughed up my junior high school principal.

I was taken to the White House to be with Lyndon. One night he told me all about this lady named Agnes who he loved before Lady B. That's what he called his wife, "Lady B," instead of Lady Bird. He said he never got over Agnes, just couldn't forget her. He said Lady B fit into his future plans and worked out better but that he just really loved Agnes. When he talked about Agnes he had a goofy faraway look on his face.

Lyndon told me his wife had grown to act old early on in their marriage when something of a maternal nature happened to upset her. He said from then on she wasn't much for sex, so he took care of his needs elsewhere. He told me so much personal stuff that I think he must have forgotten how young I was. A lot of what he told me I didn't really understand. But I listened, apparently to his satisfaction, because one day he complimented me by saying, "You are a very good listener, young lady."

Lyndon also liked for me to cuddle on his lap while he fondled me in an armchair as he watched TV. He usually covered me with a blanket. It made it more secretive and he pretended people were present in the room with us watching but they didn't know what we were doing. Then he would ask me if I liked it.

I would smile and was programmed to say, "of course," or, "do more," or, "you're so big." He loved it all. I wore Unforgettable perfume with him. It was pungent and strong but he liked it. He especially liked sex when I was menstruating - he said it turned him on. He liked to do all sorts of perverted things to me during that time, which I don't feel comfortable sharing here. He also suggested that I do whatever I usually did for the cameras and take charge of our sexual activity. "You're in charge of the whoring, little lady," he would say as he smiled and tipped his hat. That hat was such an important thing to him.

He talked to me a lot and told me all kinds of stories over the time he was President. He liked for me to call him "Prez." He said when I called him Lyndon it made him feel guilty about Lady B so he said to call him Prez and I did as he commanded.

Sometimes he wore those dumb elastic things to hold his socks up like Bob (Hope) did. He looked so ridiculous wearing those dumb socks, his boxers and his hat, while he sat and smoked. He must not have cared what he looked like. The room was always kept pretty dark. He said he was most comfortable like that, but my eyes would adjust to the dark and I could still see how silly he looked. The teen personality programmed to be with him during those times was respectful and performed as her programming dictated, but through her teenage eyes, felt he was just a dork.

I did things that made him laugh. They were really dumb things but he seemed to like them. Like once I pulled my hair over and around and onto my upper lip and scrunched my lip up, pinching the hair under my nose to make it look like a mustache. Silly things made him laugh.

He tested my programmed capabilities. He burned me with a cigar one time, because

he said he was told to try it to see what happened. He looked pretty amazed when I took off my clothes, sat down, got into position and told him to go ahead and stick it in, that it wouldn't burn me. So he pressed his cigar to my vagina and it didn't burn me. The pain didn't even register - "it didn't even hurt," is what I told him. That made him turned on and he said, "Little lady, you give me a big boner." He told me there was an endless stream of young ladies who liked his "big boner."

He liked the song that goes, "I'm a long tall Texan, and wear a 10 gallon hat." He also liked Born Free and Burt Bacharach's Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head and Blue, Blue, My World is Blue. He also liked hot dogs and hamburgers, but hot dogs best. And he told me he liked dachshunds, those little wiener dogs. I often felt like a dog with him because he was always patting my head. I joked with him about it and started barking when he patted me. I could really get off-the-wall with him and he seemed to love it. He laughed and laughed like Nixon and Reagan did at the silly things I was programmed to say and do. I don't know if he was aware that I had been programmed with most of the jokes.

The men in suits usually took me to him at a hotel. They put me in the room to wait for him. I'd say the suits were the Mob, but Secret Service agents waited outside the door once the Prez got there.

Once we were alone I was programmed to say, "Hey Prez, got a big boner for my little pussy today?" He would get all excited and start kissing and licking me. Yuck, it was gross. But it was the saddle shoes that really got him every time. He liked me to wear my school-type clothes and so I did. I was helicoptered from somewhere near Woodland Hills. Usually I was not flown in on a big commercial airline to see Lyndon. I don't know why but it was usually private planes. Then I would sleep with him all night and be flown back to California. There were times when, after I was used, the men in suits would let me out of the car near school and I would have my school clothes on from the day before, and I would just walk to school and go in like nothing had ever happened.

One time when I was sent to Lyndon, somehow I ended up wearing the St. Christopher medal that my programmed boyfriend Craig had given me for going steady. The men in suits would have normally taken away any personal item of this nature, but for some reason they missed my necklace this time. Johnson examined it and asked me what it was. Unable to think to lie, I told him it was a necklace my boyfriend gave me. Immediately he looked depressed. So I climbed into his lap and told him not to worry that my boyfriend couldn't hold a candle to him and that I was forced to be with my boyfriend, but that I choose to be with him. He smiled, pulled his hat down over his face, and leaned back in his chair ordering, "a blow job a-la-carte." So I performed as commanded. He said most women didn't love it the way I did.

Lyndon thought Texans were the best and most powerful type of men. I was taken to Texas to be used sexually by the Prez at a cabin or ranch out in the middle of nowhere. It had fences and horses and a woodcabin type house, but there were hardly any trees

or greenery, like in California. The cabin was wood inside and he had a lamp that was made out of a bootleg. He loved it and I teased him about it, "Who's leg ya' got there holding up that light?" On a table there was a picture of Lady B that had been taken at the Ranch. We had sex there on occasion, because, as he explained, it was a place he could go and not be seen or bothered by anyone. The Secret Service could guard him well there since there was nothing else around and no one had any business going there unless they knew LBJ and had been invited. Despite the security there, LBJ often wore a small gun strapped to his leg by his boot. He said he enjoyed carrying it. He waltzed me back to his room, to the bed he shared with his wife. He said, "By sleeping here with you, when I'm f- -king the little lady, you can bet I'll be thinkin' of you."

There were white limos with Johnson. He liked oral sex when we rode in the back. He made the Secret Service agents ride up with the driver instead of in the back with him and he would have them close the tinted window behind the driver. He told them he didn't want to be disturbed because he and the "pretty little lady were going to have a nice quiet chat," which in actuality was a sexual encounter. Usually he was being driven to some location and upon reaching his final destination would debark the limo, leaving me in the back, or I would be kept waiting in the back for more when he returned. He could handle up to three oral sex encounters a day without any problem. He had his pocket watch on a chain in his vest pocket and would check the time to inform me if we were rushed or not. Usually he would say we were rushed which meant I had to work quickly and get him aroused and satisfied rapidly.

Later, he wanted me to dance cowboy style with him and I tried but wasn't very good. He said, "Don't worry, you know how to do the most important things - you've got what counts." One day he gave me an iris from an arrangement on a hotel table. He bowed and did a little dance as he held it out to me. It was really out of character for him.

At the end of "the Prez's" administration, I was also filled with more mind file information. I was taken to different offices in DC to be imprinted with more top secret, classified data by a female administrator.

LBJ also told me that the White House was a very lonely place to live and that he really wasn't very happy there. He said he was most at home in Texas at his ranch. Occasionally he had meetings there and other men were present. I had to give oral sex to many of them. I was usually there for one overnight and then driven back to town by limo, then flown home. Before I was put on the plane to California, the men in suits always took me for a coke and french fries at McDonald's. This was part of my programming to believe I was at McDonald's in California, so I wouldn't remember where I really was. The fries and coke were delicious since my programming required that I was food deprived before and during the time of my use. Then the men put me on the plane with the suggestion to sleep and forget. Because of our programming my mom never noticed I was gone and neither did I ... not until 1991 ... over twenty-five years later.

"This, too, is apart of "The Truth that will set you free. " -- John 8:32

Chapter Eight: Brain Surgery at UCLA took away my Father's Free Will

Bethesda, Maryland

In my early teens, one of the places I was taken to was a hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Two men in suits met me at the airport, drove me there and waited while a nurse helped me out of the car and took me into the emergency room. I was doubled over in pain, having trouble walking because the men in suits had just slugged me in the stomach. They told the old greyhaired nurse in the pink uniform with the little white apron, that I had appendicitis and to take me immediately into the emergency room. I don't know why but the men put a blond curly wig on me. I had on blue jeans, tennis shoes and a T-shirt.

I was terrified and couldn't help myself. The nurse took me in and waved me through all the paper work. Two doctors, clad in full surgical garb met me at a door to emergency surgery. They told the nurse they'd take over from there and laid me directly on an operating table and put a mask over my face and a needle in my arm. I had needles put in my arms all the time so that wasn't anything new, but it hurt. They told me they weren't who they appeared to be and then they put me to sleep with some sort of anesthetic, but parts of me from inside watched and knew exactly what was happening. There was great fear that they would really cut me open and take out my appendix when I didn't need it taken out. But instead, they put electrodes on my forehead, temples and head, and headphones on my ears that delivered one sound to one ear and another sound to the other. Then they varied the sound volume, quickly bringing the volume up so loud that it was excruciatingly painful. I felt like I would go crazy. They kept delivering electroshock to my head. Then they inserted something into my vagina and shocked me vaginally, then shocked my head, and they kept that routine up for what seemed like eternity. I could smell the alcohol and could feel when they put a cold scissors-like thing up my nose. It tickled and itched. Then a doctor said, "It's in place."

Everything inside of me felt psychedelic from the drugs they gave me. There were lots of colors and flashes of light that caused a very unreal feeling. I don't know how long I laid there. Eventually, they called for a nurse and told her to help me back out to the car. They said that I checked out fine, that I must have just eaten something that made me sick. The nurse put my arm around her neck and helped me outside. I had trouble walking but managed and she delivered me back to the two men in suits.

They, in turn, brought me to a darkened room all alone for awhile and then hooked me up to some of their own equipment. I sat in a chair while they put a band around my head and wrists, and shocked me while I listened to something they played through headphones on my ears. I couldn't understand the words I heard, as they were all mixed up and it made me nuts to try to understand. Then they unhooked me and said it was time to go home. I was put onto a military helicopter with two rotors, one at the front and one at the back and transferred to another plane that didn't have regular seats like a commercial airplane. There were just a few seats on either side and all sorts of straps and equipment on the floor. I laid on the floor during the whole flight.

My mother picked me up at the airport and I slept in the back seat of our Cadillac all the way home. She put me to bed and I could hardly move. I was in lots of pain and was nauseated, sick, and exhausted for the next two days. I couldn't eat or get out of bed. I just slept it all off in a hazy, drugged sleep. Mom just thought I had the flu again.

There were lots of times I was taken to places for programming. They had all sorts of schemes to get me to the programming sites - even getting me to pull my car over to the side of the road, after I learned to drive. I remember how one man told me to get out of the car, while another man pulled my hood up before taking me away in an ambulance to Westlake Hospital. Then they flew me from there to wherever they wanted me to go.

I remembered an incident where I was on an operating table and I saw a whole roomful of women like me who were also laying on gurneys with white sheets over them, and we were all linked up together through a single wire. There were mirrors all around and while I was deprogramming I realized that these other women were all parts of me; they all looked like me but had different lives and different jobs. That's what my programmers told me in order to create and enforce my multiple personalities.

Sometimes there were groups of doctors or scientists watching from chairs in a circular arena that extended upward. In this setting the doctors made presentations on their findings in order to display the research and show their progress so they could get additional funding or permission to do more mind research into areas they wanted to explore. The stage where I was being tested and displayed to the doctors in long white lab coats was low and as I looked up there were rows of ascending circular chairs in the arena from where they watched. Sometimes while I laid on the gurney, they would shine lights into my eyes and tape them open so I couldn't avoid the lights. They blinded me with one color for a long time, like white, and then added in another color like red or green. It was painful, so I escaped like I had been trained from birth to do, into mental dissociation so I couldn't feel the pain. Often they paired electroshock with the bright lights and music or word phrases. At appropriate times, they displayed a picture of Craig onto a holder in front of me while I sat in a chair that spun around and around. They played love songs while they spun me and when I came to a stop, I would see the picture of Craig and feel relieved. They told me Craig was my lifeline and to sever a connection with him was equal to death. Later on in my life, they did that sort of programming with my children's pictures.

My Father Has Brain Surgery UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute 1967

The summer of my 16th year, our family physician, Dr. Stoddard referred my father for brain surgery to UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. Dr. Robert Rand was the Neurosurgeon who performed the operation. My father never had a chance. Suited men came to visit and monitor us at crucial times. They were always watching and they gave him shots in his thighs and then asked him questions over and over, and told him what to do with me. Very scary and frightening events happened there to keep me further under control. I can only imagine what they did to my father's brain. The day before his

scheduled surgery, a nurse came into his room while the whole family was visiting before surgery. He held out a box and explained very matter-of-factly that the hair in the box was my father's, just shaved from his head, and in the event that he didn't make it through the surgery they were keeping his hair to put back on his head in his casket. These insinuations, coupled with the ritual abuse I had previously endured, were enough to further dissociate me. There were other horrifying events performed to frighten me into further dissociation, creating even more control.

My mother and I were told to wait in the hospital lobby until they came to tell us the surgery was over. They called a code name for me over the loudspeaker and responding to the call, I walked up to my father's hospital room. A doctor in a white coat met me in the room and said he wanted me to enter the surgery room and watch. As I entered, I saw my father with his head cut open, with tubes in him everywhere; in his head, in his nose, in his arm, and they told me that my father would no longer hold authority over me. Now he was totally under their control and, now they would be in total control of me. Then they strapped me into the bed next to him and gave me some sort of gas through a mask they put over my nose and mouth. They told me to turn my head so I could watch everything they did to him that day - they took my real father away from me and the doctor said that they would be in charge of everything that happened to me and all my progeny from then on. I didn't know what that meant, but I knew it was bad. They performed some sort of surgery on me, too. They inserted something under my nail bed and later they told me they moved it somewhere else and I would find places on my body with skin flaps where I figured they had put them in. They tested and experimented with implant after implant on me. With some implants they were trying to see if they could totally control me from a distance.

Later when my mother came to look for me, she found me sitting in my father's room bent over with my head down to my knees, while a nurse standing by me explained, "She fainted, that's all. She'll be all right." My father made it through surgery and was placed in intensive care.

Soon after, my controllers told me my father had died in the surgery, that all I had to do was remember how he looked with his eyes closed to realize he was dead. They told me that my 'real' family would take over now and that I needed to understand that it was really best that way. And, although everything outwardly appeared to remain the same, nothing ever was again. The life essence of my father was totally gone; he was not in control of himself any longer. My brother Rick took over the family business and I began traveling more, internationally.

Months after my father's release from the hospital, he came into my room and sat down on the floor next to my bed while I was studying. Upset and very emotional, which was very unusual for my father, he said, "Honey, big things are happening and I've lost control of you." Tears were streaming down my strong father's face. I didn't know how to react. My macho father never cried. I couldn't think to question him or to wonder just what it was he was trying to tell me. So I let it go, along with hundreds of other questions and thoughts that any normal, unprogrammed daughter would have thought

to ask.

Institute Of Higher Learning

Sometime later, I was taken to a hospital in Montreal. My controllers called it an "Institute of Higher Learning," but instead of higher learning, I was put in a hospital gown and kept drugged and in restraints. A very important French personality inside of me was created and enhanced there. If I didn't cooperate they put me into a padded cubicle in the dark until I "came to my senses" and began behaving properly. I'd seen over the years just what they had done to my father and I couldn't take anymore. I had nothing to lose by not cooperating. From one of his personalities that was 'in the know' and before brain surgery took his free will away, my father told me, "You don't have to do anything they say honey, they want to take your mind." Years later as I retrieved pieces of my memory that allowed me to see the bigger picture, I remembered numerous occasions when my father laid in programs to help me exit my abuse. He even gave me suggestions to heal and bring my personalities together. I've often wondered if this was a more significant contribution to my successful healing than I could ever imagine.

"All that is now hidden will someday come to light!" -- The Living Bible.

Chapter Nine: They didn't see me as Human

Sweet Sixteen

Bob Hope was one of the first high-powered men Craig 'delivered' me to. This, of course, was by no means my first meeting with Bob, but it was a test for Craig and the first time my young 'handler' would use the programmed skills he learned to take me to my assignment. For my 16th birthday present in 1967, Craig surprised me with a trip, by train, to the San Diego Zoo for the day. Consciously we were programmed to be committed to a non-sexual relationship, waiting for our projected wedding date to consummate our marriage. At least that is why we thought we were only spending the day, and not the night in San Diego. Due to our programming, neither of us had any conscious awareness that anything other than that was occurring.

We boarded the train, and after a while Craig delivered me to a private car where Bob Hope, Senator Alan Cranston, and a couple of other men were waiting. Craig left me with them and then robotically left the room. I had sex with each of them as the others watched. They were all old men, even in those days.

Later, Bob said he had a little job for me to do and the next thing I knew I was in a big office with wooden floors and a desk with an American flag beside it. When Bob introduced me, I shook hands with the man behind the desk. He impressed me then as an important man, like the President, but he wasn't. Bob left me alone with him. The man asked me all kinds of questions and I told him that I had been insurance company bonded as a requirement of my Christmas employment in a jewelry store. He seemed to like that. He also wanted to check out my body. Following his instructions, I removed my clothes and he 'checked' me all over by feeling. He put his hand behind my neck and

pulled me over to him and began kissing me.

This dark-haired executive was much younger than Bob. He turned me around facing away from him and I could hear the noise of the zipper as he unzipped his pants. He pushed me over at the waist and began having sex with me from behind. He explained that he was checking the fit. I didn't know what that meant but was very embarrassed, as evidenced by my red cheeks. He commented on how he liked it when I blushed. He said it meant that I was naive and innocent, and explained he liked them that way. When he was through 'questioning' me, he opened the door and went and got Bob. He told Bob that I'd be fine, that he was very pleased, and went to his drawer, took out a folder, and wrote out a check. He carefully put the folder away, handed Bob the check and said, "Here's a check for the cause." I didn't know what that meant either but they shook hands and both seemed pleased.

When we left in the limo, I couldn't see where we were going, because Bob pushed my head down on a man's lap for me to perform oral sex. The rest of the day was a blur. I didn't know where my boyfriend Craig went or if I would ever see him again. I was exhausted when we finally got 'home' and that night I 'slept away' all memories of this experience just like I had been programmed to do.

During my teen years, I remember Craig and I would lie around my backyard pool for hours, swimming, talking and playing. At the time, that was all I consciously remembered. But, when I woke up to reality years later and began recalling what fully happened, I remembered Craig holding a small brown bottle with a dropper in it. He put some of the clear liquid from the bottle onto a piece of celery and peanut butter and gave it to me to eat. After I did, everything kept moving, like a movie, except each frame was moving in a fractured, uneven, hazed way. It was hard for me to even walk to the pool. I bent over, my stomach cramping and everything was spinning. I wasn't suppose to notice that he had given it to me, but I did, and later I remembered other tunes.

Happy Daze

By the time I entered William Taft High School in Woodland Hills, my life began to change even more dramatically. Due to the mind control I was under, I constantly had a smile plastered on my face whether I was happy or not. The ritual abuse became minimal during this time, done only on occasions that were required to maintain my mind control. Through a vast array of the latest in human programming technologies, I was well on my way to becoming a total and completely compliant, efficient and multi-tasked robot.

Looking back now, high school felt like one big blur to me. I remember having only one close friend at a time, and knowing that I was "popular" but never feeling that way. Instead I felt ugly, stupid, awkward, shy and set apart from the other kids at school that were my age. I was made part of the Student Council so that I would have a public school image. Often my picture was posted on walls to announce upcoming events, or to announce contests I was entered into. My presence leading and organizing certain school functions served to allow many of the students to know who I was; yet very few

students really knew me or were close to me. A whole strategy was devised to keep me popular in the eyes of my schoolmates and most of the faculty by making me a continual face or body by plastering pictures of me all over the school; yet, I was not in attendance on a very regular basis. Henry said it was for my protection, so others would feel below me and many wouldn't even approach me as if I was a celebrity, and I was instructed to "act" that way also. I was known in school, without ever really "knowing" anybody because of the projected image that was publicly created for me. I felt isolated and alone, in a daze, like I really didn't exist.

I was programmed to act snooty and too good for people, to remain very aloof. Yet I was deeply locked into my own inner world, constantly mentally working to keep all data filed correctly in all the areas Henry created. I was so inwardly focused that I had a very hard time in the physical world, hence the reason my mother did everything for me at home. Henry told me to spend all my time tending to the mental files. And while my mother did all the domestic chores, I did as Henry commanded, often floating on a raft in our backyard swimming pool, sorting mind files all the while in a trance state. I had many mental exercises Henry assigned for me to perform at home. The system he created and used during my 16th to 22nd years was extensive and required mental work to keep organized, cleaned and neat. Henry said it took mental muscle to keep the files in complete order.

I was elected Vice President and then President of the Girl's League Association at school, and was part of the Student Government. I was voted 'Princess' at the prom, was paraded in a convertible at a football game and had my picture pasted all over the school for fashion shows and contests I was in. But, I never felt like I belonged; I just felt like a robot, living in a complete fog, and looking back that is exactly what I was.

As Girl's League President, I was in charge of a fashion show that was called "Tivoli Gardens," a foreign affair that was so named in order to scramble a lot of the international work I was doing with Henry abroad. They even used times I was supposedly buying flowers in downtown Los Angeles at the flower mart as a scramble. My mother reluctantly accompanied me on the stage at the fashion show to introduce the models. She was so shy and embarrassed but she did it for me because I asked her to. Henry had already taught me to see the audience in totality as one person I was comfortable speaking with and to begin my speech as if the two of us were alone. And I was instructed to wear my speaking dress to give me confidence and poise. Armored with these inner crutches, I could speak with no hesitancy, no shyness, and no apparent problem at all.

I also spoke publicly for Henry at other occasions where he would load me up and book me a time slot on stage. Sometimes it was a debate between fellow robots on political issues but I wasn't trained like they were - I was trained only to deliver. Many others were adroit at debating, but I wasn't. So I'd go up on stage, deliver my pre-programmed speech, everyone would clap and later Henry would say I did a great job. But I had to have on my speaking dress, and no matter what I was really wearing, it became "my speaking dress." If he was present, Henry commented before I went on, "My, you look

lovely in your speaking dress," and then my speech would be internally engaged and I'd be ready to deliver. I performed in these ways for many "show your latest technology in robots" shows. After I passed those, I got to move on to more diplomatic matters.

Henry used me to warm up groups that his constituency was going to speak to and I often wore several different disguises and always looked different. Henry was the puppeteer and I was his puppet and at anytime he wished, he could pull my strings and make me change into a different puppet, with a different face with which to meet the public. And like Mr. Potatohead, he could order what kind of face he wanted me to put on. "Squint your eyes a bit, curl up the ends of your mouth, flair your nostrils, pull your jaw forward"...all sorts of different facial mannerisms and contortions that I was programmed to perform, combined with wigs, glasses, body padding, hats, etc. It was all quite effective as I played my role creating different faces to present to the public. Not many people know about this technology yet and Henry said we had a definite edge on the others. He said that it was always important for us to strive to reach greater and greater knowledge and awareness, to stay ahead of the pack in being the first, the best, and the brightest in our latest endeavors. He was constantly experimenting with me and adding things like archival information and classified documents, in order to have the latest information to draw from.

Henry said, "You're the leader of the pack in this diplomatic endeavor and as such we will continue to update your system in order to insure that you stay "the leader of the pack." In a hypnotic session, he said to me, "Each and every time you hear the song, "Leader of the Pack," on the radio, you will think of the motorcycle bikers only and will remain in the dark otherwise." The word "dark" was internally linked in my system to all sorts of ritual horrors and terrors, thereby plunging this information that was subliminally linked to it deeply into the recesses of my subconscious mind. I could not consciously retrieve it; yet it ruled my actions. In this way the ritual tortures that I had endured as a child and as a young adult at my church were linked to these other memories. They tied the ritual trauma to these memories by saying, "If you begin to recall such and such, you will immediately recall the ritual, and they would go into great detail to remind me of the tortures that happened at those rituals. They used the ritual tortures on and off at strategic, necessary times to either bring to the forefront an old group of personalities, or to create a new group. A traumatic ritual could effectively create a whole new group of alternate personalities, since it was such an extensive trauma. Henry often spoke to his colleagues on this subject, advising them when and where to use trauma. Henry consulted with other men who needed guidance as to how to create and maintain a robot or group of them, as in Bob Hope's case.

Bob had a whole group within me, eight personalities at one time, but Henry advised him to cut it down to four because he said he couldn't effectively maintain that many until the level of technology rose, allowing for more of the programming and maintenance to be performed by machine rather than by man. Henry said my prototype was not new but was highly expanded and more technical and he was building on an older model of a sex robot and mind computer prototype, combining them within me in hopes of expanding technologies and coming up with a more versatile workable model.

He actually viewed me as a machine.

Dr. Olmstead, our principal, gave me orders in his office. When he did I would go into robotic receiving mode and record all the data he gave me. I transferred what was appropriate to my blue inner calendar and filed the rest of the information into the suggested files for use at the correct time. My Student Government (Student Council) teacher, Saul Rowen, would drive me, to catch a plane or, more often, to a helicopter port where I was then transported to a government approved shuttle plane to Washington, DC or New York. Usually I was taken to Nixon for sex and to straighten out his often dour attitude and then to Henry and the research team for further instruction.

Back home Dr. Stoddard prescribed a continuous supply of the antibiotic Tetracycline. He said I had to take the medication so I would not have pimples. I never was able to question this at the time, could not think to, but realized later on, as I healed and integrated, that I never suffered from any type of acne and must have been given this antibiotic to insure I did not infect the government leaders with any "social diseases." He also prescribed mood elevators and mild tranquilizers for me during times when I was extremely depressed as a teenager. These helped to keep me "happy." During the times I was being used by others, they utilized personalities that were cheerful and energetic, so my moods were never a problem. Dr. Stoddard also gave my father shots of testosterone to boost his sexual desire.

Looking back, my high school years had a very unreal feeling to them. I didn't eat much in those days, in obeisance with programming, and was very thin like the popular model of the time, Twiggy. I had programs in place that guaranteed that my physical body would maintain a perfect size 6, or less, and usually in those days I wore a size 2 or 4. If I ate very much I became nauseated and could eat no more. When I went for a few days without eating while I was on assignment, my stomach shrank and so it was difficult to eat much, plus I would often be very sick and shaking from the high voltage I was subjected to. My mother often got into my twin bed next to me and held and rubbed me to get my body to calm down. She also kept saying, "You're home honey, you're home." My body often convulsed and I had dry heaves but after I slept I was usually better.

Rocketdyne/Rockwell International

Ken Golliher was a nuclear physicist and a Mason who was respected as 'the brains' behind a lot of scientific plans or inventions while employed at Rocketdyne in the Woodland Hills area. He worked with Ellsworth Ford, Craig's father, who was plant engineer, and Mary, the woman I've previously mentioned, our neighbor who for many years was my 'second mother.' Ken's daughter Shelly was a member of the young women's Masonic organization, Job's Daughters, and attended the same school as Craig. Through their friendship I came to know her.

But it wasn't until some twenty-five years later that I began remembering Ken Golliher, adorned with a white lab coat, white hard hat and goggles, waving me through the security guard at the front guard gate at Rocketdyne. From his lab coat pocket hung a

plastic badge with his picture and other information on it. I don't know what he told them to gain entrance for me, maybe that I was his daughter or something. Anyway, they let me through the security gate driving my family's old '57 Chevy. I must have been around sixteen years old.

Once inside the building, Ken showed me the monkeys in a cage and one monkey was sitting in a chair with its little head screwed into a metal framework that wrapped around his skull. Ken told me it didn't hurt the monkey at all. Before I knew it, I was strapped into a chair, with electrodes positioned on my head. They told me that I was strapped in so I wouldn't move around. Ken was an excellent photographer and before me was a slide screen. At first I was shown slides of nature scenes like flowers with bees on them and then they began flashing technical slides with pictures of moon landings, instrumentation information, satellite diagrams, craft designs, mathematical equations and all sorts of technical information. There were slides of page after page of numbers, formulas and diagrams of assembly information for certain projects. One picture was of a mechanical chair that a robot--I mean astronaut--could maneuver around on the moon. It's possible that some of the astronauts are human robots, because I saw the formulas for programming them so they could be controlled from earth and scientists would never have to rely on the astronauts human emotions' or human errors in thinking. I saw a whole set of plans for training and conditioning an astronaut.

The United States actually sent many more people and animals onto the moon and to other planets than they let be known to the American public. They were experimenting with all types of life forces on the moon and didn't announce many of their experiments, or findings. The ones that were made public were strictly to control the feelings and beliefs of the American people. Unscrupulous scientists sent "indigents" as they called them, to the moon and other planets, and they usually didn't return ...or if they did they tested them to see what killed them. So great was the desire to explore other planets to beat the Russians, or to quench the curiosity of some totally left brain scientists, that they didn't care who they killed or hurt to get the desired results.

They were doing initial research and used mind-controlled slaves to explore the possibility that humans could live in outer space - on space stations and other planets. This was done in preparation for the elite families to have a place to go should the need arise.

Even back in the late 60's they had tracking stations on the moon that were highly sophisticated, and used to measure many things. Somehow they were even able to monitor the 'feelings' of a population. They monitored the earth from the moon much more than they monitored the other planets. This monitoring system was set in place to control a society--to control their feelings and thought patterns. They rationalized these actions explaining that in this way they would be able to create a society free of crime and violence, but that is because people won't be able to think for themselves. Their plans are for a society of mind controlled robots. I saw them perform studies on hamsters and rats where they totally controlled them by these means. Now they can do it with human beings and create any situation on the globe they want to peace, chaos,

violence, whatever they want and then they can go in with their invisible frequency warfare and publicly visible police force and take control. In this way people could lose all the freedom they once had. It is already happening. Without knowing it, people are loosing freedom over their own thoughts and emotions and will become controlled instead by technologies that they could never even have imagined, let alone thought possible. It is a sick, twisted, and sinister scheme of global mind control. (See Nick Begich's book, Angels Don't Play This HAARP.)

Back then, Rocketdyne had a test site in the Santa Suzanna Mountains, a missile range firing plant where the scientists had the privilege of quickly testing their inventions on the spot without having to wait for them to be sent to other firing locations. The scientists liked that instant gratification. They could see how their blueprints worked right away. So they had a total loop from blueprints, to manufacturing and then to launch - and it was more than mere missiles they were firing off.

Ken got me into the facility over and over in my teens, to hook me up to equipment that bypassed my conscious mind to record in my "top secret mind files" information about their ideas which needed to be passed on to alternate sites or the Department of Defense. They were all secretly inter-connected with a huge web of criminals on the inside and at the top who operated without the knowledge of the public.

Army Base Programming

More programming took place on an army base where I was escorted past some men in army uniform to an underground facility that we arrived at by walking down a steep flight of stairs to a large cement and grey metal-walled warehouse. I was taken past a room with desks and computers to a room behind where the programming equipment was kept. They put me inside large cylindrical machines where I either laid or sat while they did all sorts of things to me. One time they put me in a decompression chamber where I felt like I was getting squeezed to death and then they put in some gas that made me laugh and feel weightless. They hooked wires and electrodes to my head and limbs and they used loud sounds intermittently with soft sounds, then blasted the loud sounds again during which time an army officer in a brown uniform delivered word phrases to me that were inaudible to my conscious mind because of the other loud sounds I was being subjected to. They put me through a series of machines ...ones that spun me, rolling me tumbling head over heels, for long periods of time. Then they laid me on a table and shined bright lights in my eyes and loud sounds again in my ears. At the same time, the officer yelled at me. I was so confused and out of it that another officer tried to calm me down on the table so I could dress and leave. I was escorted out into an awaiting limo. I did notice that we were in an area that looked like the California desert.

I watched and recorded in my mind files, much like a court reporter, while the American doctors in coats mapped my forehead and face and hooked me up to electrodes. There were other people in the room sitting like zombies all with their heads mapped out. We all have numbers that follow us no matter what research projects we were assigned to. They were studying our brains in a variety of different contexts, in all different environments, with different stimulation. They were also studying genetic effects,

cultural effects, nutritional effects, every effect of environment and genes on a person's brain function, their life function, their longevity, their functionality and productivity. They monitored (by the electrodes) and registered and mapped lots of data that was imputed on brain function. This also furthered their understanding of how humans would do on other planets and space stations. The movie Coma (1978) was later used as a screen memory (to scramble this abuse), but the experiments were reality. Some data was taken much later on at Pepperdine University in Malibu, where I attended as a college student in 1985-87, and some at international locations; one, a big huge room with dark marble floors in England.

Back At Winnetka Tech

Jokingly, people referred to my high school as "Winnetka Tech," and in essence that was an amazingly appropriate title for a high school that had an inner group of teachers and faculty whose agenda it was to create "enhanced minds." The high school was a factory of "young adults," as Henry Kissinger called us. In junior high Henry began creating my friend Candy's mind files, but said she was too robotic. Henry said I was a natural and ran smoothly with no rough edges. Then there was Helen, the student who was Girl's President before I was and there was also a male student, whose name I can't remember. Henry worked on them all but I was chosen above all of them because I appeared so natural and All-American, while the others he viewed as too ethnic or too robotic. Henry said he could still use them all at different tasks, but I was the most versatile and would fit into most situations. One of the women astronauts also graduated from Taft High School.

At other times in high school I was driven on those small 'special' Los Angeles School District buses - the kind they used for kids with special needs - to the Van Nuys Airport, or to LAX, or to different heliports on top of buildings in Los Angeles. During the late 60's I was taken out of school often and bused to different places for all sorts of different things; sexually servicing important businessmen or politicians, or meeting Nixon at some place on the beach in California, or meeting Reagan at the Motion Picture Country Hospital, or meeting Bob and his friends somewhere. There were lots of important businessmen in Southern California, Northern California, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Ojai, San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Santa Cruz, Carmel, etc., that I was delivered to for sex and to deliver Council messages. Suits, suits, and more suits! I never knew where I was going and the driver of the bus was usually a different person each time. One time the driver was a lady who said she came all the way from the inner city to drive me. She said, "You don't look handicapped to me." I didn't respond, couldn't think to, instead I just walked off the bus and into the courthouse where I was to sexually service and pass a message to some circuit judge. Often I would get out of the special bus and later another special bus would pick me up and I would be taken back to Taft High School. I didn't spend a lot of time in class, but my teachers didn't say anything when I didn't turn in my homework. I don't know why, but they didn't.

There were times in high school that I was dismissed from classes for an entire week and spent the time traveling internationally with Nixon and Kissinger. While I traveled at times with Nixon, I was programmed to carry Henry's strategic plan for Nixon to tap into,

whenever he needed to refresh himself with Henry's plan. I often stayed in hotel rooms, or waited in nearby rooms or the lobby, appearing to be a regular person. Nixon would access me, before, during, or after a meeting, always leaving the sex for much later on. But I was at Nixon's fingertips, armed and loaded with all the possible input and data any one man could ever want. That's how Henry described this when I accompanied Nixon to China, USSR, the Far East, Vietnam talks, etc., always disguised as someone else in order to serve Henry's interests.

So, in addition to my secret life during my so-called studies at Taft High School, I was flown all over the country and internationally, serving those individuals Kissinger set me up with. I was having routine sex with the health and government teacher, Mr. Saul Rowen, who later became the owner of Cali Camp, an exclusive children's camp in Southern California. Some days when I was at school, during lunchtime, I was filmed pornographically by my brother and others in the photo lab at Taft. And I was having sex, all the while unknown to my conscious personality, with members of the business community, and earned myself the D.A.R. award for service, from the Woodland Hills Rotary Club, upon graduation.

Rockefeller and Kissinger Confer on My Future

Uncle Rocky was my corporate sponsor and was in Henry's office one day when Henry turned to me and said, "My dear, don't you have something to say to Mr. Rockefeller, here?"

"Yes, Sir!" I exclaimed all bubbly and excited. I took his hand and said exactly as Henry had preprogrammed me, "Mr. Rockefeller, I would like to ask you if you would sponsor my further education?"

"Of course," he said, "I would be most delighted to be a part of your future growth and contribution to mankind." Standing, he went on, "For me to finance your education means that you are now part of my family and any young lady as bright as you are should call me Uncle Rocky," and he shook my hand. Now I knew that he was part of my real family that Uncle Charlie (Charles Lilley Horn) had spoken of.

My reliability had been tested for several years and I seemed to "graduate" to a higher level of use. What could be higher level than the President of the United States? In my experience, the Council, and certain international individuals like the Rockefellers, was a higher level, standing head and shoulders above the government and United States politicians.

With this 'honor' bestowed upon me, it took just three days for this highest level of programming to be accomplished. I'm not sure where I was taken but the walls in the room I was taken into were white like in a hospital. There was a flat silver metal band that was fitted to the top of my head with adjoining circular outer bars that haloed around it. They coupled that with finger connectors joined to wires that delivered electroshock to my fingers and toes. They sent electroshock first to both of my smallest appendages; my little fingers and toes. Then they simultaneously sent electroshock to

my next finger and toe, and continued in succession until all paired appendages had been included. At the same time they delivered the electroshock, they shined different colors of the red spectrum, which went through blue to purple, while they were flashing the light. Next they did the yellow spectrum paired with a different set of fingers and toes. They completed the whole 'rainbow spectrum' using each finger/toe paired in sequence. I overheard them mention something about creating a perfect coordination between not only left and right brain motor symmetry but actual motor functioning, paired with brain wave patterning so that, "the android robot appears perfectly normal and human." I had to sit in this electric chair for what seemed like hours while they did all this to me.

It was also during this time period that I was introduced to Ronald Reagan.

"Faith comes from hearing the message, and the message is heard through the word of Christ." -- Romans 10: 17

Chapter Ten: Introduced to Governor Ronald Reagan

I was slowly introduced to Ronald Reagan when I was a teenager. Private meetings were set up by Bob Hope, for me to meet with Reagan at the small theater that is part of the Motion Picture Country Hospital (MPCH) located in Calabasas, California, just 10 minutes from my childhood home in Woodland Hills. The hospital is owned and operated by the Screen Actor's Guild (SAG). After my father suffered a heart attack my mother took a job and worked there for 10 years, in the late 60's and early 70's, as secretary/bookkeeper to the Assistant Executive Director.

I was programmed to walk or ride my bike to the hospital to watch some of the movies that played in the small theater on the hospital grounds. I was instructed to watch many movies that were used for 'programming purposes' to instill certain preferred attitudes or moods within me. Among them: My Fair Lady, Gone With the Wind, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Disney movies, and the Wizard of Oz. Often during the showing, a man would come up behind me and zap me with an electronic piece of equipment. At other times, seeing a movie was just a cover for privately meeting with Ronald Reagan. I was also instructed to read the book, Flowers for Algernon, which was intended to scramble, cloud and cover the memory of experiences that happened at the MPCH and elsewhere.

It was there, in private, at the MPCH, that Ronald Reagan began to get acquainted with me, and with many of my created personalities. I was instructed beforehand that I would have "an important guest" and that I was to "make a good impression on him, to give him the full treatment." The Council had big plans for Ronald Reagan and he fit the requirements for what they were looking for - someone who was pliable and could be directed. He proved that by following their directions from the beginning, even before he was elected Governor. He was a person who was patriotic, personable and was seen

as wholesome, good and genuine in the public eye. He was a "good actor" and was willing to jump through their hoops without question. They always told him he was working for the "good of his country" and he never seemed to question anything. But I am getting ahead of myself.

That first meeting, Reagan and I were alone in the small theater. When the lights were lowered in the audience section, that was my cue to begin my routine. The "full treatment" consisted of singing and dancing on the small stage for him, ending with a striptease dance. After my seductive act, I walked out to where he was sitting all alone and climbed, naked, into his lap to recite my program. Following my programmed instructions, I told him that I could satisfy every desire or whim he could imagine, that I came complete with instructions and top security, and was referred by his friend Bob Hope.

He seemed embarrassed, a reaction that would follow him over the years in relation to me, and a bit overwhelmed, but his response was, "I'm sold ...tell Bob I'm sold!"

Having carefully recorded his exact response within my photographic memory as instructed, I clambered out of his lap, collected my clothes from the stage floor and got dressed.

I had several personalities that were specially created to please Ronald Reagan sexually. One was created for total devotion to him over the years.

I was used extensively on and around 1968, at age 17, by then Governor Reagan and soon after with United States President Richard Nixon. These top politicians were guaranteed that my training insured the highest level of security. The high level of mind control I possessed guaranteed that I could be used with these leaders who were involved in some of the highest levels of national security, without my own awareness, therefore creating the most sophisticated level of security our nation had to offer. The spy doesn't even know she's spying!

Rendezvous with Reagan occurred often at the MPCH but the way it was set up was very secretive. On Sunday afternoons, or in the evenings, I accompanied my family to the small movie theatre on the grounds. While we were waiting outside in line I was instructed to say that I had to go to the bathroom and instead I would slip into the backside entrance to the little theatre and wait for him to show up. Often he was waiting in the back of the theatre and I'd quickly deliver the message and return to my family. Other times, I waited for him in the back of the darkened theatre. He would arrive looking secretive like he was trying to travel "incognito." After we connected I would get up and go to the front of the theatre to join my family and he would sit down in my vacated seat. During the movie I would announce to my family that I was going to the restroom and I would slip into the row of seats in front of Reagan. As soon as I was in position in front of him I rattled off a bunch of information meant to guide him. If he passed these tests by doing what he was told, then he could enter a higher level of the political arena. He was slowly informed that I was a robot who was merely reporting to

him from the higher ups. In the beginning they told him not to underestimate my abilities just because I was young, that I had years of powerful training to make me the way I was and that he was to utilize me to the fullest.

Once he was elected Governor, they had me working between Nixon (as President) and Reagan (as Governor). They worked them together and were able to effect powerful change and legislation between the two. That was escalated when Reagan got into office as President and later they utilized Pete Wilson in the same way. Lots of legislation was pushed through and by the time Wilson hit the office of Governor and Reagan hit President, they had the channels cleared to get through laws, bills and whatever else the Council needed for their own advancement.

There was an older gray-haired, feeble looking man with a diamond pinky ring to whom I frequently reported at the MPCH. He often brought my mom a paper to sign. At times he coordinated and delivered me to different rooms or cottages to meet with different people. He told me to go inside and wait. Often Reagan was the person I was to wait for. Other times he would say, "Wait in here," and I sat in a lobby or room where a Secret Service agent came to deliver me to then-Governor Reagan. They took me often to a little housekeeping cottage to have sex and deliver messages to Reagan. Later the older man with the diamond pinky ring would come and take me back to my mother's office. He didn't even see who I was delivered to meet. The Secret Service said they liked it better that way because they said it was "once removed," so it wasn't as risky.

There were instances where my mother would pull open a file drawer in her office, remove a file and lay it on her desk for me to read and record. Displayed before me were logs of upcoming dates and times I was to meet Reagan or others at the MPCH. At other times I viewed papers full of instructions of things to say, including specific phrases, to certain people, or lists of columns of four figure numbers that I was instructed to encode and decipher.

At some meetings Reagan would practice a speech in front of me in the theatre. I'd take it all back to the Council and they would correct a line or two, give the exact wording to be used, and I'd deliver the message to Reagan again and he would modify his speech and deliver it as they dictated.

Other times I was instructed to ride my bike to the MPCH or I accompanied my mom to work when she had extra work to do and I'd say I was going outside. She never questioned me. After I started driving at 16, I was instructed to report to my mom's office and ask for money or permission to do something, before I went to the theatre so she wouldn't suspect anything if later someone told her they saw me. The man in the theatre who let me in during off-hours 'appeared' to be a janitor, but I guess he was a part of it. Sometimes a group of men at a round table met as I sat off to the side in "park mode," while they discussed what needed to be done with me next or they'd argue about what I was being 'exposed' to. One man ended the argument explaining, "that's what the boss ordered." The boss was Bob Hope. These men seemed to know all about me. But Bob didn't like to meet or have sex with me at the MPCH because he said, "Frankly, the

people there are too old." It seemed to depress him to think about old age.

Million Dollar Babies

I overheard conversations where the President of the United States and other top politicians were offered the services of "escorts,"--the CIA's latest human robot technology--programmed sex and espionage slaves. They were encouraged to use these escorts to satisfy their sexual and emotional needs, instead of exposing themselves to outside individuals, because these escorts were guaranteed safe - had passed many tests to insure security, were able to provide guaranteed secrecy and were safe from venereal disease.

The presidents and others were highly discouraged by the CIA from other avenues of sexual indiscretions for fear of public exposure. This fear of the consequences of seeking "outside" sexual gratification, fear of adverse publicity or disease, and other security risks, created a heavy demand for the use of this latest human technology.

As I later learned, Project Monarch beta trained sex slaves were called "million dollar babies" referring to the large amount of money each slave would bring in from a very early age. In the 60's the use of a Project Monarch presidential model sex slave cost around \$1200 for an evening. Henry called me his "million dollar machine."

My father and his controllers had done their homework, insuring I was Multiple Personality Disordered, certifiably under total and complete mind control and ready for use by certain individuals in top political and entertainment positions, by the time I was a preteen.

But what many of the CIA officials may or may not have been aware of was that a powerful group of men, whom I refer to as "The Council," secretly ran the government. They were also able to access the "mindcontrolled escorts" and program them to subversively influence top government officials in ways that benefited the Council. The CIA's latest human technology was now being used against our own government.

"Each of us will one day be judged by our standard of life...
Not by our standard of living; by our measure of giving...
Not by our measure of wealth; by our simple goodness...
Not by our seeming greatness. " -- William Arthur Ward

Chapter Eleven: Mind Control in the Prisons

Wearing white sandals, a red shirt and skirt, I was flown by helicopter up near Sacramento, California to the Vacaville Prison. It was another mind control experiment only this time not on me. Mind control programs were tried out on the inmates - programs they wanted to implement with criminals, soldiers, etc., if they worked. Governor Reagan, who was busy touring the facility, wasn't around when they tortured

and programmed the prisoners. He went off with a prison official while I was taken to deliver the verbal portion of the program to the men.

On one side of the walkway the inmates were left alone and on the other side they were hooked up to electrodes, with a band around their head and wrists, and were shocked. Then a guard took me to say programming phrases to them like, "I will not commit a crime. I will behave in society like a good citizen. I will no longer offend. I will not rape. I will be calm. I will be peaceful. I will not fight. I will not swear. I will be an asset to society. I will follow orders. I will obey commands. I will serve my country to the best of my ability." They even hooked up their penises to electroshock as a trauma-programming tactic. When they were tortured, the men broke out in a sweat and some even cried, and after the trauma, they had me deliver the program phrases. Whenever I was alone with them, a renegade personality within me that could relate and sympathize with their plight, slipped in the suggestion, "I will fight for my own freedom."

One man was sitting holding his head in his hands and crying. His toe was being shocked through a cuff that went around his toe. These men were writhing in pain and were emotionally broken by the time they brought them to me to deliver the program suggestions. I was told to deliver the messages slowly, distinctly and quietly so their subconscious mind would have to reach for it. Their conscious mind was way out of the way by then. Some men urinated in their cots while they were being electroshocked. Their bodies jerked, they sweated profusely and cried. A man who could still talk afterwards begged me, "Why are they doing this to me? Help me. Please help me get out of here." It was awful.

They helicoptered Reagan and I in and out. It was a top-secret project. By the time they finished with these poor men, they didn't even need to lock the jail cells. They looked and acted comatose.

At one time they said it was cheaper to keep criminals in prison than to sentence them to death. That was probably so they could further their experiments on the mind.

Ottawa Prison System

In the early 1970's there was a penal colony in Ottawa, Canada that Reagan corresponded and collaborated with to compare their rate of success with ours. I was flown there with Reagan in order to completely and efficiently retain all the statistical data on their inmate projects. In the early 70's the inmates were heavily targeted like the preschools were in the later 70's. Once we got to the prison location, he had to show a special clearance badge to the man at the door. It was a door inside, not the door anyone could pass through upon arriving. The area we were escorted to was maximum security, which sounded like it was labeled that because of dangerous felons, but it actually held a top security status due to the sensitive nature of the experiments that were held there. Reagan said to the guards when we passed by, "It's okay, she's with me." They usually just waved me through on his word alone. One time in one of the prisons we were in, a black guard said, "What the hell...?" when Reagan showed his

badge and then tried to get me waved through.

It made Reagan so mad that he looked at the guy and said, "Do you have a clearance?"

The guy said, "No."

"Well that's why you're behind that desk and I'm cleared to go through." Reagan responded angrily.

The black guard just said, "Suit yourself, Sir." And, we passed by. After that they got a phony clearance for me so there wouldn't be any more problems or questions asked when we went through together. My job once we were in the secured area was to record with my photographic memory all the "stats" on the projects. Later in New York, I filled Henry in on the latest data. Henry took brief notes, maybe to follow up on certain statistical data, I don't know.

Reagan and I went into secured NASA areas the same way. I was waved through in order to photographically record the data into my mind files in those areas, also.

Sometimes we wore white hard hats and sometimes safety glasses or goggles were required in different areas. I liked when I had to wear them because then I didn't stand out so much. It was generally not as acceptable or understandable why I was there since I was a girl (later a young woman) ...that's why they created my son Danny with the mind files. It was awkward to have so many questions asked where, if I'd been a man, people would not have wondered so much.

The Canadian prison officials were very cooperative in the effort to share data on mind control of criminals. They saw mind control as a means of benevolent restraint of a population that was destined to fail. They saw the experiments and research as helpful to these criminals as it would eventually allow them the means to move more freely within society without endangering that society. These statistics laid the groundwork for a much higher level of technology to proliferate than had been previously possible. They began working on pre-school children who would have the basic programming structure set in so that in later years they would have the foundation already in place for future use, with a solid structure upon which anything could be built.

Kissinger was totally in alliance with the pre-school targets because he was sure that the system was foolproof and self-contained, whereby he constantly saw the prison system as an area of vulnerability since the subjects were older and didn't have the basic programs locked in and attached to much of anything except drug barriers and torture. Lots of these men were put into padded solitary cells and were drugged, electroshocked, and experimented on. They experimented on the effect of drugs, music, implants, and hypnotic suggestions in conjunction with these other stimuli.

Many countries were interested in the mind control technology. In some places it was traded for favors or different deals made with a country, but we kept the leading edge

technology.

NASA

In later years, Reagan brought some of the prisoners to a certain location to demo them to the officials at NASA. He showed them the progress he was having artificially "lobotomizing" these criminals (who Reagan often referred to as "indigents"). It wasn't actual surgery, but instead, implants that were somehow controlling neuro-responses to the brain, making the prisoners incapable of doing anything they weren't told to do. He demonstrated how when angered they wouldn't respond violently. He even had other people throw things (like a bucket full of some liquid) at them - something that would have normally made anyone angry. He described how he could justify laying off some of the prison staff, thus eliminating some of the costly prison system overhead in order to reduce the state budget. I carried the state budget in my mind files that were used extensively during the time Reagan was Governor.

Mind Control Demonstrations

During one demonstration Reagan said, "Strip for the surprise effect, drive those scientists wild like you did me the first time." They were demoing all the uses for mind control application - like for behavior (violence) control, or for intelligence operatives like me, a mind file or sex slave for the government, so the men in high offices could have their needs met without security risk. These men felt they were that important. The elite, in fact.

Reagan said, "Our jobs are so vital to meeting the needs of the majority that having a little help like this really makes a difference in how we can perform in our chosen field of employment. You will see that this is the technology of the future."

At another of these demos, there was a military man in a green uniform with a bunch of those colored bars on his pocket and an admiral in a white hat and uniform adorned with all kinds of metals. They were there for the demonstration of mind control slaves and to see what could be done to help them get the most out of their "boys." They carefully took notes while Governor Reagan spoke and they watched as he demoed me.

When demonstrating me after 1976, Reagan explained to the audience, "Now this one has had a child and you might think that as a sex slave that puts her out of commission. Not true. What occurs is they become as maternal towards helping the government grow as they do helping their child grow and as I am sure you all well know, nothing gets up a mother's dander more than having someone mess with their young. And that gentlemen is precisely what we do. To the extent that this mother loves her child is the extent to which she will go to protect that child. All we have to do is alter her perception a bit in order to make her fear injury will come to her young and you've just tapped into the highest source of dedication and intense emotion that can be regulated to fit the occasion."

He went on with the following 'pep talk:' "Many of the top minds in our nation are

supporting this endeavor, both through scientific research all the way to financial banking and these men are among those who will insure that we in this country are not overrun by Communism. That will be our demise should we fail to continue this valuable research, for the Communists are already in the lead in the area of behavior control. They've already sent a monkey to the moon and we understand that they are making major advances in the field of the control over the minds of their victims. So we should not fall prey to their evil intent - we strive to stay steps ahead of them. We owe it to the people of our country to have the best technology man has to offer. We cannot wait. We must do it now in order to preserve our freedom."

Somehow, Reagan actually believed he was championing prisoners' rights and furthering the safety of the public. He talked about finally putting to ease the troubled minds that these criminals were born with - by altering their brain function. "Lobotomies without a lobotomy," those who spoke of this technology all said.

Kissinger thought the prisoner stuff was "a waste of precious time when more productive technologies could be applied to 'brighter subjects,' instead of wasting the technology on the prison population." Henry said he thought Reagan was an absolute imbecile, who didn't have license to operate. I didn't know exactly what he meant by that.

Reagan did horrific things to demonstrate his progress with the prison population, even to the extent of sticking one of the prisoners with a long needle to show he couldn't any longer feel pain, inside or out, and would no longer be a problem to himself or to society. Reagan talked about how they were able to lay in a new framework for life for these people. He was talking about the mind control projects done to "normalize" prisoners that were to be put back on the streets. That way they felt they would be able to empty the prisons and reduce a large percentage of the state budget, and it would help with federal funding as well. His vision was that one day all criminals could be "cured" in this way and go on to live a life free from crime within society, not locked behind bars.

There were actual programs instilled into the minds of the prisoners with the use of audio and other equipment, located in various areas around the country. Some of it looked like electric chairs but they were modified to deliver regulated doses of electricity to simply slow or alter the mind in certain areas. He said these men were simply "routinized," which meant they awoke the same time each morning, ate breakfast, went to work, came home, watched television, ate dinner, went to bed. Reagan laughed when he said, "We even go so far as to suggest they keep their lawns and yards well manicured in order to keep the neighborhoods up." He said, "This spills over into all areas of society. These people will become productive and the cost to all of us taxpayers will be greatly reduced and, eventually, as we become better at this, we may not even have further need for our prison system. We will have a crime-free society--just imagine that!!"

Henry cringed when he heard Reagan's ideas and often berated him in front of me for

acting irresponsibly by putting out a product that was not time-tested. Henry said an experiment on the public (although criminal) sector was risky, as there were no controls in place to insure the person's memory would remain locked up. Nor, Henry reasoned, "do we have the test of time to know how the experiments work. You're sending these people back into society without any exterior controls and no means of monitoring them. It spells disaster, Ron." Of course I never mimicked Henry's accent when delivering messages, but this is how I heard them.

But Reagan had the power to do what he wanted and so he did, and Henry just constantly shook his head and said, "It's people like him who will ruin this whole area for the rest of us."

Henry worked behind the scenes trying to align other powerful California politicians, like Alan Cranston, against Reagan in areas that wouldn't be detected but would be felt by Reagan. He wanted to get him out of the way before he, "ruined the prospects of the future." Perhaps Ronald Reagan's recent demise is more than Alzheimer's disease.

Kissinger and Reagan often had heated arguments where Henry gave him a piece of his mind, but Reagan just rationalized it all away by saying Henry was "an unbalanced egghead," or an "unbalanced intellectual," depending on who he was talking to. But publicly he acted like he got along well with Kissinger. He never did, although Henry prepared me for a lot of seeming "favors" with Reagan, like using special mind files and sexual pleasures. He didn't let his disdain for Reagan get in the way of using him for his own benefit. While Reagan was carrying on and on about his great contribution to society, Kissinger was slipping in all sorts of information for me to drop on Reagan. I was meant to get him to change certain laws or to veto certain bills or to get friendly with some politician or foreign leader - the list was endless and Henry Kissinger "worked" Reagan for years. Since I was so intimately linked with Reagan over the years, Henry "seized the golden opportunity" to influence Reagan in the White House. Henry felt it was important to see beyond Reagan's apparent weakness and capitalize on it for his own benefit.

Henry Kissinger and the New Age Craze

Henry Kissinger also manipulated the New Age craze. Henry said people who would believe that guides and masters were leading them should be guided by masters, and he considered himself one. Henry said I could trust anyone who wore a crystal as part of my 'family of man'...that's what he called our mind controlled group because it was a family experiment in dynamics, breeding, rearing, etc. These experiments encompassed how everything effected a person, and they felt they might as well learn on the slaves what would be the best for their future progeny.

A whole business was made of the New Age to the slave community. As books and items were created for those searching for truth, the self-appointed 'enlightened ones' who were 'in the know' manipulated the spiritual ideologies in order to hide many of their mind control realities. What was behind much of it was really a group of men, controlling mind-controlled robots and herding them in the direction they wanted them.

I was programmed to deliver to a famous Los Angeles channeler, the words to say just before a Whole Life Expo event where he channeled the message to a very large group of people in an auditorium who were in an altered meditative state. Henry gave me the exact words to say. They were targeting high-level slaves and it encompassed those programmed with whales and dolphins, angels, ascended masters, eastern religions, energy, quantum physics, UFO's, aliens, channeling, and listening to your guides and angels. They felt if Los Angeles failed then the rest would because most were patterned after Los Angeles.

I have met persons suffering from Multiple Personality Disorder that felt they were channeling entities, when in fact they were channeling parts of their own personality structure. One day a woman 'channeler' named Shirley graciously offered to channel privately for me. Earlier, other people had paid her \$50 to channel for them, but I was not among them. I told her I would be glad to ask any questions she had of herself while she was in a channeling state of mind. She agreed. The answer to the question when posed about "if Shirley had been involved in any of this ritual abuse stuff," was, "Shirley is not ready to face that reality yet." Channeling can be a very clever way to cover the reality of Multiple Personality Disorder and offers a way of covering up when personality systems break into conscious awareness, explaining it away as 'an entity.'

When a slave is told "it is destiny that your guides and masters brought you here," or "feeling drawn to a place" or being told, "You know it's no accident that you are here," it can really flip them out because unconsciously they know it's not an accident that they are there, and they know they are not supposed to tell and so it does a double whammy on their mind-controlled system.

When I arrived on Kauai, people I had never met before warmly and lovingly came up to me, hugged me and dropped the message, "Welcome Home." I was conscious and recovered enough to know that they were unaware that they had just delivered a very powerful Oz programming word phrase intended to lock down my programming, insuring I couldn't access the deeper levels of my mind that were being used for "national security" and were not supposed to be my own.

The New Age was used to help usher in the New World Order. It was part of a miniexperiment on total and complete mind control. Henry created lots of concepts to use. It was implemented in Los Angeles as the pilot experiment using a new form of philosophy to direct the people into mindlessness until the higher technologies could take over creating by the year 2000 'the perfect utopia.' The New Age was the formula for complete takeover - a way to lead many in the ways they needed in order to be in total control of Los Angeles by the year 2000. While I still lived in California, I was given instructions for New Age things to read, watch, and places to go, etc.

They were beginning to get people to identify with 'globalism' as associated with love, peace, and good feelings. Many songs also readied people for this one-world, global reality with powerful love harmonics. I, too, believe that the earth and the people living

on it in harmony is a beautiful idea, but we need to insure that we don't lose the freedoms that we all hold so near and dear to our hearts, especially the freedom of our own minds and to know where our thoughts come from.

Many slaves were also being used in projects for remote viewing, one of the CIA's secret weaponry, and in experiments in regard to parapsychology. Many of us were taught to telepathically communicate, as a means of reading the enemies' minds. While the media cast a negative image on psychic ability, our own government was dabbling heavily in it, using mind control operatives to participate in their projects.

NASA Future Technology as Seen from the Past

Lyle Curran, a NASA employee and Craig's uncle, often tapped into my NASA mind files when we went to their home in Los Alamos or when we met up with them on our numerous trips to Mexico, mostly Mazatlan. From the information Uncle Lyle accessed from my mind files way back in the 60's, 70's, 80's, rockets and missiles were a thing of the past, and directed energy in the form of weaponry systems was what they were planning on using as the new weapons of the future. No one can see it coming, nor defend against it. They could take out the lights in entire cities and blame it on UFO's. The Department of Defense experimented for a long time, until they mastered this technology. It puts nuclear weapons right out of business. I am not saying that I don't believe extraterrestrials exist, because I think that would be extremely ignorant. All I am saying is that there are real live human beings that need to be taken into account for the evil deeds that were done. They can do surgery with energy, making no incisions. They can insure a body doesn't disease by monitoring the electromagnetic field variations. I witnessed awesome medical feats, but even as they are funding these projects, the public is still not benefiting from the use of this technology. This information is held in top secret clearances.

"But I will restore health to you and heal your wounds," declares the Lord. -- Jer. 30:17

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories, pp 81-100

Chapter Twelve: Nixon, Kissinger, and International Business

All roads lead to Hope ...Bob Hope that is. President Richard Nixon was connected to Bob Hope also - it seemed like everyone was. President Nixon used me sexually from approximately 1969 until he resigned in 1974. I was with him in many different places and sometimes Henry Kissinger was with us also.

Henry Kissinger never used me for sex; it was always strictly mind file use. At times, Nixon participated with Henry in utilizing and accessing my computerized "government mind files," but both functions (sex and mind files) could not be used at the exact same time, there had to be time in between uses.

The Council

The Council accessed me many times without the knowledge of the politicians who

were enjoying my services. In this way, the Council was having direct access to information channels with and about influential people, like presidents, governors, senators, foreign leaders, and celebrities.

Looking back, I was likened to a satellite orbiting around the globe, used by then Governor Reagan (for sex and messages), President Nixon (for sex and messages) and Henry Kissinger (for mind files). Later, the Council would access me and send me back to the politicians with different messages and motives than the ones originally intended by the Government.

The Council had me delivering messages between President Nixon and Governor Reagan. The Council worked them together and was able to effect powerful change and legislation to suit their own needs, by manipulating the two of them.

Sometimes there was a problem if I was programmed by two different factions for the same event and was instructed to target two different people--or worse yet, the same person. In this situation, I would carry programmed messages from two different groups, with one group's message contradicting the other group's message. This type of situation created terror and confusion in my inner system of personalities, and I was usually punished by one or the other faction for not delivering the information correctly.

This happened at a Gubernatorial Ball during this same time frame. The Mob/CIA had one set of instructions I was to deliver to President Nixon, and the Council had a whole different set of messages for Nixon. The Council programmed me way in advance for this Gubernatorial Ball, but the Mob's/CIA's programmed instructions came to me last and closest to the event.

Like a jammed computer, I sat in a chair in the corner, afraid to move, until a Secret Service agent came over and hand signaled me as he rubbed his finger under his nose a few times, cleared his throat and said, "Are you lost, little lady?"

The Secret Service agent's prompting got me "back on track" and I was triggered into action. I delivered the message from the Mob/CIA instead of the Council's message.

This particular occasion was around a time when the Mob/CIA wanted to control a drug line going through Nicaragua and Paraguay to the United States (Chicago). They were trying to ignite terror in that area, via civil unrest, in order to create a situation where the United States would be persuaded to go into the foreign country to supposedly "protect them." What would really be happening is they would just be opening up a "legal" but hidden drug pathway into the country so they could have free access to their drug sources.

In light of this set of covert 'goals,' the Mob/CIA programmed me to approach President Nixon after this gala event and after sex, report how admirable I would find him and our government if he would authorize our troops to go in and help the Nicaraguans--to give them the aid that they so desperately needed. Per program, I relayed innocently and

sincerely that I felt it was our duty as a free nation, concerned with maintaining freedom for all people, to aid those less fortunate, since we held so much power. I continued persuading Nixon that all Americans would be proud to have a president who was so conscientious, reminding him that other presidents before him had gone down in history as heroic defenders of democracy and freedom.

It was a very "patriotic speech," a slick story, intended to appeal to his well-known sentiments. He seemed to fall for it; at least he seemed inflated and inspired by it.

Although I did not have the ability to comprehend or make decisions on my own behalf due to the mind control I was under, the delivery of the Mob/CIA message was a fortunate choice for my personal safety. The Council was more forgiving but to get caught not delivering a message from the Mob/CIA was like stealing the drugs or money at a drug deal. There were severe consequences, and often I was violently punished. When they debriefed me in order to get the information about what I had or had not delivered, and what the reaction was of the person receiving the message, I operated like a machine, with no defenses of self-preservation and no ability to lie. So I reported exactly what happened and ended up getting beaten up or tortured in some way if I made a mistake. They were very brutal.

I was in yearly attendance at the Celebration or Birthday Party of the Elephant, the Republican Party - the GOP. The large room was decorated with red, white, and blue banners; the decorated tables set for dinner and celebration. There was also a large stage, decorated for the political speakers. It was crowded, noisy, and people were taking pictures with camera flashes going off all over the place. I was sent in to be a sex/espionage agent.

It was strange to see people there I knew like Governor, and then later, President Ronald Reagan or Senator Pete Wilson, only I was programmed to not consciously recognize them. In fact, I was programmed not to be able to even see them at all. "Just ignore them," were the rules ...unless they approached me. Although I obeyed my orders at the time, the fact that I was Multiple Personality Disordered allowed other parts of me to not only "see" them but register these occasions into photographic memory as I had been trained.

Sometimes at these conventions, I never made it out of the back of a limousine or was restricted to a separate room away from everyone. Men, usually politicians, were brought to me for quick sex. They called this activity by names that are not appropriate to print here.

This particular evening, I was programmed to target President Nixon. I wore a blue, off-the-shoulder dress with a diamond necklace. I probably looked like just some other young girl, partying at the convention. There were other slaves there also, to perform quick sex for other politicians. I don't know if the Council was also accessing them.

Pat Nixon accompanied President Nixon, so he had to break away from her to have a

"quickie" with me in a back room. Nixon did things like that before he got depressed with the Watergate scandal. After that he started acting old and beaten down. It was like the life just went out of him.

President Nixon accepted me with smiles because he was grateful for the times I had been able to help him quickly recover from depression or negative emotional states. I could perk him up so he felt better and could more efficiently function in his important job. At least that is what they always told me.

The Council made sure I had the road paved to President Nixon, free and clear, and over time he listened to me despite the fact that I was only 18, 19, 20, 21, or 22 years old. I helped him with what they called "his difficult times," until the end when he had to resign the Presidency.

Henry Kissinger Took Up Residence in My Brain ...and Never Paid Rent

In the late 60's and early 70's the mind control programming technology was advanced, but certainly not as advanced as it was in later years. Instead of being hooked up electronically to a machine that could automatically program information into my mind files, like is available today, my programmers used the less efficient, but only tried and true method available at the time. They used my programmed ability to have personalities who were equipped with photographic memory, read or scan documents to memorize them. To accomplish this a personality was put into a receptive mode and told to look at a document as a whole, like I was taking a picture of it in its entirety. That way, later on, I could look inside my mind files, see in my mind's eye the picture of the document and read it to Henry or report whatever information he requested. For Henry, it was like having his own invisible laptop computer (within my mind files) available whenever he needed information.

In the beginning when I was first being programmed with mind files, Henry took me to different places with filing cabinets, and instructed me to go through certain file drawers to digest information. He put me in the mode to store data in coded mind files and then left me to absorb information.

The "government mind files" that I possessed were created from being put into rooms in Washington, DC at the National Archives, Pentagon, State Department, the Federal Reserve building, Rocketdyne/Rockwell in California and other places. I was also instilled with information at military bases around the United States regarding top secret projects. So, I had the latest information regarding top secret experiments and defense and space information if Henry needed it for reporting to others at meetings. Kissinger arranged a special clearance to get me into these top security places. He also took me into some private offices at night in the dark. We had to be very quiet while I digested huge amounts of private party information.

Some of the files I have been able to identify are information regarding: history; foreign countries; travel information; federal and state documents; visual orientations to certain locations; maps of foreign countries, including information on climate, terrain, ocean

access, mountain access, etc.; individual person's profiles listing preferences, perversions, place of residence, friends and connections; a postal file where those involved all over the globe could log on to send or receive messages from each other; peace talks files; foreign leader files; research findings and experimentation files; strategic logistics files; banking systems files; etc. It was a wide and vast assortment of information to be accessed easily by Henry. There were hundreds of files and many new files were added over the years from different agendas between the Council and Henry.

Kissinger was more familiar with how to access the information than anyone else because he created my internal system. He knew how to access me for different functions, in addition to keeping the plan of the global elitists organized. This form of communication allowed them to secretly communicate around the globe at times when they didn't want anyone to be able to publicly associate their connections. I not only kept rooms full of information, neatly tucked away in my brain for easy access, but it gave Kissinger and others an advantage as it appeared they were less prepared and had less data at their fingertips than they actually did. No need to carry armfuls of books and brochures. He just brought me along and utilized me when it was time to recite information he wanted on any subject he had programmed into me. Plus, he and others who knew my programming could instill and retrieve arcane 'e-mail messages' from around the globe, often with the latest top secret knowledge gleaned from classified experiments and projects or messages in regard to the New World Order agenda. I was a REAL robot.

At one time, Henry had a dark wooden desk with a glass piece covering the top of it and his big chair squeaked when he sat down. There were lots of wooden floors where Henry took me initially - "old culture" places. Nothing was ever really new looking in those days but that changed over the years.

Henry brought me into his office, sat me down at a chair across from his desk while he pulled file after file out of his filing cabinets, and laid them open on the desk in front of me. Then he said, "Quickly memorize this data, we're going to a meeting." He would also categorize the data by saying, "File this under A-3," or whatever name or code number he labeled it. He meticulously named each file and when he would loan me out to people he would tell them the file identifier so they could access the information they needed. He usually would leave me alone with the files to memorize. When he returned, we went to the meeting.. Henry rationalized this, saying this way he didn't have to hold trivial details in his mind but could save it for more important matters, such as strategizing. That's how I heard him explain it to others who knew about the mind control technology.

At times he would hand me top-secret documents and say, "Record document #1-12," and then he would leave me alone to photograph them in my memory. Later when he needed specific wording from one of them he would call me over and, if he wasn't talking to someone or in the middle of something, he would have me read the information from my mind aloud to him. If he was in a meeting or was busy he instructed

me to write the information on a note pad and then later when he needed it he would pick up the pad and read the information from it or refer to it and people present would just think I was his secretary or aide. This happened for years.

At night, Henry snuck me into lots of top secret places where documents were stored and gave me a flashlight and instructions to go through and memorize documents. He let me into these places and then would leave me alone, recording documents into mind files, often for hours at a time. Later he came back to get me. There were times he was sweating when he returned and was in a real hurry to leave, even if I was right in the middle of a document. Then, when we got into the car he would sigh like he was relieved. He would become very nervous, though.

Henry always readied me for the Rockefeller Christmas parties, but so would a group of other men who were sometimes with him and knew how I worked. It depended on who was to attend the party. When they obtained that information, they went about strategizing and deciding what I should say to whom. The Rockefellers have been in a position of power for a long time. Kissinger seemed to work hand-in-hand with them often, in order to "satisfy their goals in the most efficient manner."

There were times Henry loaded me up with information specifically for someone and then I would be the secret liaison between the two. This occurred between Henry and Pete Wilson. Pete was often Henry's California arm. This way Pete could carry out his wishes without it being known where the instructions were coming from.

The White House

When important meetings were held at the White House, sometimes Henry took me along if he felt there might be information that was "crucial" to have at the "ripe" time. He told people I was in training or some other excuse. One time he even had me write information on a napkin under the table so as not to be noticed. This specific napkin event occurred around 1971, because I remember that I had my hair done up with a hairpiece full of curls on top. I was 20. Henry had my clothes ready for me; usually very tailored, conservative, dark clothes, most often a navy blue jacket, skirt and low navy heels, or a disguise. He laid my clothes on the bed in a room with two twin beds with white bedspreads - the bumpy kind. He told me to get dressed and left the room, closing the door behind him. Later he returned to get me.

At other White House dinners, I wasn't present at the table with the other guests, but Henry was. When I didn't fit into the plan of the evening in order to sit at the table, Henry still "prepped" me and kept me in the kitchen or another room in the White House, close to the dining room so he could come and access me if necessary, without anyone knowing. So I sat there in 'park mode' and watched the White House kitchen staff cook and serve. At those times I was dressed like a kitchen staff member with a black skirt and white blouse, so I didn't look out of place. Henry explained that if I didn't stand out no one would notice or pay attention. My "attire," as he called it, was never meant to call attention to my presence but instead was to make me fit in and look like I belonged. Over the years Henry parked me in some pretty strange places. When he would arrive

to access information, I would scribble it on a piece of paper he would take with him, or if it was brief he would access me verbally and would simply remember what information he extracted. Henry often said, I was his "left brain," so he could use his mind for more important matters.

At times while I was sitting with he and others in the dining room, Henry would often leave the table to go make important phone calls. He would either leave me at the table to smile and be pleasant, but instructed me to avoid conversation, or he would take me with him to obtain further input via the telephone. Sometimes he would carry his linen napkin from the dining table and looked pretty dumb but no one seemed to notice.

The White House was a place I was taken to in order to "do a job" on certain leaders - some foreign, some domestic. I was given very clear suggestions and instructions on who to target and how to go about it. I was briefed on their likes, dislikes and preferences and was told certain phrases or key words to use throughout the conversations I was programmed to have with them.

Henry was often invited to the White House when the President was entertaining foreign guests, even after Nixon wasn't President any longer. They felt, and rightly so, that Kissinger was well versed and knew many of the cultural customs of foreign dignitaries so the risk of making a faux pas could be avoided. Henry was confident and seemed to know everything about foreign policy. When he was invited to a dinner with a foreign dignitary that the Council wanted to have me privately entertain later on in the evening, he wouldn't use my mind files at the end of the evening so I could be used for sex.

Henry secretly knew that messages conveyed to targeted individuals during the 'behind-the-scenes' sex stuff meant more to people because then they psychologically interpreted and categorized personal experiences such as sex in with their memories of personal or family experiences. Thus the message became stored as more valuable since it wasn't strictly business. Henry said combining his messages with sex would store it in a different part of the brain, with the personal experiences being filed with more importance emotionally and so it would carry more weight or influence.

Usually arrangements for a sexual encounter with me were made secretly between Henry and the foreign guest. Then the guest and I would be limoed away somewhere to a hotel or taken to another place. But most of the people at the White House gathering were unaware this took place as we would all leave separately, and rendezvous at another location later on. Or, Henry would have a limo waiting and I would enter and wait. Usually I was put in the limo first and waited for the dignitary. Then we would spend a few hours or the whole night together, while I dropped a preprogrammed message at the perfect time to the leader. Then I was flown home.

One day I was in the White House delivering a message to Nixon from Kissinger. Nixon and I were standing in a large room where there were some tables lining the walls and couches and large rugs covered the wooden floor. Old pictures dotted the walls, fresh flowers were in beautiful vases and heavy drapes covered the windows. I guess Nixon

thought we were alone as we stood facing an oil painting on the wall by a long table. Dick had his arm around me as he was inputting a reply back to Henry through me. A hand on my right shoulder was standard procedure to encode incoming messages and Nixon was doing it all properly, however, halfway through the message, his daughter Trisha came into the room.

She looked very pretty in her nice dress, but she didn't know I was there and when she called out, "Dad," it startled her father and I, and, in turn, she was surprised and shocked. It was one of those very awkward situations where it appeared she instantly summed up the whole situation and thought her father was being romantic with me. Nixon acted extremely guilty and stammered uncomfortably until he finally introduced me as someone from the State Department. She didn't seem to buy his explanation and left the room annoyed and upset.

Nixon said to me, "Don't worry about her, I'll take care of this." But he said it with his hand still on my right shoulder, so instead of it just being a casual statement meant for me, it actually became part of the his message to Henry. After that Henry began to devise a way for messages to be encoded without having to touch my shoulder in order to avoid these types of situations.

International Assignments

There were times I was flown to foreign countries so Henry Kissinger or President Nixon could utilize my computerized "mind files" at meetings they were attending publicly or later privately. On the flight to these countries, it was my job to make the President comfortable. I took off his shoes, rubbed his feet, pampered him and brought him anything he wanted. Secret Service agents surrounded him.

When I flew with Kissinger and Nixon was not there, I was told to sit or sleep quietly next to him. Henry often slept on the airplane. Nixon did not.

I believe that the Secret Service agents at times knew what I was really doing sexually with Nixon because occasionally they witnessed when I came on to him. Like one time when I leaned over and put my head on his shoulder and reached down to unzip his pants, a Secret Service agent who was just walking up from behind, laughed and said, "Excuse me, Sir." At this point Nixon took my hand away and quietly said to me, "Later, dear."

Beijing China

There were dirty waterways in some parts of China and the streets in some areas where I was taken were dirty. One square was full of flags in the courtyard. I was there on foreign assignment with Henry Kissinger. I flew independently and was taken to a hotel by a Secret Service agent. The Secret Service registered me in the hotel under a phony name with a phony passport. Henry met me there. Usually I flew privately on a chartered jet with Henry, but this time it was last minute notice so we flew commercially but separately.

We were there to swing a deal with the leader of China. Henry told them I was a foreign correspondent and we sat at a long table with lots of Chinese men and I sat next to Henry. I always sat to Henry's left for his convenience in tapping me with this left hand leaving his right hand free to write or smoke his cigar. He told me to smile, look pretty and "take it all in," which meant record data into my mind files. He notified me who to zero in on and "listen intently" to. He also used access codes to refer to my mind files. No one knew that I was a high tech programmed computer that was carefully and precisely recording details and spewing information when my mind files were accessed and called upon.

President Nixon's Loyal Friend Bebe Rebozo

BeBe Rebozo was President Nixon's good friend. He was present on many occasions when Nixon used me for sex. One such time was in Miami, Florida. I was flown into Miami and taken by limo to the beach where I was to meet Nixon.

As usual, I was put into isolation before my use with VIP's and this time was no different. BeBe Rebozo and his men took an active role in my "preparation" for Nixon.

Rebozo was violent and cruel to me, slapping and hurting me. He took me to a totally dark, windowless, cement room and left me there, naked and alone in the dark. Before he left, men injected drugs into my lower arm and left me for hours without food, water, or clothes. This was before I had children, so they could not yet use that powerful maternal bond to keep these programmed secret events amnesiac, like they did later on. Because of this, the physical torture to me during this time was accelerated, but was never as painful as the things they later did to my children in order to "keep me in line."

Rebozo dressed in fancy expensive suits and wore gold jewelry. Subconsciously I hated him.

On this occasion, Rebozo came and released me from isolation and took me to a restroom to clean up. I showered and put on the bikini they left for me and soon was readied for action with Nixon.

I don't know exactly where we were because I was programmed never to look or notice our location, but I was taken to President Nixon at a private beach house. My instructions were to "tease him, please him, ease him and help him relax in the sun." It was on this private beach, watched from every angle by the Secret Service, that I seduced Nixon. I was laughing and joking with him as I undressed him from his suit, tie, and dress shoes. Then we slipped into the water while I further seduced him. After he was satisfied, I was removed and taken somewhere to get "prepared" for an evening event with the President.

Nixon had dinner in his room and I accompanied him while he ate, then satisfied him sexually and was taken away. Nixon was not as passive sexually as Reagan was. He made an effort and took initiative. He preferred the missionary position. I suggested we keep the light on, but he always wanted to turn the lights out, so he did. I never slept in

the bed with Nixon after sex - it was his rule. I never did spend the whole night with him, like I did with some of the others. I was instructed to wait until he was asleep and then to very quietly notify the Secret Service agent at the door to the suite. The agent took me out of the room and I was flown directly back to California with all details of the event carefully tucked and hidden away within the personalities programmed for Nixon. Per program, I slept the whole flight home.

In the beginning years with Nixon, I was programmed to make him happy and to satisfy him in the ways I had been trained and programmed to. Just as the Council anticipated, over time, Nixon's trust built in relation to me, paving a way for me to be used in ever more influential circumstances with him.

There were times I was taken to Key Biscayne, Florida, to service Nixon. He was with BeBe Rebozo there and it seemed that BeBe was in charge of the events that occurred while we were on his turf.

Each time, Rebozo put me into isolation in a small cement room and slapped me around before he left me alone in the room naked, cold, and hungry, in his words, "to get ready for 'the boss,'" as he called Nixon. Rebozo would tell me how "the boss" deserved respect and whatever it took to make him comfortable. He spoke in broken Mob language. He acted like a really tough guy and was very loyal to his friend Nixon.

When he came to release me from isolation, BeBe instructed me, "make yourself presentable," and I was cleaned up and dressed. Then, I was taken by limo to a beach that had palm trees on it. We arrived at sunset. Since I was programmed not to notice where I was geographically, I had no way of knowing where I was, but at times I overheard others speak of our location and that information was stored along with memory of the event. We pulled up to a very secluded house where there weren't a lot of other people around. The house was on the beach and a lawn surrounded by a short fence led out to the ocean.

Miami meant more serious business, but Key Biscayne laced pleasure with business. Deals between the Mob, Council, Rebozo and government officials or other interconnected mob factions took place in Miami or Key Biscayne.

At times, the "big guys," very important or influential people, would join in the business and pleasure at Key Biscayne. Connections were big business with the Mob. I was instructed to sit with the guys and make them happy by giving them whatever they wanted.

Men with guns stood in windows in the back of the house to guard Nixon. The Secret Service let the Mob protect Nixon up close and they kept guard further away. I think Rebozo arranged this protective situation but I do not know why it was set up like that. Rebozo was very protective of Nixon; he even rode in the back of the limo with Nixon while I was with him. BeBe was only nice to me when Nixon was around and he made it very clear that he didn't trust "dames" and that I was only there because Nixon wanted

me to be. BeBe watched protectively when Dick and I went for a swim together. Rebozo did not go in the water. I guess he didn't want to get his guns wet! He never was without them.

During these times, I was instructed to come on to Nixon, and thoroughly and enthusiastically excite him. He liked it and said I was "good for him," and that I helped him a lot when he was upset. Nixon said I could pick him up when he was down and refresh him. I was programmed to be funny and silly, without a care in the world. Nixon said I made him laugh.

Rebozo was most often present when I downloaded Council messages to Nixon. BeBe seemed to understand "the language" and so Nixon wanted him to be present when I relayed memos because he always had to make the decision and give me an answer before I could go back. That was the rule. I gave the message to Dick and BeBe; then the three of us stayed together until they were able to come to an agreement. Usually it was a yes or no question. But no one could leave until I was uploaded with the return message.

When it was time for me to leave Key Biscayne, an agent whose job it was to prepare me to go home, took me out for a walk on the beach. He bent down and holding up a shell he picked up in the sand, 're-minded' me that all events that happened there were now out of my head and forever locked in the shell. To finalize this compartmentalization of my experience, he threw the shell out into the surf, in an effort to keep the memories hidden from my conscious mind. From there, I was helicoptered to an airport and flown home. This all happened before I was married at age 20.

Watergate Created a Depressed President

During Watergate, Nixon had a very hard time. He looked gray and dismal, and it was very difficult to cheer him up. But after a drink I could lighten him up a little. I teased President Nixon in his down months, telling him how cute I thought he was when I saw him on television, even when he was in deep trouble and was being publicly challenged over the scandal. Due to my programming, I was not really able to ever "see" him when I watched television, but was programmed to say that. The things I would say to him were so opposite the truth that, as he said, he found my statements "refreshing and funny." These statements seemed to be just an added bit of entertainment to cheer up old Tricky Dick. In those days, it wasn't much else with Nixon; just delivering sex and messages.

BeBe Rebozo loved Nixon dearly. He was very protective of him and had tender, emotional moments with Nixon that I was present to witness. BeBe cried when Nixon told him he had to step down from the Presidency. I can still hear BeBe now as he said, "Oh no, Boss, not after everything you've worked so hard for." He touched Nixon on the shoulder and was genuinely concerned as if it was happening to him. That always confused me about Mafia guys - they would torture or kill someone one moment and then turn around and show deep, caring concern for one of their own the next. To them loyalty was everything.